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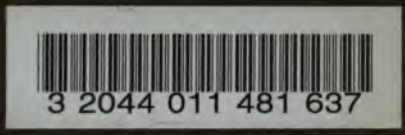
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THE

LADY OF THE MANOR;

BEING

A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS

ON THE

SUBJECT OF CONFIRMATION.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF

THE MIDDLE AND HIGHER RANKS

OF

YOUNG FEMALES.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,
Author of "Little Henry and His Bearer," &c. &c.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

PHILADELPHIA:

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THE

LADY OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sixth Commandment.—Thou shalt do no murder.

THE lady of the manor, finding herself again surrounded by her young people, asked one of them to repeat the sixth commandment, viz. "Thou shalt do no murder," which was to furnish the subject for conversation during the evening.

"I remember the time, and indeed it is not a very distant one," remarked one of the young ladies, "when I should have said, 'Here at least I am guiltless; here at least I am safe: I never committed murder, that is very certain.'"

"And would you not venture to assert as much now, my dear Miss Emmeline?" said the lady of the manor, smiling.

The young lady shook her head, and replied, "No, no; I have already been brought in guilty in every conversation, and now I dare not plead innocence on any occasion."

"*Until we are made sensible* of the spirituality and ex*tent of the law of God,* my dear young people," remark*ed their excellent instructress,* "we may possibly buoy *urselves up with* the idea that we have duly observed

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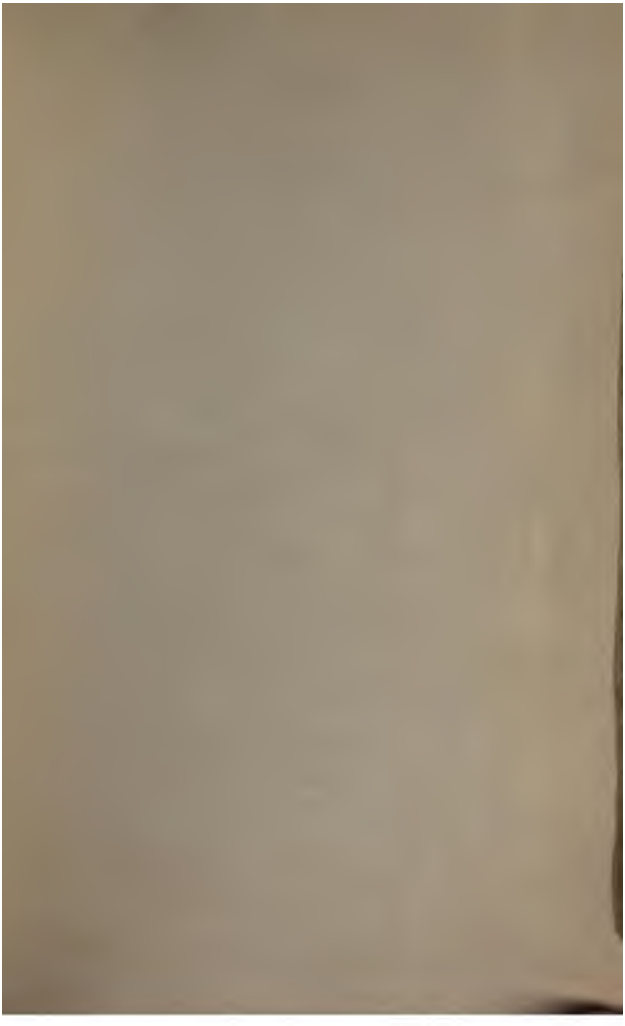

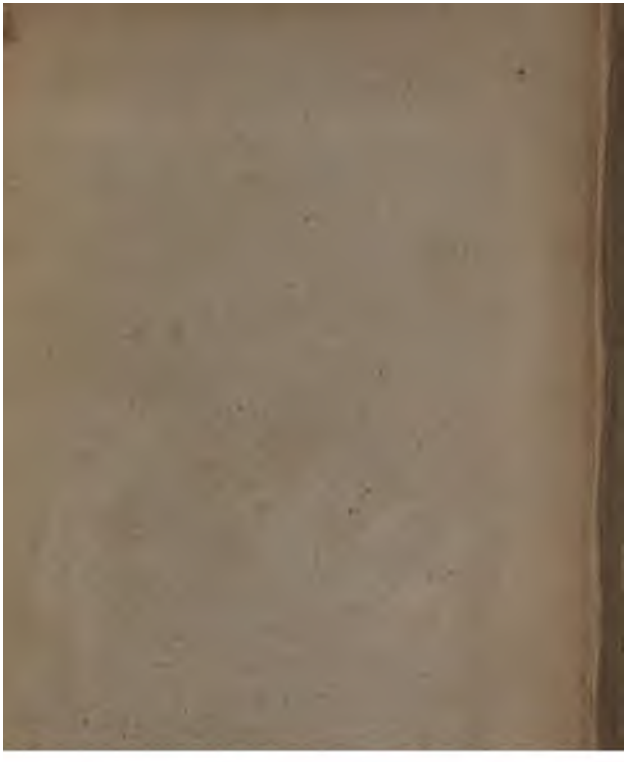

which have already passed before us, to show their spiritual nature and tendency; and not only to prove that we are condemned by each, but also to explain the faultless obedience which is required of every individual—an obedience which no mere man has ever yet been able to accomplish. It is now my wish to state to you the nature of that principle in the creature which, being followed up to its end, is neither more nor less than universal destruction, ruin, and death.

"It is certain, that the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, has allowed to all men (to speak only of this earth) their times, and the bounds of their habitation. Every mortal has his appointed season, and his allotted dwelling-place; and to walk his little time on earth in that his prescribed place, with humility and obedience, is the sum of human wisdom. To do that which the Lord would have him do, to mark the notices of the divine will, and to be ready to go and come at the divine command,—this is the substance of religion; and it is dictated by that spirit, which, were it to become universal, would restore the glories of Eden, and make the earth one universal paradise. But the unregenerated man, and he who is but partially delivered from the bonds of Satan, is unable to understand this mystery. He cannot content himself with this situation on earth, and is always anxious either to quit his appointed place, or to vary its attendant circumstances. He always desires something which he sees in the possession of others; and is only restrained from depriving them of the objects desired, by want of power, fear of punishment, dread of shame, or, if he be partly reformed, by something like principle, which prevents him from actually causing that evil to his neighbour in which he still secretly rejoices when occasioned by another.

"But, in order to understand the ultimate tendency of this spirit, we must divest it of its restraints; we must remove the hedges of thorns with which the Lord, in his infinite mercy, so frequently encompasses the ways of those whose salvation he has sworn to accomplish: and we must endue the individual who is actuated by this spirit, with temporal power, with talents, and with *health; and then* we shall not long be left without a

proof, that the character which aims to advance self, is neither more nor less than that of a murderer, and that religion itself often proves too weak to restrain such an one from sacrificing every other feeling to that of his own exaltation.

"In order, my dear young people," continued the lady of the manor, "to open your minds on this subject, I would strongly recommend to your attention the study of history; beginning with that of the ancients, as it is found in Scripture, and proceeding downwards to the present day, according to the plan traced in the tenth chapter of Genesis: and you will then discover, that these records of ancient and modern times contain little more than the results of multitudes of experiments, made amidst a great variety of circumstances, by kings, heroes, philosophers, and more ordinary men, for securing happiness to themselves, and in their own way inducing others to embrace it: and you will also be convinced of the total failure of all these experiments; and, if the divine blessing attend your studies, you will grow wiser by these multitudes of examples, and will learn to be content in that situation in which God has placed you, satisfied to see yourselves excelled by others, and having no other wish than to be found standing in your lot at the end of your days.

"And now," said the lady of the manor, "as I have kept your attention for some time on what I should call a somewhat dry discussion, I will, if you will permit me, read a little narrative which I happen to have by me, and which I select from any other I could choose on this subject, because it does not affect the ordinary cases of the destruction of the body—a crime which is looked upon with a just abhorrence in civilized society—but relates to that more refined sort of destruction which consists in allowing selfish and ambitious feelings to interfere with the spiritual good of others, and by these means inflicts spiritual death, as far as it lies in the power of man so to do upon our fellow creatures; a species of murder supposed by some to be described in the Psalms, under the term of blood-guiltiness, from which the royal psalmist entreats the Lord to preserve him—Restore *unto me the joy of thy salvation, and* uphold me with

thy free Spirit: then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. (Psalm li. 12—14.)

"From the time when I first had the honour of becoming your instructress," proceeded the lady, "I have endeavoured to draw your attention to the defects of persons in polished life, and in religious society, where gross vices are seldom tolerated, and where sin must assume a decent garment in order to be endured; and it is with this view that I am about to treat of this subject of murder in its more recondite, but probably scarcely less fatal, form."

The lady of the manor then took out a little manuscript and read—

The Story of the two Ministers.

In a large manufacturing town in the north of England there formerly resided a certain tradesman, who, with his wife, obtained good employment, and lived in great credit, in the hope of long enjoying these advantages; when the worthy couple were both suddenly cut off by a contagious fever which at that time raged in the town. By their deaths, their only son Edmund was left an orphan at the early age of two years; and, as little property remained after all the affairs were settled, the child would have been reduced to a very destitute situation, had not an aunt of his father, a single woman, of very excellent character, received him into her house with the intention of adopting him as her own child.

This lady, by name Mrs. Mary Stephens, had, through divine grace, been enabled to devote herself, for some years past, to the service of God. Her fortune was easy, and her wants few; and in order to have but little worldly care, and more time and money to devote to the service of her neighbours, she lodged and boarded in a worthy, though humble family, and thus was disencumbered from the charge of providing her own table.

Mrs. Stephens, though not brought up in polished life,

yet, having been early led by divine grace into a knowledge of that which is right, had been enabled to cast away those petty and unimportant cares and employments which too often fill the female mind, and had occupied herself for many years in reading such books, and performing such works, as rendered her best fit to administer spiritual and bodily help to those around her. She had become fond of reading. She took particular delight in Scripture, and also in profane history, because it threw light on certain obscure parts of Scripture. She loved sacred music and sacred poetry, and cultivated her taste for both. And thus, though plain in her outward appearance, and reserved in her general manner, there were at that time few women whose society was so delightful in private as that of Mrs. Mary Stephens.

The first recollection which little Edmund Stephens had of his infancy, was that of finding himself drinking tea at a small round table with the lady above described. The room in which they sat was very long and wide, though low. It was wainscotted with oak, and a large casement window at one end stood in a bow, raised from the rest of the apartment by a single step. It was winter time, and a fire blazed on the hearth. The chimney-piece was adorned with a set of blue Dutch tiles, all in perfect preservation, each of them presenting some scene from Scripture history; and a plate of toast and butter stood before the fire on a stand of bright black ebony tipped with silver.

This scene of the tea-table no doubt often recurred during the first winter of Edmund's residence with his aunt; but he recollected it as if it had only happened once: and he remembered also, that, after tea, his aunt took him on her lap, and gave him his first ideas of the immortality of his soul, of what his Saviour had done for him, and of the happiness of heaven and misery of hell.

The next thing he remembered, was a course of little lectures, which his kind protectress gave him on the subjects depictured upon the tiles; and no doubt these lectures were repeated over and over again, as, even in after life he carried in his mind's eye the various groups represented on each blue varnished picture of the chimney

piece, from the representation of Adam and Eve in Paradise, to that of the Day of Pentecost and the cloven tongues, which finished the series. Nor was it historical information merely which this excellent woman gave her little nephew on the subjects suggested by the painted chimney-piece. She knew that the scheme of salvation by Christ runs like a golden thread through the whole tissue of Scripture, and she failed not to point out this golden clue to her little boy, and caused him as much as she could, to seize it every where, and hold it fast on every occasion. Thus, of Edmund Stephens, as of Timothy, it might truly have been said, that *from a child* he was made to *know the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. For all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.*

Thus the good aunt adopted the first easy mode which suggested itself of conveying spiritual instruction to the mind of her little pupil: neither did she fail to follow up, by every other means which she could think of, that which she had so happily commenced. This sweet passage from the Prophet Isaiah was continually present with her, and afforded a perpetual motive of action—*Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.* (Isaiah xxviii. 9, 10.)

It was Mrs. Mary Stephens's wish that her nephew should become a minister of the Church of England; and as she was aware that, in order to his acquisition of that knowledge of the learned languages which is thought necessary for those who are to be admitted to ordination, he must, after awhile, be in a great measure removed from under her eye, she was particularly anxious to make the best of those nursery years so precious to *every tender* mother or teacher, in which the beloved *nursling is altogether* her own. To lose no opportunity

of inspiring her little boy with pious sentiments, to make him acquainted with the word of God in all particulars, was therefore her chief and constant object; and, during this interval, it was wonderful to observe the various points of view in which this excellent aunt caused him to search and examine the Scriptures. To trace the Saviour under his various types and emblems, was one of the favourite exercises in which she delighted to occupy her nephew.

At one time, she would point out to him the first appearance in Scripture of the second Person of the Holy Trinity, under the type of light, which, at the command of the Creator, poured itself on the dark face of the earth; and then she showed him how this light was imbodied, on the fourth day of the creation, in the substance of the sun, that heavenly luminary thus becoming the image of the God incarnate, who in the fifth millennial was revealed to man in human flesh in the person of Christ. Hence she led him to trace this emblem through Scripture, in all its various bearings, until she brought him to the completion of all things, when the man Christ, having finished his office, and delivered up all things unto the Father, it shall be said, *The city hath no need of the sun to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.* (Rev. xxi. 23.)

Another time she would point out to him the signification of the six days appointed for labour, and of the seventh set apart from the beginning of the world for a holy rest, and explain to him the typical meaning of the Sabbath; thus opening to his young mind such fields of beauty and scenes of glory in the latter days, as would fill his imagination for hours, and gave him a subject for divine study and contemplation for days together.

Frequently, also, would she make him trace the notices of our blessed Saviour under the type of the lamb, from the period in which he first appeared under that emblem on the altar of Abel till he shall shine triumphantly in the New Jerusalem, having accomplished the mighty work of man's redemption. And, as the mind of the little *boy expanded*, she again drew his attention

to the Saviour, not in his state of the victim only, but in that of the Conqueror and the King.

But there was no character of our Lord throughout the Holy Scriptures which she caused her little pupil to study with greater attention than that of the Shepherd; pointing out the disinterestedness and the devotedness of the True Shepherd for his flock, and continually holding up this example to his love and admiration. And then she would again lead him to those views of future blessedness held forth under the type of the Sabbath, when the promises shall be fulfilled; *and the Lord will save his flock, and they shall no more be a prey; and he will set up one shepherd over them, even his servant David, and he will feed them, and be their shepherd; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.*

On these occasions, this excellent woman would give her little pupil such views of the last millennial glory, and of that blessed time when *judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever*, that he would often say, "Dear aunt, when will these things be? O that the chief Shepherd would come very soon, and gather his flock together!"

But were I to enter into all the various views of Scripture which Mrs. Mary Stephens gave to her little pupil, I should be compelled to protract my narrative to an unwarrantable length. Suffice it therefore to say, that this good woman, always bearing in mind that she was educating a minister, considered, that if, through her negligence and ignorance, his character did not attain to that extent of usefulness which it might, otherwise, have reached, she might justly be numbered among those of whom it is said, *Wo unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but wo to that man by whom the offence cometh!* (Matt. xviii. 7.)

Resolved, with the divine blessing, to set her whole heart to the work, and to spare no effort by which she might advance the spiritual welfare of her little nephew,

when Edmund had entered his tenth year, his aunt thought she ought no longer to delay placing him under the care of some person who could carry on his education in those branches of knowledge, for the teaching of which she was herself incompetent. Accordingly, she inquired for the schoolmaster of the highest repute in the town, and placed her boy under his care as a day scholar. By this arrangement, she enjoyed some of his company every day, and was able to continue her plan of religious instruction in some degree as formerly. She found, however, when her little pupil entered more into the world and was made to learn most of his lessons in books, the tendency of which was not religious, that she had a more difficult task in instructing him, than when all he heard was promotive of that which is right.

It is often asserted, that such and such a book is perfectly innocent, although its tendency is no way pious; but perhaps it may afterwards be found, that every book which is not written with a view, more or less, to the support of Christian morals on Christian principles, is so far from innocent, that it is decidedly hurtful. It was one of the maxims of Lycurgus, that every man must declare himself of one party or another, and that he who stands neuter, must be considered as an enemy to the state. And, to quote a higher authority to the same purport, our Lord says, "*He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.*" (Matth. xii. 30.)

Mrs. Mary Stephens had hitherto brought up her nephew with one simple decided view. She had directed his infant gaze to the Star of Bethlehem; and whenever it seemed to wander from that bright object, she had carefully endeavoured to restore its tendency, and had found some new resource to awaken its attention. She had cherished in the child a pure and simple state of feeling with regard to religion, which she had always represented as the only needful thing, to which every other ought to be entirely subservient. "Whether you eat, or whether you drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God," was the one single motive of conduct perpetually impressed on the boy.

Having therefore proceeded thus far with such decided simplicity and perfect success, she was very well able to judge of the effect upon the feelings of little Edmund, when, in the course of common education, ordinary motives of conduct were presented to his young mind. In order, however, if possible, to counteract the hurtful effects of the lessons he daily learned, she accustomed him, every evening, to show his translations to her, or to construe his exercises in her presence; and she then endeavoured to explain to him where the heathen writers failed in their ideas of religion and morality, and pointed out in what manner Scripture treated the same subjects, and how it decided on the same points of morality.

Thus this excellent woman in some degree prevented her nephew from being corrupted by false sentiments and worldly instructions; notwithstanding which, she often had reason to lament those arbitrary decrees of the world by which the education of Christian children is so very far removed from Christian simplicity.

In the mean time, through the divine blessing on the pure instructions and conversation of his aunt, Edmund Stephens attained the age of fourteen without yielding to any of the temptations of a public school. Every Christian preceptor must be sensible, that when all that man can do for a pupil has been done, yet that all is so little, and so wholly incapable of effecting the requisite change of heart which must take place ere a soul can be received into glory, that we can hardly wonder if some should despair when they do not immediately see the blessing of God upon their labours. Nevertheless, those who have faith in Him who has said, *I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses*, (Isa. xliv. 3, 4.) will not be weary of well-doing; but will persevere in planting and watering, doubting not but that the increase will be given in its due season.

Such, however, being the case, it should be a matter of peculiar thankfulness when a parent or teacher finds the divine blessing attending immediately upon his work. *This was a favour* especially bestowed upon Mrs. Mary *Stephens; and her* nephew, at fourteen years of age, dis-

ed a decision of character not often attained by ad-
ed Christians. Nevertheless, this excellent boy never
ed himself forward to public observation: his good
ties, therefore, passed unobserved, in general, by
about him; and if his masters and schoolfellows
ght of him at all, it was merely as of an harmless,
nsive little fellow, who had nothing in him.
be thought harmless and inoffensive, is, however, a
r much to be desired, although the world thinks
of it. It is what Christians should seek to be; and
greatly mar their usefulness by making themselves
wise, either by over forwardness, or by a coarse and
liable carriage. Edmund had been taught by his
from his earliest childhood, that this world was not
his home or his resting-place, and that he must, as
ristian, shun occasions of being praised or admired,
bringing himself forward as an object of attention.
is principle he accordingly acted; and, in conse-
ce, pursued his quiet course little regarded by any

mund had remained at school till his fourteenth
without forming any particular attachment; for
was so marked a difference between his general
of thinking and acting and those of the other boys,
nothing like friendship had as yet grown between
and any individual among them: but at this time, a
ame to the school, a little older than himself, who
omething in his general appearance which attracted
und, though he knew not wherefore.
is boy, by name Francis Parnel, was the son of a
try curate. His father's family were esteemed pious,
Francis entered the school with the character of
a very religious boy; indeed, this character had
indiscreetly given of him by his father when he in-
ced him to the master in the presence of the other

hether Francis was or was not this pious boy at that
we do not wish to decide; but certainly he wanted
of the best evidences of true religion. Although far
being a handsome or elegant boy, or even particu-
clever, he had a high opinion of himself, and was
dy alive to every indignity which might be put

upon him; nay, he was very apt to fancy some circumstance in the most common accident indicative of disrespect to himself. He was, in short, precisely such a character as the common run of schoolboys love to torment.

Young Parnel had been told by his father that he would be persecuted for his religion at school, but that he hoped he would stand firm, like the martyrs of old. From being thus indiscreetly addressed, the boy fell into two mistakes: one was, that he fancied himself to be a very far advanced Christian; and the other, that every other boy in the school was a decided profligate, and that a violent persecution would infallibly break out against him as soon as he should evince his own decided Christian character. Agreeably, therefore, with these views of himself and of his schoolfellows, the first time it occurred to him that he ought to read his Bible, instead of quietly withdrawing to his usual place, and taking out his Bible without parade, he placed himself in a very public part of the room, and whenever any boy came near him, declared, in a determined and resolute manner, that he considered himself ill used in being thus frequently interrupted while reading the Scriptures.

This was indeed a spice of the same spirit as that which led some of the early Christians to the stake, when even their enemies would rather that they should have made their escape.

As might be expected, the spirit of persecution was soon excited against poor Francis to the utmost extent of his ambition, and he was made to undergo an incredible number of petty torments for one whole evening; all of which he endured with the patience of a martyr. But when these vexations were renewed in the morning, poor Francis Parnel's Christian heroism wholly forsook him; and when Edmund Stephens arrived at school from his aunt's lodgings, he found the whole playground in an uproar, and Francis Parnel dealing out his blows in such right good earnest, that he had already endowed two or three of his schoolfellows with the marks of his prowess.

Edmund was not a little surprised to find the new comer (whom he had been taught to suppose was to set an example of every thing that was Christianlike)

engaged in a warfare like this, and that with persons with whom he had scarcely spent twenty-four hours: but when he was made to understand the occasion of this furious contest, he was still more astonished; and particularly because he himself had been in the habit of carrying a Pocket-Bible, and using it publicly, ever since he came to the school, and had never met with any other symptom of persecution on that account, than now and then a significant glance or wink, given by one boy to another, with some kind of expression of mock commendation of Edmund Stephens's piety. Edmund was therefore much surprised to find the spirit of persecution suddenly grown to so formidable a height; neither could he help attributing it to the right cause, namely, the offensive manner of the persecuted party.

Edmund was, however, equally hurt by the little command which Francis Parnel seemed to have over himself, and by the open breaking out of profane expressions which this want of self-command in the young Christian had produced in the school; and by this scene he was suddenly and practically convinced of a truth which his aunt had often stated to him—that nothing so thoroughly and completely mars the influence of religion as the unsubdued passions of its professors. Edmund, however, had no time to meditate on this subject; he now felt himself called upon to act, and to show that part of his character which hitherto had not appeared, namely, courage and decision, of which few boys had so large a share. He walked up to the combatants, and seizing the arm of Francis with a firm grasp, he warded off all opponents with a strength which was found irresistible, saying, at the same time, with holy and invincible firmness, "I thought that you, Parnel, were a professor of the religion of the meek and humble Jesus! What then have you to do with combats of this kind?"

"And who are you!" returned Francis, with considerable agitation; "who are you, who take the name of Christ in this manner?"

"Edmund Stephens," replied the other; "and I require you either to give up your pretensions to religion, or to relinquish this mode of conduct."

While these few words were passing between Parnel

and Stephens, the latter had to endure several blows from Parnel's adversaries; from which blows he only attempted to defend himself by keeping them off from his face, and by saying to the ringleader, "Let me alone, Johnson; you know that I never fight."

By this time the whole school were gathered round the three boys, and all with one accord called upon Johnson to let Edmund Stephens alone. And some of the nobler spirits among them said, "We dare to call any boy coward who attacks Stephens and his Bible; but as to Parnel and his religion, they are fair play.—Parnel can give blow for blow with the best of us; he can use the same weapons as we do."

Parnel, who had by this time been brought somewhat to reason by the pleadings of Stephens, reddened violently on hearing these last contemptuous expressions concerning himself and his religion, and was about to break out again into some bitter invectives in return, when Edmund Stephens, who had never let his arm go, drew him from the crowd, and led him to a retired part of the play-ground. There he conversed with him very seriously upon his conduct. "You profess to be more than a nominal Christian, Parnel," said Edmund: "are you aware what such a profession requires of you, and how much injury you may do to the souls of your school-fellows by conduct so disgraceful, united with professions so high?"

Young Parnel endeavoured to excuse his conduct, which he well knew wanted excuse, by representing how much he had been provoked.

"Provoked!" repeated Stephens; "and did not you excite this provocation by your hot and irritable manner? Excuse my freedom, dear school-fellow," added he, seeing the tears start in Parnel's eye; "excuse me, Christian brother, and do not be offended, if I tell you that your religion wants the very corner-stone on which it should be built, and for want of which it cannot stand. Look less to Francis Parnel, and think less of him, and more of Christ who died for him; and you will then find fewer provocations and insults in the world, and *you will be* allowed to read your Bible and say your *prayers without disturbance*."

Edmund then took out his Pocket-Bible, which, by its worn and soiled appearance, indicated its having been long in constant use, and referred to several passages upon the subject of humility.—*Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.* (Prov. xvi. 18. xxix. 23.) *For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to receive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.* (Isaiah. lvii. 15.)

Edmund's pious discourse at length succeeded in composing the mind of young Parnel, and the two boys shortly afterwards entered the school-room together; where, in compliment to Edmund Stephens, Parnel was received by his school-fellows as if nothing unpleasant had happened on his part: and being afterwards continually withheld by his humble friend from displaying his heroic spirit, he was allowed to read his Bible whenever he chose without further molestation. Francis Parnel had, however, conceived such a dislike to those boys who had expressed contempt of him and his religion, that he never felt himself quite happy at school; and as he had attached himself very closely to Edmund Stephens, he became exceedingly anxious to become an inmate in Mrs. Mary Stephens's house, and attend the school as a day-scholar with Edmund. Accordingly, when the next holidays arrived, he made his wishes known to his father, and engaged him to ask this favour of Mrs. Mary Stephens.

This pious woman, whose sole object through life had been to do good rather than to consult her own feelings, was not inexorable to the entreaties of the father, or the wishes of the son; and, finding that it would not be unpleasant to Edmund, she allowed Francis to become a a sharer of the little room and bed occupied by her nephew.

Things being thus arranged, after the Christmas holidays, Francis Parnel became an inmate of Mrs. Mary Stephens's house, and the constant companion of Edmund.

It now appeared, that Francis might be amiable, could he be thought to think less of himself and of the world, and to devote himself more entirely to the service of God. But the same error which pervades too many places of education in the Christian world had evidently been blended with the instructions that he had received. Mixed motives of action had been given to this boy, motives of action replete with spiritual death. He had been told that learning was necessary, not only for the elucidation of Scripture, (for which alone it ought to be valued,) but in order to advance him in his school, in the University, in society, and in the Church. He had also been taught that humility was requisite towards God, but that dignity of carriage and spirit were requisite from man to man; and while the character of the man Christ had been at times held up to him as the most perfect model of human excellence, the characters of heathens, as described by their own historians, had afforded the subject of his daily lessons.

Thus, in these and a thousand other instances, had contradictory motives of action been, either directly or indirectly, infused into the mind of this youth; in consequence of which, his conversation displayed a constant series of contradictions: for whereas, through the divine mercy, some of the good seed had taken root and sprung up, the weeds and rubbish so choked them, that they could neither gain strength, nor bring forth fruit. And, in consequence, though Mrs. Mary Stephens believed that the root of the matter was in him, there was so much inconstancy and variableness in his character, that she feared he never would become a useful minister.

During the long winter evenings, after the boys were returned from school, Mrs. Mary Stephens always made a point of introducing such conversation as she thought best calculated to promote the spiritual good of the young people, both of whom were intended to become pastors of the flock of Christ; and on these occasions she used to point out the exceeding and awful responsibility of the ministerial character and functions. And, first, she explained to them that, as much as in man lay, the ministers of Christ were the appointed ministers of life; according to the words of the apostle, which saith, *Who*

ippointed us able ministers of the New Testa- not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter i but the spirit giveth life. (2 Cor. iii. 6.)

ius, then," said she, "spiritual life and spiritual are as certainly in the hands of the ministers of , as the natural life is in the hands and under the and of the physician: and that minister, who, ;h an overweening love of self, through indolence, ' other motive, fails to deliver his message simply congregation, becomes as much the spiritual mur- of his people, as the man who in the days of famine olds the public stores allotted by government to a ig population is the cause of their natural death. iis awful remark," continued she, "may not only de in the case of ministers, but in that of parents achers, and of all persons in every situation of re- bility, or possessing any influence over any single lual of the human race. Those who, through self- s, or the undue indulgence of any passion, be it or be it ambition, or be it vanity, or be it sensual- be it what it will, if it in any way prevents their istering spiritual nourishment to those dependent :m, or over whom they have any influence from on or other cause, become guilty, as much as in lies, in a most awful sense, of the breach of that andment which saith—'Thou shalt do no murder.' it inasmuch," proceeded she, "as it may be said, lies not in the power of man to withhold spiritual d light from his fellow-creatures, it being an ac- doctrine of the Church, and one upheld by Scrip- nd the very nature of things, that those who are saved were predestinated to salvation before the ition of the world, according to the seventeenth of the Church—'Predestination to life is the ever- ; purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by insel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and dam- those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of nd;'—I answer, that if the salvation of the soul ; be counteracted by the malice of man, neither is ible for one *individual*, however resolute his hatred , *to destroy, by death*, the body of another, unless

it is the will of God it should be so. For it is written in the book of Job, *The days of man are determined, the number of his months are with thee.* (Job. xiv. 5.)

"Men, therefore, in either case, as ministers of life or of death, can be no more than instruments in the hands of the Almighty. To be instruments, therefore, of good is what we ought to seek; and though offences must come, we must recollect that wo is pronounced on that man by whom they shall come."

The excellent lady would then proceed to describe that state of mind which fits an individual for spiritual usefulness; and, though without intending it, precisely drew that character of which the world cannot appreciate the value.

And, first, she remarked, that a Christian teacher ought to have a deep sense of sin, which is absolutely necessary to his right estimation of the value of a Saviour. He that does not feel himself sick, will not require the aid of a physician, and he that has not felt his own sickness, will not know how to sympathize with another in the same situation.

"A man who would be useful," proceeded she, "as a Christian instructor, ought to have a very deep knowledge of Scripture, neither should he ever allow human learning to divert him from that one necessary study, though he will gladly and eagerly seek to discover and apply all the light which it may be able to reflect upon any obscure passage in the holy Word.

"The minister of Christ," added she, "should have no desire to be exalted upon earth, and no wish but for the general extension and stability of Christ's kingdom. He belongeth not to the kingdoms of the world, and has no part in them; and therefore, as the ancient Romans laboured for the exaltation of their city, willingly giving up their lives for its glory, so he, while exerting a similar spirit in a better cause, ought only to desire the prosperity of Christ's Church on earth, and wish alone that he might be employed in the promotion of this mighty work, if it were only in removing a little of the rubbish which encumbers the place of its foundations. He ought not to embroil himself with the petty discords of the day; but should make a point of taking every man by the

and who loves his Saviour and speaks in his name. ınd though he may be particularly attached to his own ɔrm of worship and peculiar household, yet he will not resume to mar the work, or weaken the influence, of ny individual who gives evidence of his being on the ide of the Lord, lest, haply, he should be found fighting gainst his God."

In this manner Mrs. Mary Stephens used to converse ɾith these youths who were under her care, and she also ɔok especial delight in giving them such views as prohecy would allow of the kingdom of Christ on earth, ı that blessed period when the mountain of the Lord's ouse shall be established in the top of mountains, and hall be exalted above the hills, and many nations shall ow unto it. (Micah iv. 1.) It was her opinion, that ɾere this unheeded doctrine of the millenium more stuied, and received with a purer feeling of faith, it would rove a grand means of improving the motives of acon of a young Christian. "A youth who has just finishı his studies in some celebrated academy or other lace of education," she would often say, "is very apt to nagine that he knows all that is to be known, or at least ıat his acquirements put him upon a footing with age ıd experience; not being aware that there is no mode f education, however wisely arranged, no habits, howɾer judiciously formed, and faithfully attended to, ɾhich can give the wisdom of maturity to young perɔns. Human learning is by no means found to produce ıis effect; and when the judgment is naturally weak, is known often to have a contrary influence, as it has frequent tendency to excite vanity. The state of mind, ıerefore, in which young people leave their studies, is ommonly an unfavourable one with respect to their ɾell-doing as Christians; and it is often found that the ıind of youth at this time is remarkably full of prejuices, and that the young individual is disposed to deɒise all conditions of men, all orders of government, ıd modes of society, which differ from certain views of ıerfection that he may have been led to embrace. He ɔnsiders every *man as a schismatic* who does not wor*hip God precisely in his* own way, and counts every *dividual an ignoramus* who has not passed through the

same precise train of instruction as himself; neither
he believe that there may be other constitutions
modes of discipline, both in church and state, wh
may have some excellencies, though they differ from
own.

"By the sober part of young people such notions
commonly held; while by those who are otherwise, th
is often cherished a mode of thinking directly contr
and the young man, in the plenitude of his self-conc
despises all existing institutions and sighs for every
velty." Such were the views which Mrs. Mary Steph
entertained of young people in general; and she wo
often say, that if such persons could be led to see fi
Scripture that a period is to come which, compared v
the present age, will be as light to darkness—a perio
which it will be proved that all human wisdom will
but as folly, and earthly pride no better than madnes
they might, with the divine blessing, be brought ther
to open their eyes to the truth, and, leaving all thi
which are behind, to aspire only after that glory wh
is to be hereafter. "But as long," she would add,
Christians continue to close their eyes and ears to
glorious promises of Scripture with regard to Chr
kingdom on earth, and to fill their minds with the p
discords of the day, they cannot extend their views
yond the narrow views of this world, nor rise abo
grovelling mode of thinking, by which their charac
and conversation will be depressed, and the concern
the Catholic Church proportionably injured."

Edmund and Francis had now spent nearly two y
under the same roof, during which time their friend
seemed to have acquired such firmness and consiste
as led those who knew them to hope it would neve
disturbed.

Francis had apparently profited much by the holy
tirement in which he had spent so many hours of th
years, and the very spiritual conversation of Mrs.
phens. But though his manner was warm, and at ti
devout, and though he might be urged to a partic
tion in almost any act of piety and self-denial to wh
Edmund accustomed himself, yet now and then a de
of inconsistency was discernible in his conduct

grieved Mrs. Mary Stephens, and made her feel that he was not to be depended upon. He would sometimes let it appear that he hoped to be distinguished in the University for his learning and abilities; he sometimes would express a wish that he might rise in the Church, in order that he might do the more good; and he would now and then drop an expression by which he betrayed his hopes, that when he had a family himself he should live in a more elegant manner than that in which his father did. Nevertheless, when urged upon these points, he would solemnly declare that the secret desire of his heart was to serve his God in simplicity, and to be separate from the world.

The young people had spent two winters together, and were looking forward to a third, when they were unexpectedly deprived of their pious old friend. Mrs. Mary Stephens was one morning found dead in her bed; and thus was this excellent woman suddenly removed from this world of trial into a state of glory.

Her loss was acutely felt by Edmund, to whom she had left all her little property, appointing Mr. Parnel as his guardian. Edmund found himself more attached than ever to Francis, from his affectionate behaviour on this sorrowful occasion; and therefore rejoiced the more when it was settled that the young men should be placed together under the care of a tutor till they were of a proper age to go to the University.

Edmund was not however altogether happy in his new situation. Independent of his grief for the loss of his aunt, he found almost every sentence he uttered in some degree either *quizzed* or ridiculed by some of his tutor's family.

There are many people whom we believe to be pious, (for it would be hard to think otherwise,) whose opinions are of that mixed kind, between what we should call worldly, and what is really right, that they cannot bear any plain, simple, straight-forward sentiments. In some persons, this is owing to a natural weakness and littleness of mind, which cannot grasp a great and glorious idea; in others, it is owing to a disputatious turn, which rejects every sentiment that at the first blush does not

coincide with opinions already received; and sometimes, I fear, it is to be attributed to the secret wish of reconciling those things which cannot be reconciled, namely, earthly with heavenly sentiments.

It happened, that Edmund's tutor and all his family were precisely the kind of persons which I have described: and Edmund soon discovered that if he spoke at all while in their presence, he must be constantly subject to disputations. He therefore had recourse to silence, as being by far the less evil of the two; yet to live under a perpetual restraint was painful, and particularly so, as he saw his friend, after several violent contests, gradually sinking on many occasions into the ordinary way of thinking which prevailed in their tutor's family.

During the time that Edmund was with the tutor, he made considerable progress in that kind of knowledge requisite in the University, and was told that if he chose to exert himself, he might obtain some of the highest distinctions there bestowed. Whether this was the case or not still remains, however, to be shown.

After a due time, Edmund and Francis removed to the University, but they were not both placed in the same college, as Mrs. Stephens, in her will, had named a certain hall as that to which she wished her nephew to be sent, on account of its head having a high character for piety, but which was not approved for Francis, as this hall was not generally esteemed in the world. On this account, therefore, the young men were separated, and saw very little of each other during their residence in college.

The hall at which Edmund was placed was not a situation in which he was likely to obtain much notice. He, however, in the mean time, passed through the University very quietly, and remained there till he was of age to be ordained, when a curacy became vacant in the very parish in which he had resided from a child. Edmund heard of this, and instantly wrote to solicit this curacy; and as he was able to procure every necessary testimony to his good character, the rector, who was *very infirm*, promised him the curacy, and gave him his *title for ordination*.

Edmund now left the University, and being ordained by the bishop of his own diocese, he immediately hastened to take possession of his charge.

In the mean time, I should say, that young Parnel had passed through the University with considerable eclat, had obtained several prizes, and, having received deacon's orders, was engaged as a tutor in a nobleman's family, about the time that Edmund entered on his curacy. The friends were therefore separated for a time: but they mutually retained a strong regard for each other.

As soon as Edmund Stephens had reached the town where his curacy was, he hastened, without loss of time, to pay his compliments to his rector, and afterwards, to obtain, if possible, the very apartments which had been occupied so many years by his aunt, and which were rendered dear to him by a thousand pleasing and pathetic recollections.

He heard with no small pleasure that the apartments had been unoccupied ever since his aunt's death, as the mistress of the house had resolved not to let them again. But when Mr. Edmund, whom she had known from a child, came to ask them from her, she could not refuse his request, and begged him to take possession of her own parlour, till the rooms were aired and duly prepared.

Twenty-four hours had scarcely elapsed after Edmund's arrival at the town, before he found himself settled in the very sitting-room so long occupied by his aunt, surrounded by the very furniture which she had been accustomed to use, the chair on which she had sat, the table on which she used to lay her work while he read to her, and the little stool which had served to support her feet.

Affected by these objects, he could scarcely refrain from tears; but, sitting down, he sunk into a long and deep reverie.

During this period of abstraction, he called to mind the general tendency of the education which his aunt had given him, and he perceived, as at a glance, that its whole purport and object had been to fit him for the *ministry of Christ* on earth, and for the enjoyment

of his kingdom in heaven; and, falling upon his knees, he solemnly and earnestly entreated that he might now be strengthened for the performance of those duties for which he had been so long preparing.

The prayers of this young man were heard, and he was indeed strengthened and assisted in a wonderful degree; so that he presently found himself engaged in such a round of duties, as left him no time either for company or any kind of study which had not some reference to his ministerial labours. His parish was exceedingly populous, being full of manufactories; and the houses of the lower classes were confusedly clustered together in narrow streets, blind alleys, and obscure courts. The young curate could expect no assistance whatever from his rector, who was paralytic, and nearly blind; neither had he any parishioners belonging to his church of such characters as could give him much assistance.

The first attempt of this young man was to acquire an idea of the numbers of his people, to make himself acquainted with the streets and alleys, and to begin, without loss of time, a course of visiting from house to house: and as his fortune was easy, he also resolved to establish a rigid economy with regard to himself, and to devote all he could spare to the necessitous.

One of his first works was to hire a large house, and establish a Sunday and daily school; and because the church was far too small to admit, at once, one tenth part of the population, he added another service on a Sunday, and several others on the week days. He was happy in meeting with no opposition on the part of his rector, who had known him from a child, and being partial to him, was easily persuaded to yield to all his requests.

During his visits among his people, the young curate was presently informed that another denomination of Christians had established a chapel and schools in a remote district of his parish, in which their minister was labouring with considerable effect.

Edmund Stephens, in calculating the number of houses in his parish, and the time it would take to visit each, *had already* felt that his care of souls was immense, and *very far above the* compass of one man's capacity,

though he were to devote himself unceasingly to the work. He therefore felt it some relief to find that there was another labourer working in his great vineyard, and he resolved to make himself acquainted with this minister; and if he found that his opinions were such as in the main he could approve, he would offer him his friendship, hold out the right hand of fellowship to him, and assure him, that between them there should be no other contest than a holy strife who should do most good, and win most souls to God. And thus he reasoned with himself: "It is impossible for me to give individual attention to each of my parishioners, and yet, humanly speaking, some may be lost without this particular attention. This Christian minister, in another part of my parish, may be able to bestow that individual attention which I cannot always supply, and he may have a better method of instruction than I have. I know that he has more experience; but, granting he has only as good a method, how shall I presume to take upon me to deprive others of the benefit of his labours, when I perhaps have it not in my power to make it up to them by my own exertions? If I weaken the hands of a pious man, or stop his mouth, and thus hinder his usefulness, am I not, humanly speaking, accountable for the loss of any soul which may thereby perish for want of help, and thus become, as far as in me lies, a spiritual murderer?"

In this manner the young clergyman argued with himself: but as he considered also that there are some who dissent from our Church in points of such amazing consequence, that true Christians can by no means extend their encouragement towards them, he determined to make himself quite sure that there was nothing of this kind in the minister in question; and having ascertained this point, he called upon him, and, opening his heart frankly to him, he asked his friendship, and gave him leave to do as much good as he possibly could in his parish.

The dissenting minister, who was a gentleman in manners and in education, and a person of true piety, was much touched by the frankness and simplicity of the *young curate. He* received his overtures with cordiality;

and it not unfrequently happened, after this, that the
servants of God would consult together, to bring to pa
their little plans for the advancement of the glory
their common Master.

When Edmund Stephens had arrived at the pro
age, he was admitted to priest's orders, and returned
mediately to his labours of love, which he pursued w
unabated ardour. And although he made several i
vations on certain old customs, established, time im
morial, in the parish, yet on these occasions he eithe
cited less animosity, or heard less of the anger he
excite, (which came nearly to the same thing,)
could possibly have been expected.

Through the divine blessing, he was partic
mindful of what his aunt had said to him on the n
ty of keeping his own mind in a calm and he
state if he wished to do good; and in order to p
this state of mind, he found that he must carefu
serve several rules. One was, never to allow p
reach his ears without cautiously guarding again
injurious effects that otherwise it was calculate
duce on his mind; because he found that, whe
had taken praise to himself rather than carry
Lord, he immediately became acutely alive t
and more irritated against the person who ha
him, than he had lately been pleased with him
extolled him. On this account, when descendin
pulpit, he always carefully shunned such
were accustomed to meet him on these occa
any complimentary expressions; and if h
wholly impossible to avoid such indiscreet
never failed to declare to them, that he dare
cept the honour which cometh from man. A
which this excellent young man was enabled
for himself was, to keep his ears shut to the
ports and unmeaning tittle-tattle of the day;
that this unimportant and trifling gossip h
effect in lowering the standard of his thou
ducing listlessness in the exercise of his
ading his mind with that fear of the w
inister ought above all dangers to avoid.
In consequence of the faithful obser

rules, Edmund Stephens was enabled to preserve much composure of mind amidst a crooked and perverse generation, and was kept in a state of continued tranquillity, hidden, as it were, within the secret of the pavillion of his God: and being thus blessed with that peace which the world cannot give, he was constantly assisted in his endeavours to seek the mind of the Lord, and to bear in perpetual remembrance that sweet address of the Church to the Chief Shepherd which we find in the first chapter of the Canticles, and the seventh verse—*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?* Thus he continued to pursue his undeviating course of rectitude, walking in deep humility, and always giving the glory to God, till certain events took place which I shall relate without delay.

The town in which Edmund Stephens resided was one of those large manufacturing places which is continually receiving successive enlargements, and spreading its suburbs, its gardens, new rows, streets, squares, and crescents, over the adjacent country. The town had not formerly extended beyond the bounds of one parish, and this was the parish in which Edmund resided; a region of smoke and spinning-machines, containing many dark old houses, and intersected with narrow streets and miserable little alleys. But of late years, the new buildings had encroached upon another rectory, whose little modernized parsonage-house was now seen standing in a garden, between a square and a half-finished crescent.

This living had lately become vacant, and, through the exertions of old Mr. Parnel, it was procured for Francis, who, being recalled in all haste from abroad, had scarcely time to take priests' orders before it was necessary for him to hasten to———, to be inducted in his rectory.

Edmund Stephens heard of the success of his friend with unmingled pleasure, and anticipated such a renewal of their former intercourse as should render life even more sweet than he had already found it.

Edmund happened to be particularly engaged on the day that his friend was to be inducted, and was obliged to be out of town for some days afterwards; but imme-

diately on his return he hastened to seek the companion of his youth, and having inquired for him at his parsonage, was informed by some workmen, who were engaged in the house, that he was to be found at a lodging-house in the neighbouring square, where he was to remain till all was ready at the parsonage for his reception.

As the parsonage had lately been occupied by a very large family, Edmund could not clearly understand how it was that Mr. Parnel was unable to find in it a corner fit to put his head in. As this, however, was no business of his, he presently lost the singular impression which this seeming nicety of his old companion had at first made upon his mind; and having found out the lodging-house where Mr. Parnel then was, and obtained admittance, he rushed up the stairs, and a moment afterwards had seized the hand of his friend, and was shaking it with an ardour which proved that his kind feelings towards him had met with no abatement from absence.

Edmund was not one of those persons who are keenly alive to every slight, and who possess, in consequence, the quickest perception of every shade and degree of cordiality or want of cordiality in the salutation of a friend; yet he could not but perceive, on this occasion, that there was a certain something in Mr. Parnel's reception of him which threw a damp over his heart. He, however, endeavoured to recover from this sudden chill, and forced himself to suppose that it was only the effect of fancy. He accordingly took the seat that was offered him, and began to express the delight he felt in being restored to one from whose society he had formerly enjoyed so much delight. He spoke of his aunt, and of many sweet hours spent in her society; and remarked, that he had never, since her death, met with a person so entirely above the world as she was, and, in consequence, so truly charming: to all which Mr. Parnel replied, with a degree of restraint which but too strongly confirmed his friend in his first apprehension, namely, that his old companion had lost much of the strength and ardour of his early feelings.

Mr. Parnel was a man who from the inelegance of his *figure, and the con*tour of his features, from a certain *something in his mo*de of elocution, and a want of ...

ral grace in his movements, was never intended to shine as a public character; while Edmund Stephens was, on the contrary, one who, from the actual symmetry of his person, from the extraordinary spirituality of his mind, the sweetness of his temper, the warmth and vivacity of his feelings, and peculiar graciousness and humility of his manner, might, had he been so inclined, have easily acquired all that celebrity, as a popular speaker or preacher, to which a person less gifted as to outward advantages must have aspired in vain.

It was, however, one of the greatest misfortunes to Mr. Parnel, that he wished to be admired by the world; and it is probable that he had always been sensible of the natural advantages which Edmund had over him, and that this thorn had long rankled in his heart, though it seems he felt not the irritation of the fester, till on occasion of the meeting of which we are now speaking, when he found himself, though a traveller, and, as the world would say, a fortunate man, suddenly and entirely eclipsed by a poor curate, whose least perfections, he was well aware, were those which were most visible to the world.

It was a remark of one of the finest Christian characters which has appeared in the present age, that the minister or teacher who would be blessed in his instructions, must first labour in the right direction of his own mind; and although the Articles of our Church form this decision, that in case of ungodly characters having authority in the ministration of the world, yet, forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority, it is lawful to use their ministry, (26*th Article*,) nevertheless, it is very certain, that, humanly speaking, there is nothing which retards the progress of the Gospel so much as the remaining eruptions of sin among the rulers of the Church, and among all such persons as are employed in the work of instruction. Hence the importance of a proper regulation of the passions among professors, and especially of those deeply destructive and even murderous feelings which consist in the desire of exalting *self, and seeking* the favour of man rather than *that of God.*

Edmund had been but a short time with Mr. Parnel, before he was well aware that his former humble friend made pretensions to be a man of fashion; not that he was, indeed, a ridiculous pretender of the kind, although his claims were supported in a way which appeared to Edmund wholly inconsistent with the simplicity and dignity of the ministerial character. Nevertheless he trusted that all was right at the bottom, notwithstanding this little appearance of what he could not relish. He therefore accepted Mr. Parnel's invitation to dinner, and tried to fancy that he was about to enjoy a delightful season with the friend of his heart.

"And so, Edmund," said Mr. Parnel, "you are still at the old lodgings!—still precisely where I first knew you! Do you not find them rather dark?"

"By no means," returned Edmund. "Those rooms seem to me the very regions of light and life; and I have more pleasure in contemplating the well-known Dutch tiles, than I should have in beholding the finest marble chimney-piece in Europe."

"The effect of an old association of ideas, my good fellow," returned Mr. Parnel, somewhat pompously. "The associations of our childhood are very powerful!"

"Yes," returned Edmund, "they are powerful, indeed; and I pray that mine may never be disturbed."

The conversation then took another turn. Mr. Parnel talked of his pupil; of his adventures abroad; of Naples, and Paris; of the English society he had fallen into in these cities: and hence made it appear that he had suffered a great deal in the cause of religion among his religious countrymen abroad.

Edmund thought that this was very probable, and therefore said something expressive of his approbation of his friend's holy zeal and strength of character.

Mr. Parnel then spoke of the extraordinary coincidences by which at so early an age he was placed in his present very responsible situation; and, with an air of perplexity, said, that he foresaw certain peculiar difficulties which he should have to encounter—difficulties of no ordinary description, and with which he felt himself quite overwhelmed.

"*How so?*" said Edmund. "Wherein does your situa-

tion differ from that of other ministers who have the charge of souls?"

Mr. Parnel fixed his eyes on Edmund with a stare of astonishment, and said, "Surely, my good friend, you do not think my situation a common one, comparing it only with your own! Consider how much greater my responsibility is than yours. You are acting only for another. I have no one to whom I can look up for advice and direction. If any thing is amiss, I alone am to be blamed; while you are protected beneath the wing of your superior, and if fault is found with you, he is to share in your condemnation."

"Remember," returned Edmund, "that my rector is a man of eighty, and quite past all concern for his people."

"It may be so," returned Mr. Parnel, "that is, you and I know it to be so; but the world only knows you, Mr. Stephens, as the assistant of Dr. Fieldhouse, and you are always supposed to be acting under his sanction."

Edmund bowed, not feeling disposed to speak; and Mr. Parnel having waited a moment for his reply, proceeded to this effect.—"You do not appear, Edmund, by any means to be aware of my difficulties. Permit me to state them to you, and you will then be better able to judge of my situation.

"It is, I trust, and ever has been, my wish, in my character as a spiritual teacher, to act with faithfulness—to fear no man, and to seek only the glory of God. Nevertheless, my knowledge of life has brought me to this conviction—that unless I can preserve the respect and affection of my people, and the good opinion of the world at large, my usefulness will be utterly marred.

"Now, when I consider the state of my parish; when I am made to understand that all the best families of the town, nay, indeed, all those of any consequence in our society, are included in it; when I am told that all my people are persons of influence, and some sort of fashion, that they have never been in the habit of hearing the truth, and cannot be expected to bear it, is it possible that I should be free from apprehensions? And, moreover, *when I have the* assurance, that if I am more diligent *and decided than* my predecessor, I shall also incur

the displeasure of the clergy of the diocese in
and perhaps come under the stigma of the bish
possible for me, I ask, to be without uneasiness?

"In the first place," returned Edmund, "I do
wherefore you should fear your congregation m
I and others do. Are we not all aware that th
is disgusting to the natural man? and that, w
heard, it will awaken all the angry passions of
ture? But have we not this assurance, that, if w
weary of well-doing, all these difficulties shall dis
For is not He that is with us stronger than h
against us? And, in the second place, I would s
I think you are judging very harshly of your s
and brethren in the ministry, many of whom
mire and commend your diligence, and others
tate you; and if you do not first throw down th
let, most of the rest will let you alone. For the
tion and respect of one, at least, I can answer."

"Meaning yourself, Edmund?" replied Mr.
"Yes, I trust that I shall always possess and
your affection; but I am speaking of the highe
the beneficed clergy of the diocese. If I intro
thing new, if I make any innovation into the
of things, I shall certainly draw them all upo
am assured of it; and I hope that I am prepar
I am fully aware of the singularly difficult a
situation in which I stand."

"O, brother! brother!" said Edmund, risi
smiling, "you have gone through the Univ
eclat, you have made the grand tour of Euro
converted into a respectable rector, and yet y
cisely the same Francis Parnel who was at
with his schoolfellows on the second day of l
ment at shool."

"What do you mean?" replied the othe
violently: "explain yourself. You, at least
ly recollection of my schoolday follies. C
yourself."

"Do not be offended, my good friend,"
mund: "I meant not to hurt your feelin
foresee, that you will not have been a ye
before you will be at daggers-drawing-

expression—with every order and denomination of persons in the town and neighbourhood."

"How so, Stephens?" said Mr. Parnel.

"In the first place," returned Edmund; "you will set the irreligious world against you; not so much by telling them the truth as it is in Jesus, as by informing them that you expect their hatred. You will bring the higher ranks of the clergy upon you by letting them know that you expect their displeasure, and that you consider them as the enemies of extraordinary seriousness, and you will undoubtedly hit upon some other method of making yourself equally disagreeable to what is called the low Church. I know that it is impossible to please all men: but surely there is a wide difference between a mean and shuffling conduct, and that which breathes universal defiance."

"Universal defiance!" repeated Mr. Parnel: "why, Edmund, surely you cannot suppose that I shall reveal those feelings to others which I have uttered only in confidence to the oldest friend I have in the world?"

"Not if you can help it," replied Edmund.

"Not if I can help it!" returned the other: "why, Stephens, do you suppose that I have no discretion whatever?"

"I think of you," said Edmund, "as I should of any other man who should allow himself in the like reflections. By dwelling so much and so incessantly on your own concerns, your own trials, the opinion of others respecting you, and the persecutions to which you may be liable, your mind contracts a soreness which wholly unfits you for that contact with society to which every man is exposed. On the slightest touch and the gentlest rub, being so situated, you will naturally start and wince. In every casual circumstance, you will see the fulfilment of some of your apprehensions, and you will naturally be led to betray your feelings where you should not; and thus, in the end, all will come upon you which you now (permit me to say) so causelessly dread."

"And then, my Francis," added Edmund, his voice assuming that expression of noble pathos which it ever did on *occasion of his tenderer* feelings being excited, *"and then, my Francis, then* where will be that useful

ness which we so often promised ourselves in our early days? How will the image of the Saviour appear in your deportment and shine in your countenance, when clouds of care and anxiety—worldly care and selfish anxiety—shall rest upon your brow? Recollect the description of the parish priest in that beautiful poem of Goldsmith.—

"'At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head!'"

When Edmund had repeated this beautiful quotation Mr. Parnel, instead of making any reply, remained quite silent; neither could his friend in any way define the expression of his countenance. He saw, indeed, that his words had made a strong impression; but whether that impression was a favourable one, he was at a loss to decide. However, as Edmund (in common with most persons who are raised by true religion above the selfish considerations which actuate the greater part of mankind) was not easily disconcerted when he believed he was doing right, he therefore proceeded to express still plainer his sentiments relative to the character of a minister, paying little regard to the variation of Mr. Parnel's countenance; though, in order to give him time to recover himself, he was careful that his remarks should be of a more general nature than those which he had made before.

"I was very much struck," said Edmund, "with an *observation which* I lately met with, in a work of a clergyman of the present day, who has with the most unre-

mitting assiduity devoted himself to the study of Scripture. This remark related to the conduct of Aaron and Miriam, when they reproved Moses on account of the Ethiopian woman, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the Almighty. Whatever might have been their motives for this sudden attack upon Moses, whose marriage had taken place so many years before, we cannot presume to say, though they were, evidently, unwarrantable, from the anger that the Almighty himself displayed on the occasion; but the punishment inflicted on Aaron and Miriam, and the consequence of this punishment, together with the remark made upon this consequence, was that which so forcibly struck me in the work to which I allude.——'Behold, the sin of these two professors delayed the progress of all the host of Israel for seven days. Armed hosts and intervening seas could not retard them; but sin, that evil and accursed thing, did what all the powers of earth and hell could not have done. O professor! think how many may be retarded in their progress towards heaven by one sin of thine, yea, perhaps may be turned out of the way and ruined for ever! Remember what our Lord has said—Wo unto the world because of offences! but wo, *most of all*, unto him by whom the offence cometh!'"

Edmund was still proceeding with his remarks, (for Mr. Parnel yet remained silent,) when they found that a carriage had stopped at the door; and, a moment afterwards, a Mr. Harrison, an elderly gentleman of considerable consequence in the neigbourhood, and who was supposed to be favourable to religion, was announced.

Mr. Harrison, on entering, very cordially accosted the two young ministers; and, on his being seated, the conversation took a general turn, till the old gentleman asked Mr. Parnel why he did not find him in his parsonage-house?

This question, as Edmund feared, led to a recital of grievances; for Mr. Parnel being thereby led to speak of himself, could not stop when he had informed his visiter that his parsonage-house needed some repairs, but proceeded to other matters, till, to the amazement of Edmund, he began fully to describe his situation, and the difficulties *attending it*, in precisely the same manner to

Mr. Harrison, as he had shortly done before to himself, expressing his apprehensions, that all the world would be upon him as soon as he should commence to deal sincerely with his people.

"You are mistaken, Sir," said Mr. Harrison; "the truth is not a new thing in this place:" adding, as he turned to Edmund, "our young friend here has not thus kept us in the dark; and I have every reason to think, that you will have more to fear from the indiscreet flatteries of your people, should you prove faithful to them, than from any other cause. But Mr. Stephens will tell you more of these matters than I can possibly do, for he has had three years' experience, during which neither doctrine nor reproof have been spared."

"Sir," returned Edmund, "I am perhaps the last man to be addressed on this subject: the days of faggots and stakes are gone by, and I hear very little of what is said of me."

"But your church, Sir," replied Mr. Harrison, "your church overflows!"

"It does, Sir," replied Edmund, seeming unable any longer to contain himself; "and since I must speak, I think it but just to my parishioners to say, that I have met with nothing but kindness and affection from them since my residence in the parish."

"And I might add," rejoined Mr. Harrison, in a low voice, addressing Mr. Parnel, "it would be strange if he had not: for never, surely, was a man more worthy of esteem."

It is not known whether Mr. Parnel heard the whole of this whisper; for before it was half finished, he turned to Edmund, and said, "Surely, Stephens, you do not mean to assert that the tongue of censure has in your parish never been moved against you?"

"I make no such assertion," replied Edmund: "I only know that little, either of praise or blame, has hitherto reached my ears. I know that it is not by the sentence of an earthly tribunal that I must stand or fall; and I endeavour to perplex myself as little as possible with *what the* world may say, though I consider myself *bound to* receive any reproof given in an open manner *either by friend* or enemy."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Parnel, affecting to laugh, "you have found out a good method of preserving your self-complacency, my good fellow; a capital way this is, indeed, of retaining one's own good opinion—refusing to hear all that is said against one! Then, you do not know that you sadly lost your popularity among the clergy of the diocese on one particular occasion which I could name? Mr. Harrison knows what I mean: I heard of it when abroad; and it was almost the first thing which reached my ears when I arrived at this place."

Edmund looked at his watch. "At what hour do you dine, Parnel?" he asked. "You will excuse me: I have an engagement which will detain me about an hour—I will be with you again before your dinner." So saying, he bowed to Mr. Harrison, and left the room, his fine features being all in a glow as he took his departure; though when he returned at the end of the hour, and found his friend alone, this glow had subsided, leaving only such a bloom as might be attributed to health and exercise, while the usual serene and holy dignity of his countenance was conspicuous.

We do not presume to say what had been passing in the mind of Francis during this interval, but his reflections were surely of a salutary nature; for his friend no sooner appeared, than he held out his hand to him, and said, with much affection, "Edmund, I have offended you. You left me in displeasure: what did I say? what did I do?"

"O, Francis! dear Francis!" returned Edmund, "my friend and brother! we have spent many happy days together, many precious hours, in that blessed period of early youth which passed away under the gentle influence of my much lamented aunt. There was a time when we had not a secret hidden from each other; and I looked forward to your return as a circumstance which would add many sweets to my journey through life: but unless you will here, my brother, promise never to trouble me with any of those idle rumours respecting myself, my neighbours, and my people, to which you just now alluded, I must from this moment forego all those pleasures which I promised myself in your society. I *had, indeed, hoped that* at the death of either of us, the

urn he hastened to seek the companion having inquired for him at his parson- d by some workmen, who were engaged at he was to be found at a lodging-house uring square, where he was to remain till t the parsonage for his reception.

nage had lately been occupied by a very Edmund could not clearly understand how . Parnel was unable to find in it a corner ead in. As this, however, was no business sently lost the singular impression which nicety of his old companion had at first is mind; and having found out the lodging- shed up the stairs, and a moment afterwards e Mr. Parnel then was, and obtained admit- the hand of his friend, and was shaking it dour which proved that his kind feelings to- had met with no abatement from absence. d was not one of those persons who are keenly very slight, and who possess, in consequence, test perception of every shade and degree of or want of cordiality in the salutation of a yet he could not but perceive, on this occasion, re was a certain something in Mr. Parnel's re- of him which threw a damp over his heart. He, r, endeavoured to recover from this sudden chill, ced himself to suppose that it was only the effect ey. He accordingly took the seat that was offered nd began to express the delight he felt in being re- l to one from whose society he had formerly en- l so much delight. He spoke of his aunt, and of y sweet hours spent in her society; and remarked, he had never, since her death, met with a person so rely above the world as she was, and, in consequence, ruly charming: to all which Mr. Parnel replied, with egree of restraint which but too strongly confirmed s friend in his first apprehension, namely, that his old mpanion had lost much of the strength and ardour of s early feelings.

Mr. Parnel was a man who from the inelegance of his ure, and the contour of his features, from a certain nething in his mode of elocution, and a want of natu-

The dusk of evening had arrived by the time he reached his humble apartments. His little tea-equipage was set ready, and on the table by it there lay his Bible, his Concordance and his pen and ink. A bright fire shed its enlivening glow through all the room. He drew his chair to the table, and sitting down, looked around him with an indescribable feeling of gratitude for the peaceful asylum which was granted him from the contending passions of the world. "O my aunt!" he thought, "when shall I meet with a spirit like yours? I have been blessed with the acquaintance of many sincere Christians: but where shall I find one raised, like you, above the world, and while still in the flesh, dwelling, as it were, in the third heaven? How did your exalted and sanctified genius travel over the whole course of the Gospel scheme, from the creation of the world till the moment in which the dying Saviour on the cross cried out, 'It is finished!' How sweetly would you trace the Saviour through every type and shadow of the Mosaic dispensation! and how did your faith expatiate at large, and, as it were, at will, among the glorious scenes of prophecy, amidst the regions of the restored paradise! O that those Christians who enjoyed your society on earth were blessed with a portion of your excellent spirit, and that they would resolve to banish those selfish feelings, their indulgence of which must render their attempts at usefulness abortive!"

The next morning Mr. Parnel returned Edmund's visit. The sight of the old room, and the many well-known pieces of furniture, with the oriel step on which he had often lounged with his Edmund while they studied their lessons, seemed to awaken all the tender and affectionate feelings of Francis. He forgot for a short time the young rector, with all his wonderful perplexities and peculiar situations, and talked for awhile only of Mrs. Mary Stephens, and the happy hours he had spent in her society.

Edmund's little dinner was brought upon the table, served in the plainest way which strict neatness would permit. Edmund insisted on Mr. Parnel's partaking of it with *him, and consequently* the two friends sat down *together.*

Of that of which the heart is full the mouth will speak: and Edmund inadvertently entered upon some of those views which his aunt had often set before them relative to the duty of ministers—simple, holy, and scriptural views—and depicted with all the force and vivacity which piety and ardent love for the Christian cause could possibly inspire.

Mr. Parnel remarked that these views were, indeed beautiful, and he also spoke of the effects which Mrs. Stephens's conversations had produced on his mind, both at the time they were uttered, and even long after. "But, my dear brother," he added, "the impracticability of their being realized did not appear to us; we did not then perceive that these beautiful images were the mere creations of an imagination heated by enthusiasm. A very slight acquaintance with the world must convince any man, that your good aunt's ideas of the character of the Christian minister are no more than a fancy picture."

Edmund underwent a sudden shock on hearing this remark; but controlling his feelings, he said, "How so?—the character is drawn from Scripture!"

To this assertion Francis Parnel made no reply; but flying from the particular point in question, he fell again into the discussion of his own peculiar duties, and of what would be expected and required of himself in particular: and it is remarkable, that during the whole of the time in which he was thus engaged, he never once seemed to consider that Edmund Stephens had held for some years a situation nearly similar to that in which he himself was placed, and that he might, therefore, probably be able to assist him with the results of his experience. Edmund, however, remembering the heat which had been excited in his bosom during his visit to Francis the day before, and thinking that he had already spoken his mind with sufficient plainness, was careful not to express himself with warmth on the present occasion, especially as he was then in his own house; and therefore, after vainly making two or three attempts to introduce a more profitable subject, he contented himself with sustaining *only a very inferior* part in a conversation in which, from *experience and* natural abilities, he was certainly entitled

to take the lead. And thus passed the hours till Mr. Parnel took his leave.

Edmund once more felt relieved in being left alone, and presently found consolation in pouring out his feelings before the throne of grace: but whether his prayers for Francis Parnel were answered we shall leave our readers to judge, when they shall have finished the perusal of this short, yet, we trust, not unprofitable history.

From that time there was, for several months, but little intercourse between these two young men. Edmund, finding that, when they met, his friend was always so full of himself and his own concerns, that they could not converse either on equal or profitable terms, at length, resolved to seek him out no longer, but to return to the steady performance of his own pastoral duties, which were so arranged as to leave him but a few hours daily for study.—And, in the discharge of his several duties, he still took particular care to avoid all those encounters with worldly persons which might tend to interrupt the pious tranquillity of his own mind, feeling that his usefulness depended, humanly speaking, upon his own heart being habitually kept under the influence of Christian simplicity and holiness. He found, from close and constant observation, that whenever he addressed his people in a high or self-sufficient state of mind, his discourse, however eloquent, however filled with well-turned and finely polished periods, however rich in scriptural allusions and elegant applications, failed of its effect in reaching the heart; while discourses which seemed to want all these perfections, if proceeding from a broken and contrite spirit, appeared to excite feelings which the former had utterly failed in producing. He did not either in one case or the other, attribute his success to his own eloquence; but he believed that a divine unction was frequently poured out upon him when he least expected it, and that when he was in an humble and lowly frame, a blessing wholly withheld at other times often attended his ministry; for *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.* (James iv. 6.)

These discoveries taught him to regard it as the indispensable *duty of every* teacher of the Gospel to live close to God; *neither was* he unmindful of an awful remark

modification! Having already made a remark to this effect, we return to Francis Parnel.

The selfish feelings before mentioned constantly became stronger in the breast of this young man, and were soon blended with, or rather gave the direction to, all his actions; so that he was never easy unless he fancied himself engrossing the whole attention of whatever company he might happen to be in. He approved of no good work that might be going forward within his sphere of action in which he himself was not a leader. If he could not be the first in conversation, he would seldom speak at all. And as Edmund was the man who was most likely to be held up by the world as his rival, he gradually cherished such an alienation from his former friend, as to proceed at length to counteract, at first in an underhand, and afterwards in a more open way, every public work which the other attempted to accomplish. But inasmuch as he would not confess his sentiments with respect to Edmund even to his own heart, he still retained something like the language of friendship towards him when they chanced to meet; and it never could be discovered by those who were most intimately acquainted with both parties, whether Edmund had or had not discovered that Mr. Parnel had ceased to feel for him as in former days.

Some months had passed during which these young ministers had not met, when, one morning, Mr. Parnel called on Mr. Stephens. The moment he entered the room, Edmund was aware that his former friend was in a state of high excitement, though on what account he did not know. For this excellent young man was so entirely raised above the clouds and tempests of this lower world, that he could scarcely conceive the state of irritation into which weaker minds are often roused by the petty cabals with which they are continually embroiled. It was, however, evident to him, that his friend was by some cause or other strongly affected; and he therefore attempted to restrain the breaking out of his disagreeable emotions, by speaking on the most common and least interesting subjects that then occurred to him, affecting at the same time a certain cheerfulness and unconcern which at that moment he certainly did not feel.

A forced vivacity never has an agreeable effect, at least, with those persons who have even the weakest penetration. Accordingly, Mr. Parnel seemed to be more irritated than pleased by Edmund's manner, and presently discovered his displeasure by saying, "upon my word, Stephens, you possess a wonderful flow of spirits. But I came here to-day on purpose to have some serious conversation with you, and I really wish that you would grant me an attentive hearing for a short time."

"Most willingly," replied Edmund, seriously; "and if I can be of the least service"——

"You are very good," returned Mr. Parnel, dryly: "but I have no particular occasion for your services at present. It is about your own affairs, Edmund, that I am desirous of speaking to you at this time."

"I shall hearken with interest," returned Edmund, "to any thing which a friend may say."

"What," returned Mr. Parnel, "even should that friend venture to repeat some things which may be said by persons not quite so much attached to you as the man who is now before you?"

"I shall not refuse to hear any thing that it may be right I should know," rejoined Edmund. "I confess, that I do not like to trouble myself much with what the busy world may say of me; but I shall, of course, attend to any thing with which my friend judges that I ought to be made acquainted."

"So far, so well," replied Mr. Parnel; "I am glad to find that you are willing to hear reason. And such being the case, I shall proceed without further preface with what I have to say."

Mr. Parnel then proceeded directly to introduce the business on account of which he had made the present visit to Edmund's lodgings, and began, without ceremony, to call his friend to account for such parts of his conduct as did not entirely coincide with his views of propriety and prudence. And, first, he blamed him for his intimacy with Mr. Barret, the dissenting minister of whom mention was before made, conceiving that he might justly do so, on the score of his not belonging to the *church as established in* this kingdom.

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"Do you thoroughly understand the points on which we differ from Mr. Barret?" rejoined the other.

"I never had any conversation with the gentleman in question," replied Mr. Parnel; "and therefore cannot give you an answer."

"Permit me then to say," said Edmund, "that there is no one point essential to salvation in which you, and I, and Mr. Barret, could not go hand-in-hand. This was a circumstance with which I made myself fully acquainted before I offered him the right hand of fellowship. I have, also, every reason to believe, that this man, speaking of him as an individual, is a true servant and child of God, and I know him to be a laborious and successful preacher."

"All this may be strictly true," replied Mr. Parnel, coolly, "but as this man differs from us with respect to the great article of church-government, and, also, in other less points, I am unable to understand, Edmund, how he can be a suitable companion or coadjutor with you, a clergyman of the Established Church."

"Stop," said Edmund, "and permit me to propose to you one question. What, I ask, should be the object of a minister, either of our church or of any other denomination, to make proselytes to his own particular form of worship, or to win souls for the Church of Christ? If the former, then I confess that I am wrong; but if the latter, I think you will find it hard to convince me that I have acted amiss in giving my countenance to such a man as Mr. Barrett."

Mr. Parnel made no reply, and Edmund went on to this effect.—

"I will explain to you, my dear friend, the motives which at first led me to regard with a favourable and even a thankful feeling the residence of Mr. Barret in *my parish.* When first placed in this situation, I took *great pains to* ascertain the numbers and necessities of

the souls under my care, and found that the former amounted to at least five thousand, and that among these vast multitudes, (multitudes indeed to be all subjected to the pastoral jurisdiction of one man,) there were few who, in a spiritual sense, were not blind, and naked, and poor, and miserable. Having made this calculation, I next proceeded to consider my own physical powers, as an individual, for supplying, as far as lay in the use of means, the amazing wants of these poor creatures. And shall I confess, that after having long and painfully reflected on the subject, it was not without pleasure that I heard of such a fellow-labourer as Mr. Barret. I took some pains to ascertain the principles of this good man; and when I found that in all essential matters they were such as I could most heartily subscribe, I no longer hesitated to pay him a visit, to assure him of my co-operation in every good work that he might desire to perform, and to say that I hoped no other contest would subsist between us than that of an emulation in doing what is right. And I have reason to think that the candour and liberality of my conduct have been the means, on several occasions, of strengthening the hands of Mr. Barret, and enabling him to effect more good than otherwise he could have done."

"But you do not mean to say, that there are no points on which you and Mr. Barret disagree!" said Mr. Parnel.

"Certainly not," replied Edmund; "there are several: but they are all matters of minor importance, and such as we have often canvassed together in perfect good will."

"Upon my word, Mr. Stephens," returned Francis, "your modes of thinking are in many respects so very irregular, that I hardly know what to say about them. But I have done a friend's part in speaking my mind: and if you will not take warning, you must abide by the consequences."

"I am very willing so to do," replied Edmund: "though I cannot conceive what I have to fear."

"You are a young man, Mr. Stephens," returned the other, "and *are only a curate.*"

"*I know it,*" *replied* Edmund.

"Enough then," said Mr. Parnel; "a
you have made up your mind to get no r
racy while you live."

"I have, I trust," said Edmund, "ma
to stand at my post, be it what it may;
I dare not attempt to weaken the influ
hands of a man whom I believe to be a
and certainly a far more experienced m
self, you, my friend, will at least give
intentions."

To this Mr. Parnel made no reply;
attack his old friend on some other po
was the irregular manner, as he pl
which he arranged his services, havin
vice on a Sabbath-day, and one or mo

Edmund pleaded the smallness of
of his parish, and his wish to do as mu
sible.

Francis Parnel again brought forw
gularity, and hinted that he feared
tion was the secret motive for these

Edmund replied, that no man
with his motives, and that he consi
able for them to the Searcher of he

Mr. Parnel's answer was, that
often more visible to his fellow c
vidual himself supposed.

"Well, then," said Edmund,
every man look to his own heart

"You are warm, Edmund,"
reasons for this interference w
then not understood by the latt
afterwards, "you are warm.
bly have for my sincerity but
mund; "and I am to blame to
knew, if you had the smallest
gle which I underwent befor
fice all earthly prospects a
would not thus endeavour t
mind.

"Do you, can you, s

nan, "that I am not fully aware of the sacrifice
n making of all worldly advantages to the line
ct I have been induced to pursue? But, before
end to this subject now, and I hope for ever, let
propose this single question. Granting, my dear
that you could have sufficient influence to per-
e to give up my weekly services and other un-
forts, and that you could by any means silence
ing and instructive voice of my brother Chris-
at, my dear friend, would you propose to gain
ictory, but an amazing weight of responsibility?
maintain," added the young man, recovering his
good humour and vivacity, "that in so doing
l yourself, as a man of principle, to make up, by
n proper exertions, all the deficiencies which
ll have thus occasioned, not only in my labours,
ose, also, of my pious coadjutor."
arnel was going to make some reply; but Ed-
ainly told him that, if he pleased they would call
cause.
is Parnel left Edmund's lodgings in no very good
; and these young men did not meet again for
months. At the end of this period, Dr. Field-
ed; and the parishioners (without the knowledge
nd,)applied in a body to the patron, to give the
to their beloved curate. It seems, however, that
g, which was in the gift of the father of the young
n with whom Mr. Parnel had travelled, had long
tined for the tutor; and, in less than a week af-
death of the old rector, Edmund was informed
former friend had been presented with it.
enefice was a large and very valuable one, and a
ad always been kept; Edmund was warmly at-
o his people, and was, he hoped, in the way of
od: he therefore resolved not to leave his curacy,
ismissed by his rector, although he feared that
ight be some points on which they would not
He determined, however, to try submission and
in those things about which his conscience was
erned; and he made these resolutions from mo-
iety only.
nel gave up his former living, which was but

inconsiderable in point of emolument, and wa
into his new one, before he gave any hints t
concerning his intentions with respect to the
the mean time, there was in his own mind a v
test on the subject. He knew how greatly his p
loved Mr. Stephens, for he had heard of their
in his favour; he was sensible, also that Ed
his superior in eloquence, in ability, and in a
rior; and he felt that he could not bear to be t
ed in the very place where he wished to be t
of most consequence. In the mean time, the h
portment of Edmund, who did not at all presu
former friendship, left him nothing to compl
was also fully assured of his great usefuln
struggle, therefore, in his mind, was powerful:
friendship and Christian feeling were engaged
contest with vanity and selfishness. But th
length prevailed: and when Edmund called
at his new abode, he told him that he shoul
occasion for his further services in the curacy.

Edmund was thunderstruck. He grew pale
red. He had now been the nursing-father of t
people for nearly five years; he loved and w
by numbers; he had enjoyed many sweet s
their society; he had been present during man
scenes of joy and sorrow, and had proved their
affliction, their faithful friend in tim
and prudent guide in seasons of p
himself and many individuals of t
lasted the strongest tie which is to be
: he had been made the spiritual father
children in Christ were ready, had it
to lay down their lives for him. Bu
rong and tender ties were to be sud
broken. And by whom broken? By
Edmund felt that within him which
him to speak. He arose, bowed, walked in
up his hat, and hastened to his lodgings;
leave him, to return to Mr. Parnel, who,
and had retired, sat down to write to a y
whom he had become intimate at colleg
ng that by stating his conduct in a fair

ther, he should be able to still the tumults of his own onscience.

In this letter, he pictured himself (according to his sual mode of speaking) as a person who had, through- ut life, hitherto, been placed in circumstances peculiarly tduous. He represented himself as living in a populous anufacturing town, whose inhabitants consisted of per- ons generally occupied in trade, some of whom, having quired large fortunes, had, in consequence, risen into gher life, though they were still influenced by the con- acted views of their former condition. The general ass of the population he described as consisting of zeal- s and hot-headed enthusiasts on the one hand, and on e other, of persons who knew as little of religion as the vages of the desert; nor did he fail to add, that during any months past it had been his painful lot to stand one among these people as the only representative of true ligion. Various were the fiery ordeals through which, cording to his own account, he had to pass, and nu- erous the scoffs and railleries which he had endured; d if he did not add that he had fought a good fight, it as, perhaps, because he was aware that it was not alto- ther graceful for a man to praise himself.

The latter part of this letter was, however, that which cluded the most important particulars, and was worded follows.—

"You have not forgotten Edmund Stephens, of —— all, a fine looking fellow, and by no means a dull one. o you know, that when I stepped into old Dr. Field- ouse's place, I found Edmund in the curacy, in which had been fixed ever since his ordination. You can- t but remember our former intimacy. I should have joiced to serve him. But there is a wildness, an en- usiasm, a contempt of order about him, which render- l it wholly impracticable for me to retain him in his uation: justice to my own character, justice to my n people, made it impossible. I had previously, as on indeed as I had a hint that I was destined to suc- ed to the rectory, taken the precaution to reason with lmund about his inconsistencies; but I was not attend- to. I had, *therefore, no alternative*, when I came into *session, but to dismiss him.* It gave me exquisite

pain; it was, indeed, a severe trial to me. I can give you no idea of what I suffered on the occasion: for, after all, he is a good fellow, and I have known him long. I must do without a curate till Stephens is provided for elsewhere. In the mean time, be on the look out for me, for the duty will be too hard for me in the long run, though I shall probably be able to get on for some months to come," &c. &c.

When Mr. Parnel had despatched this epistle, he still found himself so uneasy, that he rushed into company, and there endeavoured to obtain further relief by striving to make his story good among his worldly acquaintance. Nevertheless, although there were some present who seemed to approve of what he had done, poor Francis Parnel could find no peace, and he returned to his house more unhappy than ever. The conscience of this young man was not entirely silenced, and its whisperings during that evening, and as he lay awake on his bed, were such as he was hardly able to endure.

Several days passed, and Mr. Parnel heard no more of Edmund. He spent part of this time at his father's house in a distant part of the country; and when he returned home, he was prevented by his pride from inquiring after him till the afternoon, when his clerk came to give him notice of a funeral; at the same time adding that a neighbouring clergyman would have been obtained to perform the duty, had not the rector unexpectedly returned.

"Where is the curate then?" returned Mr. Parnel.—"Why cannot Mr. Stephens attend? Is he gone out of town without informing me!"

"O, Sir!" exclaimed the clerk, "have you not heard? I greatly fear that we shall never see the blessed face of Mr. Stephens any more."

Mr. Parnel started, and felt as if an arrow had transfixed his heart. "What!" he said, "is Edmund gone?"

"Not yet, Sir," replied the clerk; "not yet we hope."

Mr. Parnel demanded an explanation, and awaited it as he would the stroke of death.

"Sir," replied the clerk, "have you not heard that he broke a blood-vessel a few days since, and his life is despaired of?"

"Impossible!" said Mr. Parnel: "for who then has done the occasional duty during my absence?"

The clerk mentioned the name of the clergyman who had been provided to assist Mr. Stephens.

"Oh! my Edmund! my Edmund! Oh! my brother! my Edmund!" said Mr. Parnel, at that moment awakened from his long dream of vanity and selfishness, and suddenly recovering all the vigour of the Christian character, as his better feelings returning, rushed tumultuously into those channels from which his pride had forced them, "Oh! my brother! Oh! my Edmund!"

More he could not say. But he had taken his hat, and was hastening to the well-known lodgings, when his course being arrested by the funeral procession, he was compelled to endure the anguish of committing a human creature, though a stranger, to the dust, at the moment when his feelings were racked by the apprehension of soon witnessing the death of one whom he had formerly loved as a brother, and lately treated as an enemy.

The sad report was not without foundation. Edmund had indeed broken a blood-vessel, and there was little hope of his life.

After having received the notice of dismissal from his curacy, he had returned home in great agitation of mind, and shut himself up for awhile in his own apartment, where he no doubt used the means appointed by the Almighty for obtaining consolation: for he was enabled to summon the family together at the usual hour; and while reading and praying with them, appeared to be so perfectly calm, that Mrs. Goodman, his landlady, who had known him from a child, and who had been in the habit of watching every change in his fine countenance with something like a mother's tenderness, entertained not the least apprehension that any thing had happened to disturb him. In the middle of the night, however, this good woman was called to his chamber, where she found him bathed in the blood which he had thrown from his stomach.

Edmund had never enjoyed confirmed health, although his complexion usually displayed a beautiful freshness; and *more than once, when* a child, his aunt had been *alarmed by strong symptoms* of this very complaint, the

violence of which now threatened the speedy dissolution of his frame.

From the moment of this attack he had been unable to leave his bed, and was ordered to be kept in a state of the most undisturbed quiet.

The report that he had received a dismissal from his curacy only the very day before his illness, was soon spread abroad, and every one about him attributed the accident to the agitation of his mind on the occasion. But when Mrs. Goodman, in her zeal, uttered her apprehensions before him, he checked her, and solemnly asserted it as his opinion, that it had nothing whatever to do with his illness, and that he also believed it to be the will of God, by the gentle means he was now using, to loosen by degrees, the ties that held him to earth, that he should speedily be set free from all mortal cares and sorrows. He then spoke of his entire, firm, and unchangeable confidence in Him who had given up his soul unto death in order that he might bring many sons to glory; and added, that he had a full assurance that the Lord had, through his free and unmerited grace, appointed him to eternal happiness, and that even before the world began; in consequence of which every thing had been so ordered and established for him, that his salvation had been begun, carried on, and completed by the almighty wisdom of God, in a manner which had in nowise depended upon himself. To this effect, and in this way, he frequently expressed himself; while his heart, his soul, and spirit, seemed, as it were, already elevated to heaven.

Mr. Parnel arrived at Edmund's lodgings immediately after a new and dreadful alarm had been excited by a violent recurrence of the terrifying symptoms which had taken place a few nights previous. Francis found the door of the house unfastened, the surgeon having passed through it in haste a moment before. He therefore entered without knocking, and, going up into the large room above stairs, he proceeded to Edmund's bed-room, which opened into this apartment, and which was well known to him as the chamber in which he had been his sleeping *companion in their* early days. The door of this room *was standing ajar.* Francis gently pushed it open, and *thereby unfolded to* his sight a scene so heart-rend-

A forced vivacity never has an agreeable effect, at least, with those persons who have even the weakest penetration. Accordingly, Mr. Parnel seemed to be more irritated than pleased by Edmund's manner, and presently discovered his displeasure by saying, "upon my word, Stephens, you possess a wonderful flow of spirits. But I came here to-day on purpose to have some serious conversation with you, and I really wish that you would grant me an attentive hearing for a short time."

"Most willingly," replied Edmund, seriously; "and if I can be of the least service"——

"You are very good," returned Mr. Parnel, dryly: "but I have no particular occasion for your services at present. It is about your own affairs, Edmund, that I am desirous of speaking to you at this time."

"I shall hearken with interest," returned Edmund, "to any thing which a friend may say."

"What," returned Mr. Parnel, "even should that friend venture to repeat some things which may be said by persons not quite so much attached to you as the man who is now before you?"

"I shall not refuse to hear any thing that it may be right I should know," rejoined Edmund. "I confess, that I do not like to trouble myself much with what the busy world may say of me; but I shall, of course, attend to any thing with which my friend judges that I ought to be made acquainted."

"So far, so well," replied Mr. Parnel; "I am glad to find that you are willing to hear reason. And such being the case, I shall proceed without further preface with what I have to say."

Mr. Parnel then proceeded directly to introduce the business on account of which he had made the present visit to Edmund's lodgings, and began, without ceremony, to call his friend to account for such parts of his conduct as did not entirely coincide with his views of propriety and prudence. And, first, he blamed him for his intimacy with Mr. Barret, the dissenting minister of whom mention was before made, conceiving that he might justly do so, on the score of his not belonging to the church as established in this kingdom.

"You cannot regret that he does not," mund, "more than I do, brother Parnel."

"Indeed!" said Parnel.

"Because," returned Edmund, "I am sorr luable a man should not be altogether with

"You surprise me, Edmund," returned M

"Do you thoroughly understand the poin we differ from Mr. Barret?" rejoined the oth

"I never had any conversation with the g question," replied Mr. Parnel; "and there give you an answer."

"Permit me then to say," said Edmund, " no one point essential to salvation in which and Mr. Barret, could not go hand-in-hand. a circumstance with which I made myself ful ed before I offered him the right hand of fel have, also, every reason to believe, that this ing of him as an individual, is a true servan of God, and I know him to be a laborious a ful preacher."

"All this may be strictly true," replied coolly, "but as this man differs from us witl the great article of church-government, a other less points, I am unable to understan how he can be a suitable companion or coa you, a clergyman of the Established Church.

"Stop," said Edmund, "and permit me to you one question. What, I ask, should be the minister, either of our church or of any other tion, to make proselytes to his own particul worship, or to win souls for the Church of the former, then I confess that I am wrong; latter, I think you will find it hard to convin I have acted amiss in giving my countenanc man as Mr. Barrett."

Mr. Parnel made no reply, and Edmund this effect.—

"I will explain to you, my dear friend, t which at first led me to regard with a favo even a thankful feeling the residence of Mr

the souls under my care, and found that the former amounted to at least five thousand, and that among these vast multitudes, (multitudes indeed to be all subjected to the pastoral jurisdiction of one man,) there were few who, in a spiritual sense, were not blind, and naked, and poor, and miserable. Having made this calculation, I next proceeded to consider my own physical powers, as an individual, for supplying, as far as lay in the use of means, the amazing wants of these poor creatures. And shall I confess, that after having long and painfully reflected on the subject, it was not without pleasure that I heard of such a fellow-labourer as Mr. Barret. I took some pains to ascertain the principles of this good man; and when I found that in all essential matters they were such as I could most heartily subscribe, I no longer hesitated to pay him a visit, to assure him of my co-operation in every good work that he might desire to perform, and to say that I hoped no other contest would subsist between us than that of an emulation in doing what is right. And I have reason to think that the candour and liberality of my conduct have been the means, on several occasions, of strengthening the hands of Mr. Barret, and enabling him to effect more good than otherwise he could have done."

"But you do not mean to say, that there are no points on which you and Mr. Barret disagree?" said Mr. Parnel.

"Certainly not," replied Edmund; "there are several: but they are all matters of minor importance, and such as we have often canvassed together in perfect good will."

"Upon my word, Mr. Stephens," returned Francis, "your modes of thinking are in many respects so very irregular, that I hardly know what to say about them. But I have done a friend's part in speaking my mind: and if you will not take warning, you must abide by the consequences."

"I am very willing so to do," replied Edmund: "though I cannot conceive what I have to fear."

"You are a young man, Mr. Stephens," returned the other, "and are only a curate."

"I know it," replied Edmund.

good works of others, regardless of the souls that may be lost through this pragmatical and cruel interference. Mr. Parnel now plainly understood and never afterwards lost sight of the drift of the many pious exhortations which Mrs. Mary Stephens had given, and particularly did his mind dwell on that sentiment so frequently and so variously expressed by her respecting the dreadful nature of selfish feelings of any kind, especially when indulged by professors. Neither did he longer question the fact, that these feelings, if pursued to their utmost consequences, must certainly produce murder in some form or other: for, is not the condition of every creature duly allotted and laid out for him by his Maker? and does not that man who indulges envious thoughts, who covets the fame, the honour, the credit, or the possessions of another, in fact desire injuriously to interfere with the existence of that other? and were his wishes granted him, would he not either wholly remove his rival out of his way, or deprive him of those circumstances to which his existence owes its chief value? That this is the true character of worldly persons, do not the record of all past ages fully convince us? How many millions of the human race, who now lie low in the dust, were brought thither by the ambitious and envious feeling of their fellow men! And although in the present state of society in this country the more open and atrocious forms of murder hide their diminished heads, yet it is to be feared that the seeds of murder still lurk in every heart, and that there is not a single individual existing who has not, at some time or other, indulged a murderous thought, or rejoiced in the misfortunes of a neighbour. But if those passions which lead to the invasion of our neighbours' property, and the destruction of the human body, appear so execrable, as to provoke even our detestation when we behold their operation in the characters and conduct of the openly profane, with what abhorrence must the searching eye of the Holy Creator contemplate the remaining power of these destructive sentiments, when they are allowed in any degree to operate in the breasts of professed believers! *Would the camp* of Israel have wandered so long in the *wilderness,* and the tabernacle of the Lord have made

such a delay in the desert:—had the host of Israel continually marched forward in one mind; had the strong endeavoured to support the weak, and the old to direct the young;—and had not discord subsisted even among the bearers of the sanctuary itself? would so many thousands have died before they saw the promised land?

Such were the reflections which habitually occupied the mind of Francis Parnel from the moment when he consigned his Edmund to the grave, until, at no very late period of life, he himself was also gathered to his people. Neither did these reflections of his solitary hours, directed, as they no doubt were, by the Holy Spirit, fail of producing such effects of a humble and holy walk through the remainder of his life, as caused him at his decease to be scarcely less regretted by his flock than Edmund had been before him.

And here we conclude this narrative, imploring our readers ever to remember, that he who forsakes the paths of humility is in the high-way of offending, sooner or later, against that commandment which saith—"*Thou shalt do no murder.*"

As the history of the two ministers had not occupied so long a time as several others which had previously been read by the lady of the manor, she indulged her young people, by allowing them to make a few comments on what they had just heard. Most of her juvenile auditors were vehement in their praises of Edmund; while others expressed their strong dislike to Mr. Parnel, though they said it rejoiced them to find that the death of his friend had produced so good an effect on him. Others spoke with seriousness on the view which had just been set before them of the nature of selfishness, and enlarged upon the sweet hope of being set free in a future state of being—freed from all selfish and angry passions; a sentiment in which their kind instructress most fully coincided. The evening was as usual finished with a prayer.

A Prayer on the Subject of the Sixth Commandment.

"O MOST BLESSED LORD GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, and hast appointed unto all men the bounds of their habitation, bestow on us, thy humble servants, such a spirit of lowliness and contentment, as may enable us, on all occasions, and at all seasons, to be entirely submissive to thy blessed will, and perfectly resigned to thy fatherly pleasure, and ready, also, to fulfil all those duties which it may please thee to require of us, in whatever situation thou hast thought fit to place us. Remove from our hearts all envy, malice, and selfishness, by which we may be led to depart from that love of each other whereby thy servants are distinguished from the children of the Evil One. Let not, we beseech thee, any selfish desires of eminence and exaltation induce us to mar the usefulness of our neighbour, or to lament his superior excellence, in whatever way thou art pleased to employ him. Let not a contracted spirit prevent our rejoicing in that good, in the promotion of which we ourselves may not have been instrumental; and, especially, preserve us from that dreadful sin of excluding or withholding the light of life from any who may be ready to perish, by refusing our countenance to those who belong not to our own party, or who may have failed to court our favour.

"Preserve us, O heavenly Father, from spiritual pride, and from those high thoughts of self which are at variance with the love of our brethren, and which tempt us to sacrifice the everlasting welfare of our fellow-creatures to what we conceive to be our private interests, by which we are induced to the infliction of spiritual death, and brought in guilty of the murder of souls. As ministers or teachers, let us be contented, even though we might see ourselves excelled; and help us, as Moses did, to rejoice when others of our Lord's people are found among *ıe prophets.* Grant, that we may rather be desirous to *se our* single talent aright, than emulous to receive *ıore talents*; and expand our hearts with that most ex*ellent* grace of charity, which shall still flourish when

lered, that those persons are greatly to be con-
ed who speak of matters relative to marriage in any
than a serious manner; and when I consider, also,
nuch of human happiness or misery depends on
opriety of the female character as it respects the
sex, I cannot help being surprised whenever any
ssion even of a playful, not to say a vain ten-
, on subjects of this kind proceeds, in my hearing,
he mouths of persons who are counted either pious
ident. I think I may venture to assert, that those
people are the most happy who are least occu-
vith subjects of this kind; but, inasmuch as such
rs must, at one time or another, come under the
leration of every young person, and as I cannot but
that most of you have already heard these affairs
n of either in a light or serious way, I have resolv-
this occasion to present you with my views on
subjects. And having at this time before me a lit-
rrative which contains much relative to our pre-
urpose, I propose now to read it to you, my beloved
people, without further preface, hoping that you
nd in the history of the amiable character which is
portrayed, an example which may prove beneficial
ry trying circumstance which you may hereafter
led to encounter."

e lady of the manor then produced a manuscript,
ead as follows.

The History of Sophia Mortimer.

the southern parts of Yorkshire, there resided, a
ears ago, a gentleman named Mortimer. He had,
in life, been married to an exceedingly lovely
woman, whose merits he, however, knew not how
preciate, being himself but a coarse and ordinary
cter, while she was a woman of highly cultivated
cts. The marriage had on her part been forced
interested motives; and, hence, she, as is the case
most persons who act as she did, was not happy.
Irs. Mortimer did not live long to feel her own un-
ess. *Before the* second year of her marriage was
she died, leaving one little girl, who inherited

CHAPTER XIX.

Seventh Commandment.—Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

WHEN the young people were once more assembled in the beloved apartment at the manor-house, the lady of the manor remarked, that the seventh commandment supplied the subject which was on that day to occupy their attention; and one of the young ladies, at her request, having repeated this commandment, she herself then proceeded to the following effect.—

"You are all, doubtless, aware, my dear young people, of the tendency of this commandment, and that it was given at once to enforce and inculcate the sanctity of marriage. But, as I am now addressing persons in well-regulated and polished society, I deem it here wholly unnecessary for me to enter into any particulars relative to such breaches of this rule of life as are too often committed by persons avowedly immoral; but I shall improve the present occasion by giving you some few rules and directions respecting your conduct in society as it regards your intercourse with persons of the other sex, which instructions, I trust, may prove advantageous to you, not only in this life, but in that state of being which is to come: inasmuch as, although in the resurrection we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be as the angels that are in heaven, still, humanly speaking, we know not how our own future *situations*, as well as those of others over whom we may *have influence*, may be hereafter affected by our good or *evil conduct* in these respects.

"*I have*," observed the lady of the manor, "always

r. Mortimer's house was a very noble building—so
h so, indeed, that its owner, whose second wife was
extravagant, had an income scarcely sufficient to
py it in the style he wished, having some former
s not yet paid; and this was the real cause of his con-
ng after his second marriage, to reside first at York
subsequently in London.
ıe present building consisted of an old house, to
h, though itself sufficiently extensive to accommo-
a large family, a number of new rooms in a very
rior and costly style had been added. The old and
parts of this immense mansion were connected by a
e hall of the same height as the new portion of the
ling, and several long passages running in various
ctions. The apartments appropriated to little Sophia
her establishment were in the old part of the house,
consisted of a large room wainscotted with oak, and
ished with heavy old fashioned chairs and sofas of
ask, with window curtains of the same material.
ın this parlour was the bed-room in which Mrs.
escue slept; and beyond this room were two large
closets, one of which was appropriated to Sophia,
the other to Mrs. Cicely, a respectable servant, who
been Sophia's nurse, and was now become the wait-
naid of the old lady. From the parlour was one
which opened into this bed-room, another which
ucted to the garden, and a third which served as an
ınce into the long passage leading to the other parts
ıe house. An old housekeeper, two or three gar-
rs, a housemaid, an old butler, and a gamekeeper,
the only persons who occupied any other part of
vast building.
ıe situation of this house was exceedingly beautiful.
ood in the midst of a park, which was richly diver-
l with dark groves, waterfalls, shadowy glades, and
y lawns; over which were scattered many deer,
a few herds of horned cattle. Immediately oppo-
hat front of the house in which appeared the win-
s of *the brown oak* parlour already mentioned, was
a broad gravel road, which, winding round a thick
of trees, descended into a dell where a clear stream
d its course, and was passable only in one place b

a light iron bridge, the only approach to the house by the west. This winding path and bridge, and a handsome lodge built of white stone at the further end of the park, together with the various intervening groups of trees, and a range of blue hills on the very verge of the horizon, form d unitedly as elegant a landscape as any cultivated place in the kingdom could present to the eye.

We have now, I think, brought, as plainly as possible, before our reader, the scenes which lay extended before Sophia when first she began to be sensible of her existence. It is seldom that a little child asks itself who it is, or what may be its rank and situation in life; and Mrs. Fortescue, and, under her, the faithful Cicely, took care that nothing should ever be said to this little lady of the mansion-house which should make her conceive herself of more consequence than the poor children in the village school, whom she was sometimes carried to see. She was accustomed to call Mrs. Fortescue aunt, and was taught to admire and love the picture of her own mother, which the old lady had obtained permission to remove from its former situation over the drawing-room chimney-piece to the brown parlour.

Mrs. Fortescue loved to hear little Sophia, as soon as she began to lisp, call to this picture, and address it by the name of "Mamma! pretty mamma!" while the melancholy yet dovelike eyes of the beautiful portrait would seem to follow the lovely prattler in all her excursions round the ample apartment.

It is not the immediate purport of this little narrative to enter into a particular and comprehensive description of all that constitutes a Christian education. Those who are really acquainted with true religion will not deny that such an education, however in inferior points it may be modified according to the taste, feelings, and circumstances of those who conduct it, is, upon the whole, no other than a system of instruction that directly leads the pupil to the performance of Christian actions upon *Christian* principles, and which never admits for a *single instant* any other motive of conduct than a desire to *please God.*

Such was the nature of the education that was given *by Mrs. Fortescue* to Sophia Mortimer; neither did it

woman fail daily, nay, almost hourly, to implore
ine blessing upon her labours. And she had rea-
believe that her prayers were heard; for as this
rl advanced in years, she evidenced a considera-
ree of piety, and the fruits of the Spirit were dis-
e throughout the whole of her demeanour.
seldom found that so long a period of life passes
etly, so calmly, and so satisfactorily, as did the
teen years with Mrs. Fortescue, after she had un-
n the charge of Sophia. The only interruptions
she had met with to this delightful calm, were oc-
d by one or two visits from Mr. Mortimer, unac-
nied by his lady, in the sporting seasons; at which
he had filled the house with roaring country
, and had, also, considerably disturbed the deli-
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his visitors, and setting her to ride upon his foot,
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l by the roaring huzzas of the visitors. But as
nterruptions to the usual routine of things were
re and of short duration, they were not seriously
us to the child; nevertheless, these visits, and
little attacks of illness, were the only troubles
Mrs. Fortescue experienced through this long
of years: although, had her occasional trials been
rably greater, they would have been amply com-
ed by the delight she enjoyed in contemplating
vine blessing attendant on her exertions, and in
the child of her heart growing up as one of the
d corners of the temple. When we consider the
g number of accidents to which man is liable in
sent state of being, and all the inward disorders
ned by sin, we ought to cultivate a strong feeling
nkfulness at the close of every day, if we have
that day in a state of tolerable calm, and freedom
ain. How much more then should we cherish
eliest gratitude *towards* the Giver of all good gifts,
on reviewing our past lives, we can recount, not
ny peaceful days, but weeks, months, and years,
we have known only petty troubles and trifling

Had not Mrs. Fortescue possessed a faith which
not be shaken, she might, indeed, as these years
away, and the period approached when she must
her interesting charge of Sophia, have had some u
thoughts; for she well knew that it was only in
pliance with the promise which he had made, tha
Mortimer submitted to leave his daughter in her
and that he would certainly, when that promise s
cease to be binding, remove Sophia from under he
and pursue with her a course widely different fro
followed in her education.

It is indeed true, that Mr. Mortimer had seem
think less of his daughter since his second wife had b
him two sons; still, however, he had taken care to
old lady know from time to time that he by no
approved of the retired and methodistical way in
she was bringing up his child.

But Mrs. Fortescue was not one of those person
trouble themselves with approaching evils. To
the best of the present was her only care, and she,
fore, lost no opportunity of giving her dear child
lessons of wisdom as in her estimation might lead
well-being, not only in the present life, but also i
which is to come.

There was a promise of exquisite external love
in Sophia. Her person was elegant; her move
were graceful; her features regular; her eyes dar
brilliant; and a bloom, varying with every chan
feeling, delicately tinged her cheeks: and when
Fortescue looked on this lovely young creature, an
sidered that in case of her death she would be left
out a single protecting friend, (for the coarseness
father and the levity of her step-mother were to
known to allow her to hope any thing from them
felt it necessary that Sophia should be endued with
than common prudence, in order that she might b
bled to meet and sustain the trials which probably
ed her in a world where she was likely to be an ob
once of admiration and envy.

Mrs. Fortescue well knew that unless the def
her beloved pupil was of God, who saveth the
Psalm xxii. 19.

wever, she judged it right to employ every ap-
means, in order to fit her for those encounters
nptation to which she could not but be exposed.
th this view she frequently conversed with her
e subjects which may fairly be regarded as inclu-
hin the general command—"Thou shalt not com-
ltery:" which command, as interpreted by this ex-
lady, embraced every obligation relative to the
nent of the affections.

first, she explained to her that this and every
ivine commandment has a literal or obvious, as
a spiritual sense, and that this commandment in
lar admitted of several subdivisions.

commandment, she represented in the literal sense,
signifying the prohibition of that crime which a
l person commits, on forsaking a husband or wife,
ming a connexion with another individual; and,
y, as forbidding that offence which is committed
e who indulge in the worship of idols, or who,
ıg the true God, adopt other objects of public or
adoration. And, in the spiritual sense, she ex-
it, as, first, prohibiting such wanderings of the af-
ı in married persons as are pointed out by our
ı the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth
—*Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after*
th committed adultery with her already in his
—and, secondly, as a denunciation of the displea-
ainst the admission of any created object to that
ı the heart which ought only to belong to God.

Fortescue then proceeded to point out to her
ıl charge, that of these four subdivisions—viz.
ich pointed out the sin of conjugal infidelity, that
forbade the commission of actual idolatry, that
forbade the wandering of the affections in married
, and, finally, that which required the devotion
irst affections of the heart to God—there was one
amely the last, to which she desired to draw her
ın, as being that alone with which a young person
ituation was immediately concerned; and as that,
which, if it were duly attended, would involve
self the right performance not only of all th

rest, but of every other duty which both the Law a Gospel might require.

Mrs. Fortescue then proceeded to recite those pa of Scripture in which the Church, or the congre of the redeemed among the Gentiles, is address wife chosen and beloved; selecting, amidst a th others in which this emblem is used in Scriptu beautiful passage in Isaiah, which for sentiment a thos exceeds all that was ever penned by uni human intellect.—*Fear not; for thou shalt ashamed, and shalt not remember the reproach widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thin band; the Lord of hosts is his name; and th deemer, the Holy One of Israel; the God of the earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spir a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, sa God.* (Isaiah liv. 4—6.) And then, she went point out other passages, in which the Lord ad the Church in displeasure, and reproves her for h teries, or idolatrous regard towards other gods hence she took occasion to enforce the duty whic cumbent on every member of the Church of the r ed, of so guarding and regulating the affections, th shall have in the heart a place above Him to wh love and gratitude is due. "Whosoever," she ob "proceeds straight forward towards one exalted with his eyes ever directed to that point, will as keep his body erect, and will advance with a firm He will comparatively disregard the trifling in tions and occasional stumbling-blocks in his way former he will scarcely observe; and if the latter times cause him to fall, he will rise and advance ere yet the enemy will have observed that he ha bled.

"So it is," continued she, "with every young whose affections are fixed on things above. The *to such* a one, will lose half its enchantments, a *power of the* enemy will be considerably weaker

"*Love* thy God, my child," would this excel *man always* say; allow no mortal to become h

affections; and I need give thee no other lesson of dom."

But, dear aunt," Sophia would often reply, "how I to love him? My heart is so cold and dead with ect to heavenly things, and my eyes and thoughts so r about worldly matters."

n these occasions the old lady generally repeated, gh seldom in the same words, that comprehensive n which she had endeavoured, even from the earliest acy of Sophia, to impress on her mind; viz. the les- consisting of those few solemn truths which make he entire and perfect outline of religion: the nature attributes of the Deity being the foundation of these s, together with the mysterious doctrine of the three ons in the one God. From which fundamental in- tions she led her pupil to consider the natural rela- which subsisted between the Creator and his crea- , ere sin had yet been conceived and brought forth e father of lies, even by him who once shone fore- among the glorious hierarchies of heaven.

e taught her, moreover, that the origin of sin in the t of the first offender, was a mystery which no mor- uld either comprehend or explain; that, still, this was, however, revealed in Scripture, and, as the nce of sin could not now be questioned, nothing remained to man than for him to receive the doc- as unquestionably true, at the same time endea- ng, in the use of those means appointed by the Al- ty, to secure his deliverance from its power in the nt state, and its consequences in the world to come. ther did this holy instructress fail to point out those s appointed for man's recovery ere this fair crea- ad yet been called out of chaos; while she painted wing and animated colours, such as faith only can y, that divine love by which the Father predesti- many sons to glory:—that infinite pity by which econd Person of the Trinity was induced to under- their ransom;—and those almighty operations of pirit *by which the redeemed* are progressively pre- for *the glory provided* for them. "I do not urge obligations on you, my child," would this excel- dy often say, "I do not encumber you with nu-

ron bridge, the only approach to the house by the
This winding path and bridge, and a handsome
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re our reader, the scenes which lay extended before
hia when first she began to be sensible of her exist-
e. It is seldom that a little child asks itself who it is,
what may be its rank and situation in life; and Mrs.
rtescue, and, under her, the faithful Cicely, took care
at nothing should ever be said to this little lady of the
ansion-house which should make her conceive herself
f more consequence than the poor children in the vil-
age school, whom she was sometimes carried to see.
She was accustomed to call Mrs. Fortescue aunt, and
was taught to admire and love the picture of her own
mother, which the old lady had obtained permission to
remove from its former situation over the drawing-room
chimney-piece to the brown parlour.

Mrs. Fortescue loved to hear little Sophia, as soon as
she began to lisp, call to this picture, and address it by
the name of "Mamma! pretty mamma!" while the me
lancholy yet dovelike eyes of the beautiful portrait woul
seem to follow the lovely prattler in all her excursio
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gle instant any other motive of conduct than a
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Such was the nature of the education that
by Mrs. Fortescue to Sophia Mortimer; neit

ered, that those persons are greatly to be con-
d who speak of matters relative to marriage in any
than a serious manner; and when I consider, also,
uch of human happiness or misery depends on
opriety of the female character as it respects the
sex, I cannot help being surprised whenever any
sion even of a playful, not to say a vain ten-
, on subjects of this kind proceeds, in my hearing,
he mouths of persons who are counted either pious
dent. I think I may venture to assert, that those
people are the most happy who are least occu-
rith subjects of this kind; but, inasmuch as such
's must, at one time or another, come under the
eration of every young person, and as I cannot but
that most of you have already heard these affairs
n of either in a light or serious way, I have resolv-
this occasion to present you with my views on
subjects. And having at this time before me a lit-
rative which contains much relative to our pre-
urpose, I propose now to read it to you, my beloved
people, without further preface, hoping that you
ıd in the history of the amiable character which is
portrayed, an example which may prove beneficial
ry trying circumstance which you may hereafter
ed to encounter."

lady of the manor then produced a manuscript,
ad as follows.

The History of Sophia Mortimer.

the southern parts of Yorkshire, there resided, a
ears ago, a gentleman named Mortimer. He had,
in life, been married to an exceedingly lovely
woman, whose merits he, however, knew not how
reciate, being himself but a coarse and ordinary
ter, while she was a woman of highly cultivated
cts. The marriage had on her part been forced
nterested motives; and, hence, she, as is the case
nost persons who act as she did, was not happy.
rs. Mortimer did not live long to feel her own un-
ess. Before the second year of her marriage was
she died, leaving one little girl, who inherited

her mother's beauty. This little girl was named Sophia.

Mrs. Mortimer had a very intimate and dear friend, who was considerably older than herself, and who had lived with her from her infancy to the day of her marriage; and she, therefore, as a dying request, entreated her husband that this lady might be entrusted with the sole charge of little Sophia, until she should have attained at least her twentieth year. Mr. Mortimer had no particular regard for Mrs. Fortescue, (which was the name of this lady;) but a man must be cruel indeed who, merely from prejudice, could deny the request of a dying wife; and as he had no stronger objection to make against Mrs. Fortescue, than that he did not like her, the old lady was accordingly sent for; and Mrs. Mortimer had the satisfaction, before her death, of seeing her infant in the arms of her friend, and received from her a solemn promise that she never would disregard the charge which she had been thus solemnly entrusted with.

Immediately after the funeral of Mrs. Mortimer, Mrs. Fortescue, who had no settled place of abode, consented to occupy two apartments at one end of Mr. Mortimer's large house, and from that period she became its constant inmate.

Little Sophia was not more than a year old when she was delivered up to Mrs. Fortescue, and, of course, she had no recollection of any time before that in which she began to regard this lady as a tender and beloved mother.

Shortly after his lady's death, Mr. Mortimer, having provided every thing necessary for the comfortable establishment of Mrs. Fortescue and his daughter, set off to York, where he took a house, and, soon afterwards, married a gay young widow, with three daughters, hoping to have a son added to his family; a circumstance which he earnestly desired, because the whole of his property was entailed on the heir male, with the exception only of his lady's fortune, which devolved to her daughter, and which it was calculated would be about ten thousand pounds when Sophia came of age, after the expenses of her education had been paid.

We shall leave Mr. Mortimer to enjoy himself with his *new married lady* at York and in Town, whither he *afterwards repaired*, while we now return to little Sophia, *and Mrs. Fortescue* in Yorkshire.

Mr. Mortimer's house was a very noble building—so much so, indeed, that its owner, whose second wife was very extravagant, had an income scarcely sufficient to occupy it in the style he wished, having some former debts not yet paid; and this was the real cause of his continuing after his second marriage, to reside first at York and subsequently in London.

The present building consisted of an old house, to which, though itself sufficiently extensive to accommodate a large family, a number of new rooms in a very superior and costly style had been added. The old and new parts of this immense mansion were connected by a noble hall of the same height as the new portion of the building, and several long passages running in various directions. The apartments appropriated to little Sophia and her establishment were in the old part of the house, and consisted of a large room wainscotted with oak, and furnished with heavy old fashioned chairs and sofas of damask, with window curtains of the same material. Within this parlour was the bed-room in which Mrs. Fortescue slept; and beyond this room were two large light closets, one of which was appropriated to Sophia, and the other to Mrs. Cicely, a respectable servant, who had been Sophia's nurse, and was now become the waiting-maid of the old lady. From the parlour was one door which opened into this bed-room, another which conducted to the garden, and a third which served as an entrance into the long passage leading to the other parts of the house. An old housekeeper, two or three gardeners, a housemaid, an old butler, and a gamekeeper, were the only persons who occupied any other part of this vast building.

The situation of this house was exceedingly beautiful. It stood in the midst of a park, which was richly diversified with dark groves, waterfalls, shadowy glades, and sunny lawns; over which were scattered many deer, and a few herds of horned cattle. Immediately opposite that front of the house in which appeared the windows of the brown oak parlour already mentioned, was seen a broad gravel road, which, winding round a thick grove of trees, descended into a dell where a clear stream pursued its course, and was passable only in one place by

a light iron bridge, the only approach to the house west. This winding path and bridge, and a han lodge built of white stone at the further end of th together with the various intervening groups of and a range of blue hills on the very verge of the h form d unitedly as elegant a landscape as any cul place in the kingdom could present to the eye.

We have now, I think, brought, as plainly as pc before our reader, the scenes which lay extended Sophia when first she began to be sensible of he ence. It is seldom that a little child asks itself wh or what may be its rank and situation in life; an Fortescue, and, under her, the faithful Cicely, toc that nothing should ever be said to this little lady mansion-house which should make her conceive l of more consequence than the poor children in t lage school, whom she was sometimes carried She was accustomed to call Mrs. Fortescue aun was taught to admire and love the picture of h mother, which the old lady had obtained permis remove from its former situation over the drawin chimney-piece to the brown parlour.

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ows!

CHAPTER XIX.

Seventh Commandment.—Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

When the young people were once more assembled in the beloved apartment at the manor-house, the lady of the manor remarked, that the seventh commandment supplied the subject which was on that day to occupy their attention; and one of the young ladies, at her request, having repeated this commandment, she herself then proceeded to the following effect.—

"You are all, doubtless, aware, my dear young people, of the tendency of this commandment, and that it was given at once to enforce and inculcate the sanctity of marriage. But, as I am now addressing persons in well-regulated and polished society, I deem it here wholly unnecessary for me to enter into any particulars relative to such breaches of this rule of life as are too often committed by persons avowedly immoral; but I shall improve the present occasion by giving you some few rules and directions respecting your conduct in society as it regards your intercourse with persons of the other sex, which instructions, I trust, may prove advantageous to you, not only in this life, but in that state of being which is to come: inasmuch as, although in the resurrection we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be as the angels that are in heaven, still, humanly speaking, we know not how our own future situations, as well as those of others over whom we may *have influence*, may be hereafter affected by our good or *evil conduct* in these respects.

"*I have*," observed the lady of the manor, "always

however, she judged it right to employ every ap-
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temptation to which she could not but be exposed.
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r *they that wait on the Lord shall renew their*
rength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;
ey shall run, and not be weary; and they shall
alk, and not faint." (Isaiah xl. 31.)

In this manner did Mrs. Fortescue frequently instruct
er beloved Sophia; and from time to time, fearing that
he might perhaps fatigue her pupil by dwelling too long
n subjects of this kind, she committed her thoughts to
writing, and laid the little manuscript aside, proposing to
make it a dying gift to her beloved pupil. But while
Mrs. Fortescue thus laboured rightly to inform the mind
of her charge, in reference to things of the first import-
ance, she by no means neglected her education in infe-
rior matters. She was herself well acquainted with mu-
sic, was an excellent needlewoman, and had a general
and accurate knowledge of geography and history, &c.
possessing, at the same time, an acquaintance with such
parts of English and French literature as are usually
requisite for females in polished society.

In the acquirement of useful knowledge of various
kinds, in pleasant excursions in the beautiful environs of
the Hall, and in frequent visits to the poor, had many
years of Sophia Mortimer's life now been spent, since
Mrs. Fortescue had undertaken the charge of her educa-
tion. And, having now entered on her eighteenth year
she was in many respects such as her adopted parer
could desire.

At this period, Mrs. Fortescue became sensible of su
a change in the state of her own health, and was aw
of so many alarming symptoms, that she could not
feel assured, that her cares for her beloved Sophia m
soon terminate.

Such feelings as these in the breasts of persons
have an habitual confidence in God, partake mor
the tender sentiment of sorrow than that of bitter
and dismay. "I know my Sophia will be taken c
when I am no more," she would often say to
her with entire confidence in

whom the fatherless find mercy, and yet I know that shall not part from her without some natural tears."

During this summer, however, the old lady had such an abiding impression that she must soon part from Sophia, that for many weeks she could hardly bear to have her out of her sight; and as Sophia's attachment was equal to her own, their enjoyment of each other's society became greater every day.

Many were the hours which they spent together this summer, in different parts of the park and garden, sometimes reading, and at other times conversing; and Mrs. Fortescue seldom failed to direct both their reading and conversation to the promotion, as far as she was able, of the spiritual benefit of her beloved child.

As the days shortened, Mrs. Fortescue began to complain of such a diminution of strength as entirely precluded her from taking exercise, and which soon after confined her to her bed, where, at the expiration of a few months, she closed her blessed earthly career.

Long as Mrs. Fortescue had been ill, her death came rather unexpectedly on the inexperienced Sophia, and was the more severely felt by her, as her time, during several weeks just passed, had been exclusively devoted to attendance upon this excellent lady, who had supplied to her the place of a mother.

Immediately on Mrs. Fortescue's death, Sophia wrote to her father, in consequence of which, she in a few days, received a formal letter of condolence from her step-mother, with an invitation from Mr. Mortimer and herself to come to them in town; adding, that it was their intention, in the ensuing autumn, to visit Yorkshire, where they might probably make a long stay at the family mansion.

Sophia, whose spirits were greatly dejected, shrunk from the very idea of a journey to London. She therefore wrote again to her parents, requesting permission to remain alone in Yorkshire till the time appointed for their visit should arrive. Her request was immediately granted; and Sophia enjoyed the comfort of looking forward to six quiet months, during which she hoped that, by the divine blessing, she might be enabled still to follow those plans of life prescribed by her revered monitress. Fe

ot Mrs. Fortescue possessed a faith which could naken, she might, indeed, as these years glided nd the period approached when she must resign resting charge of Sophia, have had some uneasy its; for she well knew that it was only in com- e with the promise which he had made, that Mr. mer submitted to leave his daughter in her hands, hat he would certainly, when that promise should to be binding, remove Sophia from under her care, pursue with her a course widely different from that wed in her education.

t is indeed true, that Mr. Mortimer had seemed to ak less of his daughter since his second wife had brought n two sons; still, however, he had taken care to let the l lady know from time to time that he by no means pproved of the retired and methodistical way in which he was bringing up his child.

But Mrs. Fortescue was not one of those persons who trouble themselves with approaching evils. To make the best of the present was her only care, and she, therefore, lost no opportunity of giving her dear child such lessons of wisdom as in her estimation might lead to her well-being, not only in the present life, but also in the which is to come.

There was a promise of exquisite external loveline in Sophia. Her person was elegant; her moveme were graceful; her features regular; her eyes dark brilliant; and a bloom, varying with every change feeling, delicately tinged her cheeks: and when Fortescue looked on this lovely young creature, and sidered that in case of her death she would be left out a single protecting friend, (for the coarseness father and the levity of her step-mother were to known to allow her to hope any thing from ther felt it necessary that Sophia should be endued wit than common prudence, in order that she might bled to meet and sustain the trials which probabl ed her in a world where she was likely to be an *bnce of* admiration and envy.

Mrs. Fortescue well knew that unless the d *er beloved* pupil was of God, who saveth th *Psalm viii.* 10,) no earthly wisdom could r

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this pious woman, though dead, yet spoke to her, not only through the medium of the manuscript already mentioned, which that excellent lady had, only a few hours before her death, put into the hands of her Sophia; but, also, by a thousand tender recollections and associations which occurred every moment to her mind.

Sophia, after Mrs. Fortescue's death, found a peculiar consolation in doing every thing precisely in such a way and in such order as she thought would please her were she still alive. She arose at the hour formerly prescribed to her, she had her simple meals brought to her with the same regularity, she pursued the same objects of study, walked out at the old hours, and returned again at the same; and, since her late beloved governess was no longer present to hear her read and play, she encouraged her old servant before mentioned to bring her work into the parlour and sit by her, while she varied her lectures in order to suit the simple but pious taste of this respectable person.

There is a certain kind of grave and intelligent modesty, perfectly free from asperity or affectation, sometimes seen in young people, which, when it is natural, and the effect of a sober, thoughtful, and well-regulated mind, is extremely delightful, adding strikingly to beauty where beauty exists, and giving comeliness in cases where beauty is not found. This gravity naturally belonged to Sophia, and appeared to become her in no ordinary degree; and her smiles, when she did smile, were the more captivating, because they were not at hand on every light and foolish occasion, nor ready to offer themselves even without any occasion at all.

The remains of Mrs. Fortescue had now been laid in the grave nearly three months, and the grief of Sophia had acquired that soft character which time only can give to sorrow, when the eventful occurrences took place which I am now about to relate.

It was about the latter end of April, on one of those *days in which* nature seems to put forth the charms with *which poets have* decked their Arcadio, when a poor *old woman, from* an adjoining parish, came to say, that a *widow, who had* lately come to lodge in a cottage b

yond the furthest boundary of the park, was dying, and desired particularly to see Miss Mortimer.

When Sophia had seen the woman, and endeavoured to ascertain the exact situation of the cottage, she summoned Mrs. Cicely, who, since the death of Mrs. Fortescue, had been the constant companion of her walks, and hastened to obey the summons of the dying person.

As they walked, Sophia asked her companion many questions relative to this widow. These cottages, however, were not in the same parish with the Hall, but at a considerable distance, having the whole extent of the park, which was very large, between them. Mrs. Cicely, therefore, could give her no satisfactory information.

When Sophia and her attendant had reached the further end of the park, they entered into the turnpike-road by a flight of wooden steps, which were carried over the park-paling; and being got out into the road, they saw the cottages before them. Sophia requested her companion to go up to the first of them, and make inquiry for the dying person, while she herself would stand waiting at the garden-gate.

While Mrs. Cicely was gone into the cottage, a young gentleman in a clerical habit approached in a direction opposite to that which Sophia had come, and drew near the young lady just as Mrs. Cicely came out of the cottage complaining that she could learn nothing there, for there were only children to be seen.

The gentleman then spoke, and, bowing politely, said, "I presume I am now addressing Miss Mortimer?" adding, "If you will permit me, Madam, I will conduct you to the person you wish to see."

Sophia now looked up, and for the first time saw the gentleman, whose near approach she had not before observed. She saw, also, that he was young, was a clergyman, and had a remarkably pleasing countenance, added to a fine person and genteel air. The surprise rather heightened her colour; and as this gentleman was altogether unknown to her, she could not at once resolve what answer to make to this proposal.

The gentleman saw her embarrassment, and probably imagining its cause, he said, "My name is Edwa

Sackville, Madam; I am rector of this parish of
field: and though I have never before had the hono
speaking to Miss Mortimer, yet perhaps my nam
least, may be known to her."

Sophia knew the name, and had always hear
owner spoken of in the highest terms by those who
understood the nature of true piety. Recovering
self, therefore, from her embarrassment, she thanke
Sackville for his obliging offer; and, repeating to
the message she had received in the morning, asked
if he knew the poor widow.

He replied, that he knew her history well, and
she was an object well deserving the liveliest com
ration, and had once known better days, but had
reduced to the utmost need by inevitable misfort
to which he further added, that there would probab
a speedy end put to all her sufferings, as she could
live many days. He trusted that she possessed that
confidence in her Saviour which was a sure promis
death would prove to her the beginning of everla
joy.

Sophia then asked Mr. Sackville if he supposed
dying widow to be in want of pecuniary assistance.

To this he replied, that she perhaps might, in
have some wants of that kind, but that he felt ass
there was some other motive for her requesting t
Miss Mortimer. He then told Sophia that this poor
man had one little girl whom she had hitherto edu
with great tenderness, and that she thought it pos
that it was in order to interest her in the behalf of
child, that she had expressed so strong a desire to se

The tears started into Sophia's eyes when she h
this conjecture; but she had no time to reply, for
party having been seen from the upper windows o
cottage, were now accosted by a decent elderly wo
who was employed in nursing the dying person,
were led by her through the small kitchen into a
ner chamber, where the invalid was stretched on a
couch. The poor woman exhibited all those evid
of approaching dissolution well understood by
from her acquaintance with the similar scene w

The dying widow thus first attracted the attention of the young lady. But her eyes presently wandered from the pale countenance of her mother to the blooming and dimpled face of the little daughter—a child about four years of age, who was sitting on the bed near the head of her parent, and looking upon her with an innocent expression of wonder and sorrow.

Mr. Sackville presented Miss Mortimer to the dying woman, addressing her at the same time in words of tenderness and sympathy. The poor widow thanked her for attending so soon to her request, and proceeded instantly, with all the eagerness of one who feared she might not have breath to utter that which lay nearest her heart, earnestly and humbly to implore her protection for her child.

"I have heard of you, Miss Mortimer, I have heard of you," she said; "I have been told that you are pious and tender hearted. O hear the widow's prayer. Take my child, and see that she is brought up among pious persons."

The suddenness and vehemence of this address agitated Sophia. She looked alternately at the mother and at the child; and then, turning to Mr. Sackville, she said, "I am dependant on my father's pleasure; and should he when he comes, disapprove of what I have done, what can I do?"

"In that case," replied Mr. Sackville, "I am ready, Miss Mortimer, to be your substitute."

The widow clung to these words. "Then you will take her under your care, Miss Mortimer? you will protect my little Annette?" she said; "you will see that she is piously brought up in her humble station? you will be a friend to her?" And thus she spoke, gasping for breath between every word.

"I will, I promise you I will," said Sophia, bursting into tears. "I will do all for your child which I possibly can. Make yourself easy on that account. I will love her. I will be kind to her. I promise you I will."

I *shall not enter into* further particulars of this scene *the cottage, nor describe* the pious gratitude of the *or widow. Suffice it* to say, that after Mr. Sackville

Sophia politely objected to this proposal, but thanked Mr. Sackville for the generosity of his offer. She then would have taken the hand of Annette, but the little girl shrunk from her as a stranger, clinging to Mr. Sackville, as the person with whom she was best acquainted.

The reluctance of the child caused Mr. Sackville to lengthen his visit; and while he lingered, he endeavoured, in a manner which Sophia thought peculiarly tender and condescending, to reconcile the little weeping orphan to her new situation. At length, Mr. Sackville found it necessary to take his leave; although there was a something in his manner which showed that he did not go without reluctance.

After he went from the door, Sophia, standing in the hall with the little Annette, was left in a state of mind of such mingled pain and pleasure as she had never before experienced. Mr. Sackville had gone some distance from the house before she recollected herself sufficiently to consider, that if he should happen to look back, it might seem strange to him to see her standing where he had left her. She therefore suddenly raised up the little ragged orphan in her arms, who was once more weeping bitterly on finding herself again left with a stranger, and hastened into her own parlour, where she mingled her tears with those of the child.

How long this pair might have continued weeping together, had they not been interrupted by the careful Mrs. Cicely, is not known; but she, suddenly appearing, produced a complete suit of infant's clothes, lying across her arm, which habiliments she had drawn from some deep hoard or repository of her own, such as may generally be found in the possession of old housekeepers and ladies' maids; her other hand being armed with a formidable apparatus of combs and brushes, and other implements of the same description: while the housemaid followed her up, with a tub filled with warm water, and a large piece of soap.

The little girl, though once kept neatly by a tender mother, now too evidently bore the symptoms of long *neglect*, and Mrs. Cicely's plans of lustration were, *therefore, the more* needful. When, however, the good *woman would* have separated the child from Sophia, the

little creature, now in total despair at this third change of companions, set up a roar which made every chamber and passage in the old hall ring and resound again. Sophia had no idea of carrying on this contest to any purpose, and was about to take the child up again on her lap, when Mrs. Cicely, seizing the little rebel by main force, carried her off into that quarter of the offices in which she had purposed to carry on her operations, leaving her young mistress to meditate at her leisure on the events of the last twenty-four hours.

It was more than an hour before Mrs. Cicely again appeared. The good old servant's eyes on this occasion were beaming with delight and triumph. In her arms she carried the little orphan, whose infant charms now appeared in all the lustre of perfect cleanliness. Her pretty flaxen curls, newly combed and arranged, were parted on her forehead, and hung in ringlets over her delicate cheeks and fair neck. The tears, forgot as soon as shed, had given way to the sunshine of delight; for in her hand she carried a piece of bread and butter, over which Mrs. Cicely had sprinkled a little sugar; and, as Mrs. Cicely sat her down at the door, she ran up to Sophia, and, stroking down her clean frock, called on her young protectress to look at her nice dress.

Sophia was not now afraid of returning her infant caresses; and as she clasped her in her arms, she entered into discourse with Mrs. Cicely respecting all the arrangements which she intended should be made with regard to Annette.

And now, what a bustle was excited! for young people are pleased with a bustle: and much experience and regulation of the mind is necessary, before we can learn to practise this injunction of our blessed Saviour—*Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.* (Matth. vi. 3.) Through the advice and direction, however, of Mrs. Cicely, every thing was settled respecting Annette before the evening. Mrs. Doily, an old servant of the family, who now resided in the lodge at the park-gate, was sent for, and engaged to take Annette at all such times when Sophia might find it impossible to attend to her. As Mrs. Doily was a superior person, who had no children, and was exceedingly kind and attenti

rest, but of every other duty which both the Law and the Gospel might require.

Mrs. Fortescue then proceeded to recite those passages of Scripture in which the Church, or the congregation of the redeemed among the Gentiles, is addressed as a wife chosen and beloved; selecting, amidst a thousand others in which this emblem is used in Scripture, that beautiful passage in Isaiah, which for sentiment and pathos exceeds all that was ever penned by unassisted human intellect.—*Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God.* (Isaiah liv. 4—6.) And then, she went on to point out other passages, in which the Lord addresses the Church in displeasure, and reproves her for her adulteries, or idolatrous regard towards other gods. And hence she took occasion to enforce the duty which is incumbent on every member of the Church of the redeemed, of so guarding and regulating the affections, that none shall have in the heart a place above Him to whom all love and gratitude is due. "Whosoever," she observed, "proceeds straight forward towards one exalted point, with his eyes ever directed to that point, will assuredly keep his body erect, and will advance with a firm step. He will comparatively disregard the trifling interruptions and occasional stumbling-blocks in his way. The former he will scarcely observe; and if the latter sometimes cause him to fall, he will rise and advance again ere yet the enemy will have observed that he has stumbled.

"So it is," continued she, "with every young person whose affections are fixed on things above. The world, *to such a one*, will lose half its enchantments, and the *power of the enemy* will be considerably weakened.

"*Love thy God*, my child," would this excellent *man always say*; allow no mortal to become his rival

affection, and of former afflictions, were passing away swift as the shadows of the morning.

The gay delight of the little Annette met with no interruption during their walk; and she had much to say about the deer in the park: and as it was not needful for the party to pass the cottage in which the widow had died, the little orphan seemed not to connect any thing that was passing in the church-yard with the memory of her mother, until the people were about to lower the coffin into the grave; on which she suddenly shrieked, ran forwards, and endeavoured to clasp the coffin with her infant arms, calling on her mother in the most beseeching and moving accents. Every one was affected: and as the child could not easily be appeased, Mr. Sackville, as soon as the service was concluded, took her in his arms, and carried her to his house, having invited Mrs. Cicely and the man-servant to accompany her.

Mr. Sackville resided close by the church; in an old-fashioned and respectable parsonage-house standing in a garden abounding with fruit and flowers. He honoured Mrs. Cicely with an invitation into his parlour, and requested her to preside at his tea-table while he endeavoured to amuse the little child by such little devices as his own affectionate feelings suggested. After tea, he went into his garden, and brought from thence a nosegay of the choicest flowers, which he requested Mrs. Cicely to deliver to Miss Mortimer with his most respectful compliments.

When the party returned, the gay flowers were delivered to Miss Mortimer; and Mrs. Cicely, being much pleased by the polite manner in which she had been received, was induced to depart in some degree from her usual discretion in expressing her admiration of Mr. Sackville, to which opinions Sophia attended with a ready ear. And when Mrs. Cicely added that he was as well-looking as he was good and pleasing, Sophia asked her if she had ever particularly observed the picture which hung over the marble slab in the entrance-hall, adding that she *thought it* bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Sackville.

Now as Mrs. Cicely had often been employed in showing the Hall to strangers, and had received many hal

nerous prudential motives, in order to guard you against he temptations of life; but I entreat you, my beloved one, to seek that internal holiness which is the best, and in fact the only preservative from the snares of Satan. For *they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*" (Isaiah xl. 31.)

In this manner did Mrs. Fortescue frequently instruct her beloved Sophia; and from time to time, fearing that she might perhaps fatigue her pupil by dwelling too long on subjects of this kind, she committed her thoughts to writing, and laid the little manuscript aside, proposing to make it a dying gift to her beloved pupil. But while Mrs. Fortescue thus laboured rightly to inform the mind of her charge, in reference to things of the first importance, she by no means neglected her education in inferior matters. She was herself well acquainted with music, was an excellent needlewoman, and had a general and accurate knowledge of geography and history, &c. possessing, at the same time, an acquaintance with such parts of English and French literature as are usually requisite for females in polished society.

In the acquirement of useful knowledge of various kinds, in pleasant excursions in the beautiful environs of the Hall, and in frequent visits to the poor, had many years of Sophia Mortimer's life now been spent, since Mrs. Fortescue had undertaken the charge of her education. And, having now entered on her eighteenth year she was in many respects such as her adopted parent could desire.

At this period, Mrs. Fortescue became sensible of some a change in the state of her own health, and was aware of so many alarming symptoms, that she could not but feel assured, that her cares for her beloved Sophia must soon terminate.

Such feelings as these in the breasts of persons who have an habitual confidence in God, partake more of the tender sentiment of sorrow than that of bitter and dismay. "I know my Sophia will be taken care of when I am no more," she would often say to herself, "I leave her with entire confidence in

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a worthy pupil of the excellent Mrs. Fortescue, or whether she had hitherto been merely a professor of religion, while, in fact, her heart remained estranged from her God.

She felt that it was, indeed, a painful moment when she first saw how far her mind and heart had already been allowed to wander from that object of supreme regard, on which Mrs. Fortescue so long continually laboured to fix them; and when, on her first looking inwards, she could not but see how powerfully certain thoughts relative to a young man and a stranger had lately occupied her mind, and mingled themselves, more or less, with all her duties, but especially with those very acts of love and tenderness which she had shown to the poor orphan.

What a casting-down of any high thoughts of self, which she might possibly have entertained and cherished, respecting her kindness to this little deserted one, was it, when the convictions of the spirit, flashing on her conscience as the light from above on the jewels of the breast-plate, led her to see how much of self, how much of earthly feeling, how much of the desire of appearing interesting and worthy in the eyes of the only man who had ever yet attracted her attention or pleased her fancy, had united and mixed itself, as poison, with this her sweetest work of charity.

O how humbling, how degrading, in her own judgment, were these reflections! and how did they constrain her to turn away with secret anguish from the voice of every one who would have commended her for what she had already done, or might intend to do, for Annette.

While looking on this little fair creature, she would often say to herself, "Yes, little lovely one, you do deserve to be loved for yourself alone: and I *will* love you for yourself alone, the Almighty helping me, through evil report and good report. I desire to love you; and I will pray that my motives with regard to you may be purified and rendered wholly independent of all earthly feelings. But, alas! while in this sinful body, who can hope to be pure? who can hope to be clean? who can *wash himself* from his secret sins?"

It was at this period that Sophia, for the first time, con-

ılted the little manuscript left by Mrs. Fortescue: for, r the advice of this excellent woman, it was not to be ɔened till the young lady found herself in need of such rections as a prudent, pious, and delicate maternal lend alone could give.

The few first sheets of this manuscript contained cer-in tender expressions of love and affection; and then roceeded to the following effect.—

"I have requested you, my child, not to open this little olume till you actually stand in need of my advice re-tive to subjects on which, from the delicacy of your elings, you would not easily be induced to speak to an-ther. I therefore may now suppose myself to be ad-ressing you at the crisis when you feel that some dan-er exists, lest your affections should be unduly influen-ed by an earthly object. Under the best circumstances, nd in case of an affection which is reciprocal and au-ıorized by parents, there is undoubtedly room to fear ıat the heart may be drawn downwards, and that the ıore spiritual affections may be regarded only as second-ry to those whose sources and objects are upon earth; evertheless, it is certain, that the more those affections) the creature (which are authorized and legitimatised y divine and human sanctions) are connected with ıty, and confessed to the world, the less liable are they) withdraw the mind from God. The danger then to be pprehended for the spiritual welfare of a young person,) the formation of earthly connexions, is not at the pe-ıod when the affection is authorized and acknowledged, r when love becomes a duty, as after marriage, but at ıat crisis when the heart is looking out of itself for hap-ıiness; when the imagination is busied either with the real r fancied perfection of the comparative stranger; and ıhen all the anxious and ambitious feelings of the mind ropel the individual to endeavour to look into futurity, nd to influence her own fortune. This then is the time ı which the young female should be most on her guard, nd here is the trial of her faith,—if that grace be in her ossession. To cast on God all her concern about her ıture settlements should be the object of her endea-ours. *In this case, as in* every other, the Christian

should be ready to adopt that most difficult of all ments, 'Thy will, O God, be done!' It is tru that her own strength she will never be able to put it up prayer; yet in the strength of her God, she may and do it. And having so done, with what dignity and will she be enabled to tread the thorny mazes of life, di vesting herself of a thousand cares which continually perplex and enervate those persons who will not make God their confidence. 'I am ready, O my God, to be what thou hast ordained,' should be the language of every female heart. 'I cast my cares upon thee; and I desire never more, of myself, to resume their burden. Wheth single or married, I desire to be thine; and I would wi never, without thy guidance, to take a single step, eith to the right or the left, by which I might by any me influence my own lot.'

"And now, my beloved Sophia, let us but supp what effect a secret and sincere devotion of this nat to the Almighty, would have on the carriage of young woman. What modesty, what simplicity, w ease and artlessness, would be the result of such a s of mind! Would not faith of this kind impart a pe to the manners, and shed over the general charact lustre and a loveliness, which the most laboured a cial education would in vain attempt to imitate?"

Sophia meditated long and closely on these pass cited from the manuscript; and thus, having fully fo out what line of duty to pursue, under her present cumstances, she resolved, with the divine help, to herself more earnestly than ever to the furtherance of own improvement, and of that of Annette; to think seldom as possible of Mr. Sackville; and to endeavou forget her little difficulties by active, cheerful, and us employment.

She wrote to her father, stating what she had done specting Annette, and promising that the child sh never be a burden to him. In answer to which, he turned a few lines, intimating, that he considered adoption of the child as a whim, which would pass a in a very short time, and which was not worthy of *notice* either one way or other: for he concluded

this expression—"Amuse yourself as you like, don't plague me with your pets, whether they nkeys, lap-dogs, or beggars' brats."

vas very thankful for this consent or acquies- her will, however inelegantly it was signified, cretly determined to keep Annette, as much out of her father's sight.

the end of the fifth month after the death of nt Mrs. Fortescue, Sophia received a letter tep-mother, informing her that it was the in- the family to be in Yorkshire in less than a e letter was concluded with many strong ex- f regard, which Sophia could not well com- this very affectionate step-mother had some- ed a whole year to pass away without taking of her even by a letter. Reflecting, however, which she owed to her father's wife, she re- she would endeavour, if possible, to love her ughters. Still, she could not but regret, that days hitherto spent in retirement must now ime come to an end; and she wept to think probability, she would be compelled to di- a great measure, her attentions towards her nette. The very thoughts of this were so her, that she would often take the little girl ms, and give way for a long time to her sor-

mer was gone, and autumn had considerably when a coach full of female servants arrived to prepare every thing for the proper recep- family.

till kept possession of her own apartments, d her own simple and unostentatious plans, mitting her little Annette by the glass door ned on the lawn, being herself, as usual, con- ended by Mrs. Cicely. But, remote as her e from the rest of the house, many unusual loud voices and slamming doors reached her disturbances she deemed, too truly, but the of a more general interruption of her repose.

this interval, Sophia received a message, s. *Doiley, from* Mr. Sackville, urging her, in

very polite terms, if she found the charge of little nette likely to be at all inconvenient to her, to con her to his care, assuring her that he would be read give her up again whenever she might require it.

There was something so kind and considerate in feeling which must have dictated this message, that phia felt herself greatly obliged to the young gentle for it. She, however, declined his kind offer; adding, at present, she foresaw no inconvenience whatever, li to arise from her little charge, but that, in case any culty should occur, she would not fail to apply to Sackville.

On the morning of the day fixed for the arriva Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, and the three Misses Clif the daughters of the latter, Sophia spent, as usual, ral hours in instructing her little Annette, and she still engaged in this agreeable task, when she saw se out-riders approaching through the park, followed mediately by a sociable, and a travelling post-ch Sophia started, changed colour, and, calling Mrs. Ci she begged her to stay in her room and attend to he tle Aunette; "For now," added she, bursting into t "now—now—I can do no more for her."

"Nay, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Cicely, was as much afraid of innovations as her young mist could possibly be, "do not be so much alarmed. shall not, surely, be interrupted in these rooms, w you may say have been yours ever since my poor died! And if they do but leave these to us, we then do vastly well. And I am sure I shall never go to trouble any of them, if they will let me alone her

By this time, the gay train of equipages had rea the house, and were wheeling round the front door. moment afterwards, the shrill voices of the fashion young ladies were re-echoed through the long passa while Sophia, in visible agitation, kissed Annette, was prevented from following her by Mrs. Cicely, hastened to meet her parents. In a few moments, found herself in her father's arms.

Mr. Mortimer's expressions of admiration and a on at the sight of his daughter were loud, and like of the coarsest sort; for although he was sor

man of the world, yet perhaps few persons were
d with a smaller number of refined notions. Mrs.
timer's reception of Sophia was not, at least appa-
ly, less warm than that of her father: neither were her
ghters behindhand in their expressions of regard, al-
ugh the beauty and simply elegant carriage of So-
a was by no means calculated to give them pleasure.
As soon as the first compliments had passed on both
es, Sophia had leisure to contemplate her newly-ar-
ed relations, who were all busy in counting the pack-
es they had brought with them, and giving various
ders respecting them; and after which, they proceed-
d to the dining-room, where a cold collation was pre-
ared.

Mrs. Mortimer had been very handsome, and still,
though near her sixtieth year, was, with the assistance
of rouge and false hair, what the world called a fine wo-
man, though such a figure as a serious Christian would
contemplate with many bitter feelings. For what can
be so lamentable, as to see one who, in the natural course
of things, must soon resign this world, and enter into a
new and eternal state of everlasting joy or sorrow, cling-
ing closely to temporal things, and adorning, with all
the vain and deceitful decorations which fashion can
supply, that body which must in a short time be food for
worms?

Mrs. Mortimer had, by her first husband, six children,
three only of whom were living. Her eldest daughter,
Catharine, was at this time nearer forty than thirty years
of age. She had never possessed any part of her mother's
beauty excepting a tall and commanding figure, which
of late had been spreading rather too much into the *en*
bon point. Her face was large and broad, naturally very
pale, and slightly marked by the small-pox, her large
eyes were of a grey colour, her mouth was extremely
small, and her nostrils were wide; the whole forming
very unpleasing assemblage of features. Notwithstand
ing which, a fashionable mode of dress, a quantity o
rouge, and an amazing degree of effrontery of manne
and a knack at repartee, rendered her generally acce
ble in *society*, particularly as she was able to co
under the cloak of entire openness and unblushi

surance, a character extremely artificial and designing. But though this lady's passion was ambition, she now had sense to discover, that her own person was not such as to warrant any hopes of her advancing the family dignity by a high marriage in propria persona. Her present object, therefore, was to establish her two younger sisters: and for this purpose, in conjunction with her mother, she had made several skilful manœuvres, and had actually got at this time in her web a foolish young baronet, who had professed some regard to Miss Juliana Clifford when in town, and who was even expected that very evening at the Hall: for the sapient mother and daughter judged that they should here be able to bring the whole artillery of Miss Juliana's charms to bear more directly upon him than in London, where he was subject to the attacks of other mothers and daughters, as cold-hearted, ambitious, and cunning, as themselves. Judge, then, if you can, what must have been the dismay of these ladies, when they discovered that the wilds of Yorkshire contained in Sophia a more powerful rival than any that they had had to fear in St. James's. However, nothing was to be done but to put a good face on the business: for which reason, Miss Clifford lavished on Sophia no small portion of compliments and caresses, by which she hoped, in time, to gain her confidence, and obtain from her an avowal of her most secret inclinations. What use she meant to make of such an avowal (could she obtain it) will hereafter appear.

In my description of the family party which now took possession of Mortimer-Hall, I have said nothing of Mrs. Mortimer's younger daughters, and for the plain reason, that there was little to be said about them. They, indeed, were passably good-looking, but, though affecting much delicacy, they were ready unreservedly to lend themselves to the ambitious and worldly views of their mother and sister. Strangely mixed as was this party, it was thought necessary by each individual to appear well with the rest. Yet there were certain feelings between Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters, who formed *one party,* and Sophia, who stood alone, which both parties were willing to conceal, but which they would still

nd considerable difficulty in doing, had it not
the boisterous humour of Mr. Mortimer, who
rdly restrain his triumph on finding his wife's
s so entirely eclipsed by his own.
, Sophia," he exclaimed, as he cut a succession
ous slices from a monstrous round of beef which
ore him, "you would do credit to the head of
's table! A prince need not be ashamed of such
nion to share his throne with him. Believe me,
ought that old dame Fortescue would ever have
much of you as she has done. Upon my word,
it the old girl's management. But what! what's
face? O! I must not talk of your old govern-
. Well, well, then, I won't. Come, child, look
on't pipe and whine. However, I am glad to see
that's the plain truth. Give me your hand,
don't know that I have seen any thing I have
well, these twenty years."
nty years, Mr. Mortimer!" said Miss Clifford,
; "you forget how many times during the last
ears you have looked at me!"
at my bay mare too," said Mr. Mortimer: "and
l stand to what I first said. Sophia here pleases
ell as—nay, even better than any thing I have
se twenty years." And he confirmed his as-
ith an oath, which made Sophia's ears tingle
t sink.
nversation was then forced into another chan-
rs. Mortimer, who declared that if she remained
all, she must absolutely have the dining-room
rnished;—an observation to which Mr. Morti-
replied by a shrill whistle, at the same time
the contents of a plate of beef on the floor,
a violent contention among a half a dozen or
s that had followed the party into the room.
the travellers had appeased their hunger, it was
that they should explore the house, and settle
rtments they might choose to occupy. Immedi-
y were all in motion: and Sophia, availing her-
he confusion which ensued, approached her
nd took his hand, just as he was leaving the

dining-room, and raising it at the same time to her lips, she told him that she had a favour to ask.

"And so," said he, turning good humouredly round, "you are already presuming on your pretty face to wheedle and coax me. But I tell you, Miss, that I will refuse you whatever you are going to ask."

"Then, dear father," said Sophia, "will you please to turn me and Mrs. Cicely out of the brown parlour and the rooms within it?"

"No," said the good-humoured Squire, "no, I will not, saucy one!" And as he spoke, he chucked her under the chin. "You sha'n't have your way, I promise you. The brown parlour is good enough for such as you; and there you shall stay: so don't be coaxing me."

"But I will," said Sophia, again kissing his hand, and receiving at the same time a cordial embrace from him.

"What's all this?" said Miss Clifford, looking back.

"What is little Miss about now? come, come; I must look into these matters."

"Secrets in all families, Miss Clifford!" said the squire; "and some you must not look into."

Miss Clifford laughed, hit her step-father a tap on the back, and secretly resolved that she would have a watchful eye over both the father and daughter.

The examination of the house was the more speedily concluded, as the baronet already mentioned, and his friend Captain Dalrymple, were expected at dinner; and Sophia was not sorry when she was dismissed from her attendance, and permitted to return to her own apartments, which, with the offices, were the only parts of the house that Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters had not inspected.

She returned, however, to her own rooms, full of joy, in the persuasion that she should not be turned out of her favourite asylum. And she found Mrs. Cicely so ready to participate in her satisfaction, that the good old woman even requested permission to take her meals in her closet, or in one corner of the parlour, in order that she might be left the more to herself. Sophia joyfully acquiesced in this proposal: and as Cicely's services were to be devoted wholly to her, both the maid and the mis

gan to hope that they should still enjoy much
id comfort during those intervals in which So-
ght not be required to join the family.
me hours yet remained before dinner, which was
idy at six o'clock, Sophia gave her little Annette
lesson. She also read to her a little story from
pture, and prayed with her. And then, having,
's. Cicely's help, arranged her simple dress, she
ette to drink tea with the old servant, and, giv-
child a kiss, she repaired to the drawing-room,
ie family were by this time assembled.
a now, for the first time since her recollection,
a room superbly lighted with patent lamps and
ndles, and found herself introduced to such a
fashionable life as she had hitherto only known
the description of Mrs. Fortescue.
e drawing-room were several sofas, on one of
a a remote part of the room, sat Miss Juliana,
pparently at her ease, and discoursing with a
gentleman who sat by her, and whom Sophia
l to be Sir James Horton. Miss Clifford was
with her back to the fire, talking to Mr. Morti-
nd Mrs. Mortimer and her young daughter,
n another sofa, were engaged in a very animated
tion with Captain Dalrymple, who stood before

a had been a little surprised at the dashing mode
of these ladies when she had seen them in the
, and she had trembled lest any authority should
to compel her to adopt the short petticoat, the
alf-boot, and the blowsy head-dress, on which
looked with such disgust. But what were these
arison of the bare shoulders, the naked arms,
silk stockings, which now met her eye? The
too, of all the females, accorded so little with
ashioned ideas of decorum, that she stood at the
t knowing which party she was to join, or by
ie was to take her place.
ntrance was not, however, unobserved: and all
though some not without bitter envy, her mo-
her gentle aspect, and her sweet expressio
r and innocence.

Her father was the first who spoke. "What! my sweet Sophia!" said he, as he went to meet her; "my little elegant peasant! Give me your hand, and let me lead you to your mother." So saying, he conducted her to Mrs. Mortimer, who made room for her near herself, with a parading kind of alacrity, by which she endeavoured to conceal her inward mortification.

The ceremony of introducing the two gentlemen to Sophia had scarcely taken place, before the dinner was announced: and Mrs. Mortimer, taking Sophia fondly by the arm, told them that they should not separate her from her newly-found child. And thus, by a skilful manœuvre, she left the baronet with her own daughter.

Nothing particular happened at dinner. Sophia, seated between Mrs. Mortimer and Miss Clifford, was nearly concealed from Sir James, who was entirely engrossed by the two younger Miss Cliffords. And the Captain, being devoted to the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table, was so entirely in his element in the society and at the board of Mr. Mortimer, that he never lifted his eye from his plate, nor devoted his faculty of hearing to the remarks of any other person present than the jolly squire himself.

The ladies sat the usual time after dinner, and then withdrew; when Sophia, full of joy at being able to make her escape, retired to her own apartments, where she found Annette asleep in Mrs. Cicely's bed, and the good woman herself at work by the bed-room fire.

"Miss Mortimer," said she, "I have kept Annette to-night, because I was so dull without you. O, my dear lady, that we could but call back the happy days that we spent together before this company came!"

Sophia made no answer; for she felt her heart rise to her throat, and she was also much afraid of saying too much: for, surely, (she thought,) my father was at liberty to marry again; and who can dispute his right to come to his own house?

Sophia sat down by Cicely, and read to her a few chapters in the Bible, till she was called to tea; when, begging the good woman to go to bed, and not wait for her, if she should be late, she took her neat work-bag, and returned to the drawing-room.

hia, on opening the door, became fully aware that dies, who had not yet been joined by the gentle- were engaged in some very warm discussion; for gh the contents of their elegant work-boxes were before them, yet these were wholly disregarded, ey were (to use a common yet expressive pro- all putting their heads together over the table, eaking with great vehemence. As Sophia, how- dvanced into the room, every head was suddenly back, and an immediate silence followed, which have appeared even more awkward than it did, ever-blushing Miss Clifford had not turned to So- nd begged her, if she could, to solve their difficul- Can you tell us, my dear Miss Mortimer," she said, far we are from York?—for my sisters will insist t that it is fifty miles, and I am as obstinately de- ed that it shall be only forty: and here we are, at es distance, quarrelling with each other about this point, and resolved not to budge an inch to come ccommodation."

hia smiled, but was not, however, quite such a no- to suppose that all the heat and anxiety that she en manifested, and which were indicated both by nd countenance, were engaged about no other ob- han the distance of Mortimer Hall from York. heless, supposing that it was not any business of look further into this matter, she sat down and ut her work, which happened to be a frock for e, it never having occurred to her that such an yment could possibly give occasion for any com-

Works of charity, however, being less common ears ago than they are now, it was not to be sup- that the little garment would pass unobserved, or iss Clifford would lose this opportunity of indulg- her favourite style of remark, which consisted of ng and stupid commendation, concealing, at the ime, real disapprobation.

ow I do love Christian boldness!" said she. "I do o see people *who* are not afraid of letting the *behold their good works*: for such a sight so rare- rs. *Most people* are afraid of having their chari- *tions known*. It is well, my dear Miss Morti

mer, that you, at least, have not this defect of character; and I trust that we shall be enabled to profit by your example."

"Surely, Miss Clifford," said Sophia, blushing, "you forget that we are here only a family party, with the exception of one or two gentlemen, who are come to see my father. And men, in general, do not trouble themselves with ladies' needle work."

"True, my dear," said Miss Clifford, drawing up her small mouth to a point: "very prudently observed: I had forgotten."

Sophia smiled, (for she could not help it,) though vexed, and answered, playfully, "Well, when I have done my plain work, you shall teach me some of this fine embroidery, and then I shall be fitter to sit in company; but in the mean time I must finish what I have to do:" and she continued to stitch with her usual quiet and elegant diligence.

The remarks on the unfortunate frock having apparently produced no sensations, another subject was presently called by Miss Clifford, though with such seeming ease, that it had not the air of being lugged in by the head and shoulders, as it surely would have appeared, had it been brought forward by a less skilful manœuvrer. This subject was one that too frequently engages the conversation of young women whose minds are not right towards God,—namely, those unsanctified wanderings of the affections and fancy which are falsely ennobled by the general name of love.

Miss Clifford, having rallied both her sisters by turns on these topics, suddenly turned round to Sophia, and staring her full in the face, exclaimed, "And now, my pretty shepherdess, it behoves me to look a little after you. Are there no Strephons, nor Colins in these fair wilds? Come, now, be a good girl, and tell me who it is that bears away most hearts in this place. Who is the favorite shepherd in the Arcadia which surrounds Mortimer Hall? There can be no question respecting the shepherdess, as I presume that my little Sophia here has not many rivals among the Yorkshire damsels?"

Sophia looked up for a moment, on hearing this address, and replied, with a smile, that she knew of no shep-

t neighbourhood, but one who belonged to
nd who, being very old and rheumatic, al-
Welsh wig under his hat.
as!" said Miss Clifford; "it is almost as
see a shepherd in a wig, as a shepherdess in
But, my dear little sister," added she, with
you have no shepherds hereabouts, certain-
t retirement must contain some favourite
e name you would not now mention for all
at on whom, however, it is your chief de-
itate when walking alone, and when you sit
iding your needle, as you may now be do-
vourite parlour, when the moon is shining,
hooting, as I suppose they sometimes do in
rhood of Mortimer Hall."
ne, Kate," said Mrs. Mortimer, "you make
ophia blush. She is not used to your saucy

w you mention it, Ma'am," said Miss Clif-
up her quizzing-glass to her eye, (for this
was short-sighted when she chose to be so,)
perceive that my little Sophia, is blushing.
ar Miss Mortimer," she added, "have I ac-
ou out of countenance? have I really made

lied Sophia, looking up; "but not for my-

on my word," exclaimed Miss Clifford, and
ew up her mouth into the form of a round
h position it suddenly relaxed, when this
g into a loud laugh, added, "Upon my
le Sophia Mortimer, you are the prettiest
thing I have seen for these hundred years;
of it is, you would have us think that you
et beheld the man you could like, and that
you have a much more sincere affection for
dy and Mr. Perry, the butler, than for any
man you ever saw in your life, or ever are
and so forth. But let me tell you, my lit-
will not get any credit here for all your
retensions."
o pretensions," replied Sophia, modestly,

"I don't presume to be either wiser or bett
neighbours; but as I think that the truth is
spoken among friends, I will confess that it
never to be joked upon subjects of this kind.
request of poor Mrs. Fortescue that I would
on these concerns, unless in a serious manne
necessary: and as I have now no occasion, eit
or even to think of them, I should be sorry, v
neither cause nor temptation to do so, to neg
junctions of this my maternal friend."

"O," said Miss Clifford, drawing up her
protracting the exclamation to a ridiculous l
deed! I beg pardon. I am sorry. Had I
much before, I trust that I should have been
dent. I would have died rather than have t
tender subject with so rude a hand. To som
know that the affairs of the heart are matters
portance. Perhaps they were so to Mrs. Fort
haps they are so to you. You may depend
my dear Miss Mortimer, on my forbearance
cuse me this once:" saying which, she he
hand to her new sister, at the same time as
expression of the ridiculous pathetic at whi
could hardly refrain from smiling, though
rienced so strong a sentiment of distaste as
prived her of the power of being amused by
liarities in Miss Clifford which few could
without mirth.

When the gentlemen appeared in the dra
the conversation of course took another turn.
timer was in high and boisterous spirits, and t
was ready to second him in all his humours
ner being the only quiet person of the party,
gentleman having swallowed a sufficient qu
quor to make him more than commonly stup

After tea, Mr. Mortimer called for music,
Sophia to play.

Sophia could play, and sing also, with c
taste; but it was sacred music to which he
had been chiefly directed, and she was, the
prepared for any thing of a lighter sort. She
difficulty to her step mother; when Mr. M

ving her whisper, and desiring that it might be re-
ted aloud, a burst of laughter from the good Squire
iself, with certain fainter expressions of merriment
m the young ladies, was the immediate consequence:
ile the father, clapping his daughter on the back in a
nner something similar to that with which he would
e caressed his favourite horse, bade her look up, say-
, that she need only put herself under the tuition of
harine Clifford, and she would teach her to sing to
ny new tunes.

And would you wish me to learn all the tunes which
s Clifford might be able to teach me?" said Sophia,
ning to her father, and speaking in a low tone.

You are a sly rogue, in spite of that little demure
e of yours," replied the father, with a loud laugh.
y, ay, Miss Catharine, you may look: but I'll match
Sophia against you any day, deep as you may be."

Deep!" repeated Miss Clifford, being, for once, more
of countenance than she wished to be thought.

the mean time, as Sophia could not, with advantage,
off her musical talents to the present party, Miss
ina and her younger sister were led in triumph to
piano-forte; while Mr. Mortimer, who hated every
g relative to music beyond a hunting song, settled
self to sleep in a corner of the sofa near Sophia, leav-
the Captain (as the baronet was not wide awake) to
severe duties of extolling the Italian airs and recita-
, which he detested even more heartily than they
y deserved.

hile things were in this train, Miss Clifford and her
ner left the room, Mr. Mortimer presently snored
d, and the baronet began to rouse himself: while
ia was lost in meditations, which turned first upon
haracters of her newly-introduced relations; second-
the conversation which had passed before tea; and
lly, by a natural connexion, on that forbidden subject
ought which for some time she had so successfully
ded, namely, the various supposed or real excellen-
of Mr. *Sackville, and the* peculiar resemblance which
re to the portrait of the handsome and gallant Duke
nmouth.

s had evil communications in some degree com-

menced their baneful operations
young lady, and had rendered her powe
against that which was evil, less than usually
For worthy and estimable as Mr. Sackville was, his ex-
cellencies were as yet nothing to Sophia, neither did she
know that they ever would be. He had hitherto made
no avowal of regard for her, and she knew not that he
would ever do so; nor was she sure that if such an avow-
al were even to be made, it would be sanctioned by her
father. She had, therefore, every reason that both reli
gion and prudence could suggest, to restrain her though
from this object; and hitherto she had been in a gr
measure enabled to keep her mind in a proper state,
to cast every care on her God; but, as I before remar
the light society into which she had fallen already
an injurious influence in lowering the hitherto hig
of her moral feelings, and thus rendering her mo
ceptible of temptation.

More than half an hour had passed in this
during which the baronet had first yawned, then
ed, then shook himself, then kicked the dogs fr
the fire-place, then got out of his chair, then st
the dogs had been, with his back to the rest of
then turned round with his back to the fire,
at one and another of the company present,
lounged to an empty chair beside Sophia, whe
to play with her scissors which lay on the t
Sophia was indulging her own thought
hinted; and though she had certainly se
move, she was scarcely sensible that he h
self so near her. Having twisted the scis
little finger for some time, the young mar
tured to speak, and to ask the young lady
been in London.

At the sound of his voice so near he
and was obliged to ask him to repeat h
she knew what to answer.

"You were never in Town, I think
said Sir James.

"I believe not, Sir," replied Sophi
"Not within your recollection?"
"No, Sir," returned Sophia.

"Then you were there in infancy?" said the baronet.
"No, Sir," said Sophia.
"Then you were never in London at any time?" subined the other.
"Never, Sir," replied Sophia.
"Indeed," said the baronet, "I thought so."
"Sir!" said Sophia, trying to rouse herself to someing like attention.
"I really did think," said the baronet, lisping, and tryg to look sentimental, "I really did think, that you had ver been in Town."
"What answer am I to make to this?" thought Sophia, Does he mean to be polite, or merely to laugh at e?" And as she could not decide on this point, she d not venture any reply.
"London spoils the complexion," said Sir James.
"I have heard so," replied Sophia.
"I am sure you have not been in any place to spoil our complexion," remarked the baronet, making a vioit effort to utter the most civil thing that he had ever entured to address to a lady in his life; and as Sophia as wholly unprepared with any answer, it was some oments before his faculties were enabled to recover the uilibrium from which they had been violently thrown y this unusual effort. A cessation of conversation, thereore, ensued for a few seconds, which interval was interupted only by the hard breathing of the sleeping Squire, nd the pathetic quaverings of Miss Juliana's voice. At ength the baronet spoke again. "You are working for he poor, I see, Miss Mortimer. I like to see ladies work or the poor. My sisters are often employed in that way."
These last were the only sentences which the baronet ad uttered that had pleased Sophia. She accordingly ooked up and smiled.
Sir James thought her smile very sweet, and was hinking how he might deserve such another, when Miss lifford, who had returned into the room a minute beore, and had been closely considering this tete-a-tete etween Miss *Mortimer* and Sir James, thought proper *call upon the young gentleman* to play with her at ckgammon: soon after which, Sophia took occasion to permission of her mother to withdraw; a favour

readily granted her by Mrs. Mortimer, who
t she would always consider herself at liberty
whenever it was agreeable to her.
hia had gone to rest at a later hour than usual,
se later the next morning; and the first thing
eld, on opening her eyes, was her little Annette,
by her bed-side, working with her needle. This
consolatory sight to her, and seemed at once to
n all uneasy thoughts. She arose in haste, and en-
oured to make the best of her time in instructing the
d till called to breakfast.
t was apparent, when the family party met again, that
e eyes of Sir James were more frequently directed to-
ards Sophia than to Miss Juliana, though there was
othing in his conduct relative to either of these young
ladies which was by any means particular. His slight
preference of Sophia, however, was quite sufficient
alarm Mrs. Mortimer and Miss Clifford; and immediat
after breakfast these ladies had a private conference
the subject in which the latter told her mother the
had a scheme in her head by which she hoped t
the danger which threatened them.
Miss Clifford was one of those women who, be
self destitute of any idea of the state of mind o
young person, could not suppose it possible
young woman to have attained the age of eigh
out having formed some attachment, and who
felt convinced that Sophia must have some o
ference in the country. She, consequently
to divert her attention from the baronet by
person before her, and encouraging the co
openly or clandestinely, whichever migh
herself or her mother most prudent. B
was, to find out this person, particularl
not to be bantered upon the subject of
ford was, however, too good a politici
from her purpose by a trifling obstac
fore, when Sophia appeared in the
dinner, accordingly began her oper
my dear Miss Mortimer," said sh
all your life in this country, do tel
hours. And first, who lives at

p of the hill? and who at the new brick house on
ad between this place and the last stage? Are there
oung people in either of these mansions?"
hia answered all and each of these inquiries with
perfect ease and simplicity, that, although ques-
and cross-questioned again and again, she betray-
indication by which Miss Clifford could draw any
isions whatever.
en the gentlemen came in, the subject was con-
, and Mr. Mortimer very unsuspectingly lent his
nce to Miss Clifford in her inquiries. "And who
t the Old Hills now?" said Mr. Mortimer; "and
t the Barn Elms? and what family is now at Hos-
?
hia answered all these questions to the best of her
, and thus every thing went on quite smoothly till
ortimer asked, "And who is rector of Fairfield at
me?"
irfield!" repeated Sophia, as if she had never heard
h a place before.
s Clifford then fixed her grey eyes on Sophia, and
ortimer replied, "Why, child, don't you know the
at the higher end of the park? The rector was a
ld man when I was last in this neighbourhood.
living still?"
o," said Sophia.
nd pray," said Miss Clifford, in a drawling, stupid
"who holds the living now?"
Mr. Sackville," said Sophia, using her needle with
ular diligence.
ckville!" repeated Miss Clifford, in the same
voice, "I think I remember him at York:—an
y man, is he not, and remarkably plain?"
o," said Sophia, but speaking as if something chok-
, "no, not particularly old."
ell, I do not know that he was so very old," sub-
l Miss Clifford; "but features particularly ordina-
ke a person look older than he is."
hia *was busy with her* needle, and unusually short-
: she was, therefore, obliged to look close to her

Mortimer," said Miss Clifford, addressing her m

u remember Mr. Sackville at York; a remark-
n man, but very agreeable. We must cultivate
nintance. I only beg, Juliana and Harriet, that
l not fall in love with him."
how do we know," said Mr. Mortimer, "that
tor of Fairfield is the same Sackville you knew at
? Have you seen him, Sophia? Is his appearance
narkable as these ladies say? Is he any ways an
ooking man?"
No, Sir," said Sophia, "I believe not."
Is he an agreeable man, Miss Mortimer?" asked Miss
fford. "Our Mr. Sackville was an agreeable man:
at is yours?"
"I have seen very little of him, Miss Clifford," replied
ophia, gravely.
"But one may sometimes form no incorrect opinion
of a person from one or two interviews," returned Miss
Clifford, looking exceedingly hard in Sophia's face; and
then suddenly and abruptly introducing another subject,
being perfectly satisfied of all she wanted to know upon this
The next day being Sunday, the family appeared a
church, and on the Monday following, many of t
neighbouring gentry paid their respects to them at
Hall. None of these guests were, however, seen by
phia, as she had walked out, after breakfast, with
Cicely and Annette, on an errand which took her
considerable distance.
Among these visitors was Mr. Sackville, who h
once broken his resolution of never seeking a
quaintance beyond his parish, in order to pay hi
pliments to Mr. Mortimer. What his motive
have been, he perhaps hardly understood hims
Miss Clifford, who was confirmed in her suspicio
appearance, suggested to Mrs. Mortimer that she
do better than invite him to dinner, and thus
once an admirer for Sophia, and convince the
ocular demonstration, that he had no chance
The invitation was accordingly given and
the next day; when the unsuspecting Sophi
little astonished, on her entering the draw
and Mr. Sackville conversing with her ste
During the evening every arrangeme

he manœuvring mother and daughter to throw these
oung people in each other's way; and Mr. Sackville
eemed so well pleased with the opportunities thus given
im of conversing with Sophia, that every hour seemed
ut a moment to him.

Although Sophia's manner was perfectly modest and
rtless, yet it was sufficiently evident, to such observers
s she had about her, that her feelings for Mr. Sackville
ere very different from those that she discovered to-
ards Sir James. Nothing, however, passed between
his young lady and gentleman but what was lovely,
oly, and of good report. They first talked of Annette,
nd Sophia repeated many little anecdotes relative to her
hich she thought interesting; and such was the
armth with which she expatiated on this subject, that,
ithout observing it, she had drawn upon herself the
yes of many in the room, who had never before seen
er so animated. Mr. Sackville then described some par-
icularly beautiful flowers which he had in his garden,
t the same time promising Sophia some roots and seeds
f them; and he afterwards gave her an account of
ome persons who had lately died in his parish, in a very
appy manner.

When Mr. Sackville took his leave this evening, which
e evidently did with considerable reluctance, Miss Clif-
ord afforded him an opportunity of coming again by re-
uesting the loan of a new publication which he had ac-
identally mentioned.

As this narrative has unavoidably extended itself to
ome length, I shall not increase its bulk by describing
ither the various means which Miss Clifford, in con-
exion with her mother, employed to bring Mr. Sack-
ille continually to the Hall, or the various methods
hich she took to keep alive the remembrance of him
n the mind of Sophia in his absence.

"How could you think," said she one day to So-
hia, "of calling Mr. Sackville a plain man? In my opi-
ion he is remarkably handsome."

"I do not *remember having* mentioned the subject,"
eplied Sophia, colouring deeply.

"*Then I am, indeed,* mistaken," said Miss Clifford.
am sure I thought you had affirmed as much." An

then, because Sophia would not allow herself to be addressed on such matters, this talkative lady proceeded to warn her sister Harriet, in Sophia's hearing, against falling in love with him, saying, that handsome men were always vain, and adding, that she was sure he had some design in coming so frequently to the Hall.

In the mean time several weeks had passed, while the baronet evidently betrayed an increasing preference for Sophia, and more and more uneasiness in the presence of Mr. Sackville, of whose advantages of person and manner he seemed perfectly sensible.

Mr. Mortimer at first did not appear to know what was going forward in his family; and Miss Clifford hoped he would continue in ignorance. But on Sir James becoming more open and decided in his attentions to Sophia, her father began to think that it would be her own fault if his daughter did not become Lady Horton. The idea pleased him: and, from that time, he endeavoured to promote the connexion to the utmost of his power. His attention being thus drawn to what was passing, he was not long in observing that Sophia, though always modest and dignified in her manner, betrayed a much greater degree of pleasure in being addressed by Mr. Sackville, than by Sir James; and, in consequence of this discovery, he did every thing short of absolutely forbidding him the house to discourage Mr. Sackville's visits.

While all these things were taking place, Sophia found reason to lament the loss of that peace of mind of which she had once enjoyed so large a share, although her retired apartment and her little Annette were still as dear to her as ever. She now remembered with anguish the days when her heart had been sincerely and continually devoted to her God: when it was her highest pleasure to read her Bible, to dwell upon the merits of her Saviour, and to seek the presence of the Holy Spirit. But now she found that a mere earthly passion was acquiring a growing influence over her mind; and that this passion was constantly fed either by the presence of the favoured object, or by her hearing him continually *spoken of*. She was at this time made sensibly to *experience* what Mrs. Fortescue had often told her, that the *young* woman who allows the encroachment of any pa-

sion which has not received the sanction of duty, utterly destroys her peace for the time being, if not for ever. "But are there no means," said she, "of overcoming this evil? Shall I patiently submit to be the slave of feeling? No, no," she added, "I will consult my late beloved Mrs. Fortescue's book, and I shall no doubt be directed to what will supply a remedy for my present uneasy state."

Sophia did as she resolved. She read over, again and again, the little manuscript left by her deceased instructress; and, thus, was she led, under the divine blessing, to a sincere and hearty repentance, to a renewed devotion of herself to God, and to a more active and lively exercise of her various duties.

Sophia now endeavoured to give less of her company to the Miss Cliffords, and more time to her Bible, her general improvement, and her attentions to the little Annette.

But while these things were passing in the mind of Sophia, and she was gradually recovering her mental vigour, Sir James, being hurt by a hint purposely given him by Miss Clifford, respecting Sophia, who she pretended cherished an invincible dislike to him, took himself off without making the offer expected by Mr. Mortimer; at which, the angry father declared that he would shortly leave Yorkshire, and take his whole family to Bath, in order, he said, to separate his daughter from the young man to whom he too plainly saw she was attached.

It was a severe blow to Sophia, when she was informed of this proposed visit to Bath, and she tried to persuade herself that all her sorrow on this occasion arose from her reluctance to leave Annette: for she had come to the conclusion, that she thought no more of Mr. Sackville but as of a friend, with whom she might probably have no further conversation. But it was necessary on account of Annette, that Mr. Sackville should know of this intended journey; and although Sophia very properly objected to entering into an epistolary communication with him on the subject, the matter might, however, easily have been settled through the medium of Mrs. Lively: yet Sophia chose rather to fancy that there were

some objections to so simple a mode of arranging this knotty point, which she supposed could be managed by nothing less than a personal interview with the party concerned; and therefore, as Mr. Sackville did not, as formerly, now come to the Hall, she allowed day after day to pass without making the requisite communication, or forming any arrangement for the comfort of the child while she herself was to be absent.

In the mean time, the engaging little creature wrapped herself more and more closely about the heart of her protectress, and the child's entire freedom from apprehension respecting the approaching separation daily increased the sadness of Sophia. "O my little Annette!" would she often say within herself, "must I leave you? and will nobody love you, and bear with you, and please you, as I do? Cicely must go with me, and I know that Mrs. Doiley is sometimes cross with you; and then you will have no one to whom you may tell your little sorrows, or who will wipe your weeping eyes. Ah, little orphan, I shall often think of you when far, far away."

Such were the reflections of Sophia; in spite of which she still hesitated to allow Mrs. Cicely to acquaint Mr. Sackville with her concern about the child, though the good woman was very willing to convey to him any message which her lady might wish to send.

Such was the state of things, when, one fine clear morning in December, Sophia went out to walk in a remote and retired part of the park, holding Annette by the hand; and, lost in melancholy reflection, having passed the more open part of the inclosure, they turned into a path leading to a deep dell or dingle, that was shaded in the summer season by the thick foliage of many trees which grew on its sloping sides. At the further end of this dell was a waterfall, which, tumbling from the higher grounds, fell dashing and foaming into the depths of the glen. At the present season of the year, the trees were leafless, and the full glare of day shot into the very bottom of the valley. The cold, however, had been severe; and the feeble December sun which now appeared in the vaporous sky, had not sufficient power to dissolve the hoar frost which spangled every bough and spray and rendered the moss of the unfrequented pathway

short and crisp beneath the foot. Many long and brilliant icicles were hanging like cones of crystal from the rocky sides of the cascade, and the whole scene of the dingle was not now as beautiful as it would appear in the heats of summer, inasmuch, only, as the ideas which it suggested were less promising of enjoyment in the open air.

"Look, dear Ma'am," said little Annette, pointing her finger to the cascade, "look at those long pieces of glass which hang down by the brook: look how bright they are! May not I carry some of them home?"

"Not now," said Sophia: "it is wet and cold; we cannot get down to the side of the water."

"Then we will come again by and by," said Annette, "when the winter is gone. We will come and fetch them, shall we not Ma'am?"

"Come again, my little Annette!" returned Sophia. "Ah, little girl, they will be gone before the summer comes, and gone perhaps with them may be all your happy days—melted away, possibly, like those sparkling icicles before the rays of the summer sun. For O, my child," she added, "I shall then be far beyond the reach of your infant cry, and your gentle calls for my notice and protection." This exclamation was made by Sophia, as she stood near a tree under which there was a bench placed in such a situation as to command a view of the waterfall: and so acute were the feelings of this young lady at the moment, that she sunk upon the bench, and throwing her arms round the neck of the little girl, burst into an agony of tears.

Little Annette had not yet formed an idea of the cause of Sophia's distress; but she well knew that tears were in general the tokens of sorrow, and she instantly took up her little muslin apron to wipe her lady's cheeks while her own sparkling eyes became suffused with crystalline drops.

At this moment Sophia heard an approaching step, which, from the hardness of the frosty ground, resounded, as it came nearer, more plainly through the valley. She started, and looked up; and before she had time to change her attitude, Mr. Sackville appeared before her. This retired dingle was no common haunt of the young

on which, throwing her arms more closely round Sophia's neck, she burst forth into such bitter cries, that for a few minutes neither Sophia nor Mr. Sackville could appease her.

Annette, when thoroughly excited, was violent; though it was but seldom that occasion of such excitation occurred; and it is certain that this poor little orphan had already had experience enough of the unkindness of the world, to give her a rational dread of being left again with strangers. "You shall not go from me, ma'am," she said, "no, never, never. I will not live with Mrs. Doiley; I will stay with you."

"You shall come to me," said Mr. Sackville; "I will take care of you, my dear Annette, till Miss Mortimer returns, and you shall not live with Mrs. Doiley."

Annette was silenced by this promise; for, next to Sophia, she best liked Mr. Sackville; and Sophia looked up to the young gentleman with such an expression of tearful gratitude as he prized more highly than any words she could have uttered.

"Make yourself easy on Annette's account, my dear Miss Mortimer," said Mr. Sackville; "I promise her my best services. Poor though they are, and far inferior to yours, you well know that I consider myself bound by every consideration capable of influencing a human creature, to be the guardian of this little girl. When you can no longer give her your personal attention, I will take her to my house, and place her in safe and careful hands. But must you go?" he added. "Well, if it must be so, it is my duty to submit. Will you, however, come back, and make us happy?"

"I hope so," replied Sophia, faintly.

"No, you never will," returned Mr. Sackville, sorrowfully: "you will be too much loved and valued. Never, till this moment, was I ever induced to wish that I was more than the humble rector of Fairfield."

Sophia was silent; and her head was bowed on the neck of Annette.

"*I cannot* suppose," said Mr. Sackville, "that a young *lady of* your rank and fortune, and various advantages, *would condescend* to think of one so humble as I am: *and yet I have* sometimes almost ventured to hope th

you would not altogether despise me. Your tastes are so simple, your pursuits so adapted to a retired and domestic life, that I have at times even presumed to think that my humble situation, were there no other objection, might not entirely preclude all hope on my side."

This was plain speaking, and such as Sophia could no longer misunderstand; but she had some difficulty in giving her answer, merely from the want of the power of utterance, and not from any hesitation about what she ought to say. At length, however, she spoke, and said, that it was her fixed resolution, never to enter into any engagement without her father's approbation, and that being so very young, she would wish Mr. Sackville to allow her time for consideration: adding, that every proposal of this kind must henceforward come to her through her father, and that she believed it would be best that the affair should be dropped at present.

It is not necessary that I should now repeat what Mr. Sackville further said to Sophia. Suffice it to observe, that the few words which the young lady said in reply were of such a nature as to convince him that he possessed her esteem, and, indeed, more of her regard than it was consistent with those principles of delicacy which had been impressed on her mind, for her to avow. Had he doubted this even a moment before, he must, however, have been convinced of it by the deeply sorrowful expression of her countenance when she took leave of him.

We do not presume to describe the state of Sophia's feelings as she returned home. What had passed had certainly tended in some degree to relieve her mind of its anxiety respecting Annette: neither was it by any means a painful discovery to her to find that she was, confessedly, so dear not only to the best but to the most pleasing young man she had ever known. But, on the other hand, she was not without some uneasy thoughts, arising from the conviction that her father's views for her were far higher than a union with the rector of Fairfield; while her uneasiness was increased by the additional persuasion that if she allowed herself to take a single devious step in this affair, she could not, and, in fact, she dared not, to expect the divine blessing upon it.

is of this nature, Sophia occupied the re-
he afternoon; and was scarcely come to any
efore she was called to dinner.
ıe meal, she was full of thought and perplexi-
ldenly, the course that she ought to pursue
be clearly laid open before her mind, and she
ly resolved to seize the very first occasion to
ıat which she now thought it right to do.
ened that there was no stranger present this
ıe Hall; and when the family party removed
dining-table, and were seated round the fire, as
the servants had left the room, she began to car-
purposes into effect.
ave been in the park this morning," said she; "I
o see the old cascade, and I think I never saw it
o beautiful." She then added some incoherencies
icicles, liquid diamonds, and hoar frost; looking
ver, so little like an icicle herself, while speaking,
Miss Clifford began to prick up her ears, and open
eyes.
Humph!" said the squire, as, raising his glass of port
ıe candle, he looked through the ruby-coloured liquor
ı one eye, while the other was closed.
I met Mr. Sackville in the dingle," proceeded So-
ı, resolved at once to speak out.
You did!" said the Squire, setting down his glass,
looking in high displeasure. "By appointment,
ıume?"
No, Sir," returned Sophia, "by accident."
A very common accident, I reckon!" said the
r.
No, Sir," answered his daughter; "I never met
kville in the park before."
Where, then, were you used to meet him?" aske
ire.
I never saw him but once," replied Sophia, "
ıe here, by invitation, to dinner."
Miss Clifford drew up her mouth, and looked a
uld have said, "That's false."
Well," said Mr. Mortimer, breathing shor
ıt passed between you and the young man?
We first spoke of the little girl, Sir, of whc

ne to take charge; and Mr. Sackville undertook
ide for her during my absence."
eed!" said Mr. Mortimer, holding in his indigna-
th no small difficulty; "and so, you and Mr.
le are in partnership in this concern! A pretty
arrangement, truly!"
hetic and tender, at least," said Miss Clifford;
romantic!"
ia's heart was beating violently; but she was
ened by the hope, nay, the assurance, that she
ng right: and thus she was enabled to give a
forward and simple statement of her first acci-
meeting with Mr. Sackville, and of the engage-
nto which they were then drawn.
Squire puffed, and swelled, and swallowed a bum-
nd Miss Clifford, laughing outright, said, "Pretty
! The opening scene of a romance! O for the
a Richardson, to work up this beautiful com-
nent into some sentimental *denouement!*"
l so," said the Squire, "you first talked of your
protegee!—and then, what else? what was the
bject?"
Sackville," replied Sophia, "said, that he regret-
at he was sorry—that—that I was going to Bath."
he so?" said the Squire. "And did he not ask
stay behind, and assist him in taking care of the
s brat?"
exactly, Sir," replied Sophia, trembling, "but
ing to that purpose."
y eye was now opened wide, and fixed on Sophia.
l what might be your answer to all this?"
ferred him to you, Sir; for that I was resolved
o accept any offer without your consent."
d you are now come to ask it, I presume?" said
ire.
Sir," replied Sophia: "I have nothing to ask of
t a continuance of your affection, of which I
have felt myself unworthy had I attempted to
, *either from you or* my mother, what had passed
ning."
ortimer looked at his daughter for a moment, as
w not whether to be pleased or displeased wi

her straight-forward manner. At length, displeasure prevailing, he broke forth with a voice as loud as if he had been calling a pack of hounds from a false scent, and wished Mr. Sackville every misfortune which a vindictive or passionate man commonly desires to imprecate upon the object of his resentful feelings; and at the same time, rising from his chair, he turned his back to the fire, kicking his dogs, and holding his sides with his hands.

"And so," said he, recovering from the first burst of passion, "you did not tell the young man that he was a presumptuous fool, but made a courtesy, and thanked him for his good opinion of you. Was it not so?"

Sophia made no answer: on which, he turned shortly round to her, raised his fist as if he would have struck her, and bending his face down to hers, "Tell me, I say; do you like the man? Say you do, and I renounce you. Why don't you speak?"

"What, Sir," said Sophia, gently, "and be renounced by my father! Surely, no man living ought to be so dear to me as my father."

"You are an artful hussey," said the Squire, with abating displeasure. "But remember, child, that you don't deceive me. I hate deceit: and it would break my heart to be deceived by my child."

"No, my father, no," said Sophia, bursting into tears, and throwing herself on his neck, "no, I will never deceive you (the Almighty helping me) nor any one here present. I own that I respect and—and—esteem Mr. Sackville; but I should hate myself, if I could be guilty of any thing like art on his, or, indeed, on any account; which was my motive for entering upon this subject in the present company."

The Squire returned the embrace of his daughter with even more than his usual warmth, exclaiming, "You are a good girl, Sophia; and I am proud of my girl; and I do believe every word you utter: and that's more than *ever* I would say of any other woman under the sun."

"*Under* the sun!" said Miss Clifford, laughing, "That *would be* saying a great deal, had you been speaking at *noonday*."

"*At noonday!*" said the Squire, letting go his hold o

Sophia, and turning to the other, "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, is not the sun above us all at noonday, papa?" said the young lady, in an affectedly childish accent: "and is it not below us all at midnight? And so, as it happens, there are none of your dear connexions under the sun precisely at this moment."

"Why, there now," replied the Squire; "what is this but one of your feminine fetches and roundabouts? I am sure that my good girl here would never have had such a crooked thought as that you have just uttered. But," he added, "as I stand here, whether under or over the sun I know not, nor care; and as my name is Cockspur Mortimer, she shall not have the parson; and here I am, ready to stand to it. So go to your room, girl, wipe your eyes and smooth your brow, and let me never again hear the name of Sackville as long as I live and breathe."

So saying, he popped himself down in his chair, bade Sophia ring for a pipe, and looked, at the same time, towards the door, and then at his wife, as much as to say, "You had best now be going to your own quarters."

It was with a heart comparatively easy, that Sophia returned to her room. She felt that she had been enabled to do right; and she was now further enabled to commit the entire affair respecting Mr. Sackville into the hands of God, being well assured that all would be ordered for the best. And here was an exercise of faith; an exercise of a kind, to which many, if not all persons are called, at some stage of their youthful progress. Happy, then, thrice happy, are those whose religious feelings are such as Sophia Mortimer's;—who are enabled to bring their faith to bear on matters of this kind;—and who, instead of repining, either at the necessary or unnecessary restraints to which they may be subject in their parent's houses, are led to be habitually thankful for the blessings and comforts they actually enjoy, and are supported in their endeavours to throw their cares upon *their God.*

In the mean time Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters *being assembled in a room* into which Sophia had no

access, were engaged in conversing on what had just
place, and in discussing the character of the young
Miss Juliana and Miss Harriet seemed dispo
think that she wanted sense; but Mrs. Mortim
rather inclined to the opinion that it was not sense
she wanted so much as experience and knowledge
world. "She certainly is attached to Mr. Sack
said she, "and he to her; and they both wish the
I therefore cannot conceive what could have be
motive for breaking the matter so abruptly to her
and arming him, as it were, against herself: for she
not have expected from him any other answer
proposal than that which he gave her."

While the rest were speaking, Miss Clifford look
utterable things; and when she had heard every o
she burst out to the following effect.—"Indeed," sa
"I wonder at you all; yet not so much at my sist
at you, Mrs. Mortimer. If Sophia Mortimer is a
am one; and if she is a simple, undesigning charac
am I. No; depend upon it, she is as deep as the
and does nothing without design. There are no c
ters so profoundly artful as those who conceal th
under the semblance of truth. Depend upon it, S
knows the length and breadth of her father's fing
ter than either you or I do: and, notwithstandi
storming and raving as he did, I do not think she
have taken a wiser step towards the promotion
end, than what she did this evening. The Squire
an open, straight-forward manner; and Sophia l
that he does, and she acted accordingly. She wa
prepared for his bluster, and armed against it.
think I never saw a prettier piece of acting in m
than the scene between the roaring country Squir
good-hearted John Bull—and the pretty, modest,
ing daughter."

"Kate," said Mrs. Mortimer, "you are a naught
'Set a thief to catch a thief!'—is there not some
proverb? But I will not have you take such lil
with my husband, your honoured father. I won'
him called a roaring country Squire."

"*Well, then,* I won't repeat the words again,

mother," replied the daughter.—And so saying, the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room, and called for coffee.

I have said nothing of Mr. Mortimer's sons, and my readers may suppose that they therefore occupied but little of their father's attention; but the truth is, that they were at school near London, and were not to come home during the Christmas holidays, because their parents had engaged that they should spend them with Mrs. Mortimer's sister, a lady who lived near Windsor: Sophia was therefore obliged to postpone the pleasure she had promised herself of becoming acquainted with her brothers.

From the eventful day of which I have given so full a description, until that fixed for the journey to Bath, was only one short fortnight, during which every thing passed smoothly between Mr. Mortimer and his daughter. Nevertheless, Sophia felt herself still uneasy on account of her little Annette; particularly as the child still continued to weep bitterly whenever the journey was spoken of.—"Oh, Ma'am, dear Ma'am," the child would often say, "my mother is dead, and you are going away. What will become of little Annette?"

"I hope that I shall come again," Sophia would answer: "and then we shall be so happy." And on these occasions, she would try to direct the thoughts of the child to that great Being who is the Father of the fatherless.

As soon as the precise day for the journey was ascertained, Sophia sent Mrs. Cicely to Mr. Sackville, to give him information of the decision. And this she did without any attempt at secrecy: at once telling Mrs. Mortimer what she had done, and her motive for so doing

Mrs. Cicely, however, came back in very low spirits, informing Sophia that Mr. Sackville was very ill, and, in consequence, confined to his bed.

Here was a new cause of trouble to Sophia: and the several days previous to her journey were, therefore, very unhappy ones to her; though she endeavoured to bring her mind to all that *might* happen.

At length, the dreaded morning came; and the *sociable and the travelling-carriage* were driven up to the door.

Sophia breakfasted in her own room, with Annet

and Mrs. Doiley was in readiness to take the child, in case no message should be brought from Mr. Sackville. One only consolation at this time offered itself to Sophia: and that was, that her father, followed by his groom, had gone forward at day-dawn, and would not be present to be irritated by the tears she could not repress.

At length, she was informed that the ladies were ready; and, giving a last sad look at the brown oak parlour, she proceeded into the great hall, followed by the sobbing child, whom Mrs. Doiley in vain attempted to hold back.

The ladies were already in the sociable, and Sophia was kissing her beloved Annette for the last time, when Mr. Sackville himself, having passed the carriages, entered at the great door, and approached the weeping pair. He looked exceedingly pale, and was evidently much dejected; but the joy which both Sophia and Annette expressed at beholding him, brought back the colour to his cheeks.

"O! Mr. Sackville," said Sophia, "are you, at length, come! and are you better?" And then, scarcely knowing what she did, she extended her hand to him, adding, "I shall be happy now I have seen you again, and you appear so much recovered. To your hands I commend my little Annette. You will bear with her, and you will love her. You must indeed love her. She is worthy of your affection, and you can hardly conceive how dear she is to me."

"If she is dear to you, beloved Miss Mortimer," he said, "she must be so to me. She shall never know what it is to want a friend as long as I live." And as he gently strove to draw the little girl from Sophia, he added, "O, could I but hope that you would sometimes think of us when far away, I should be the happiest of human beings."

Sophia said nothing; but the sad expression of her modest eye spoke more than words could have expressed.

Mr. Sackville then led her to the carriage, but neither of them spoke. A new flood of tears gushed from the eyes of Sophia as she gave her parting look to Annett and Mr. Sackville; and then covering her eyes with h

handkerchief, she felt truly thankful that this scene had discovered no more to her step-mother and sisters than what they previously knew, and that, although they might charge with folly, they could not condemn her for deceit.

The carriage now moved off, and in such a direction that the house and park continued in view for some time; and as Sophia looked back for the last time, she saw Mr. Sackville, at a considerable distance, conducting little Annette across that part of the open lawn which led them towards Fairfield. She heaved a deep sigh, wiped away the fast-flowing tears, and now, for the first time in her life, heartily acquiesced in Job's declaration, that *Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.*

The journey to Bath was performed in three days, and the change of scene had a considerable effect in tranquilizing the mind of Sophia.

Mr. Mortimer had taken the precaution to secure a handsome house in the upper part of the city; and Sophia was exceedingly well pleased to have a small room appropriated to herself, with a light closet for her servant. "And now," said Mrs. Cicely, (who was much pleased with this arrangement,) while she was attending Sophia, "had we but our little Annette here, we might be tolerably happy."

Sophia sighed, and answered, "Annette would be a great comfort; but this place can never be like our beloved home."

Sophia had not, for some days past, been able to comprehend the state of her father's feelings towards her, for he had dealt largely in a kind of enigmatical phraseology, to this purport—"Never mind, Sophy, my dear: when we get you among us in Bath, we shall put all things to rights; and then we shall forget all our odd ways, and be more like other people:" these expressions being either followed up by an oath, or some sporting term, to which Sophia could attach no meaning whatever. The truth is, that Mr. Mortimer admired his daughter *very much, and loved* her more; but there was *something in her character* which made him uneasy, *because he thought it too* serious; and he feared that her *uple, Christian state of* mind might stand in the way

of her advancing herself in marriage. He flattered himself, therefore, when she was removed from the place of her education, and introduced into a gay society, that her prejudices would give way without any trouble: he was, therefore, not a little surprised, when, on the morning after their arrival in Bath, the public balls being made the subject of discourse, Sophia, with much simplicity, asserted, that, as she did not know how to dance, she, of course, could have no share in these amusements.

This declaration seemed to startle the whole party, but especially Mr. Mortimer, who, having left the management of his daughter's education to Mrs. Fortescue, had never conceived it possible that she should have omitted an accomplishment which he considered so essential as that of dancing. He set down a dish of tea, which, at that moment, he was just raising to his lips, and blamed Mrs. Fortescue for this negligence with a vehemence which made the tears start in the eyes of Sophia: she, however, said nothing, till her father asked his wife whether she thought it might not still be possible to repair this injury by procuring a dancing-master for Sophia.

Before Mrs. Mortimer could reply, Sophia calmly remarked, that she hoped her father would excuse what she was about to say, but that she thought it best at once to confess that it was impossible for her to partake of any of the amusements which are commonly followed in the world; adding, that the principles in which she had been brought up were so entirely opposite to every thing of the kind, that if she entered into any of them, it would be at the expense of subverting the whole system of her education.

This remark excited such general amazement throughout the party, that for a few moments no one spoke. At length, Mr. Mortimer, looking at her with smothered indignation, said, "Why, surely you do not mean to say that you will not go wherever I and your mother choose *that you should?*"

Sophia was silent, and looked down.

He repeated his question in coarser language, and a *louder voice.*

Sophia replied, "I know my duty to my earthly fath

and I know that his authority is inferior only to that of my heavenly Father."

"Amazing assurance! and that from you, Sophia?" said Mr. Mortimer, his lip quivering with rage.

Sophia trembled, but made no answer.

He repeated her name several times over, and asked her if she did not mean to reply when spoken to.

She looked up, and said, "Sir!"

"Repeat to me," he said, "your late bold assertion: repeat it, and then leave this house, and let me never see you more."

Sophia still remained silent; and Mr. Mortimer breaking out with increasing violence, his lady interfered, endeavouring to soothe him and to reason with Sophia, who, however, she secretly hoped might prove unpersuadable: for she could, by no means, endure the idea of being obliged to carry with her into every society, one whose superior beauty and attractions could not fail of totally eclipsing the charms of her own daughters.

Sophia replied to her mother's reasonings with much temper and sweetness; alleging, that the strict Christian principles in which she had been educated put it entirely out of her power to enter into any of the public pleasures of the world with satisfaction.

Mr. Mortimer, however, was not in a humour to bear these reasonings. He called his daughter a Methodist, and expressed a hope that Mrs. Fortescue might be already tasting the punishment of her hypocrisy.

On hearing this, Sophia, who, notwithstanding her assumed composure, had, no doubt, been violently agitated during the whole debate, burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed so violently, that Miss Clifford, who pretty well knew all her mother's secret thoughts on this occasion, took her by the hand, and led her out into the next room, where she contrived to soothe and console her, and in some degree to restore tranquillity; although, when left alone, Sophia could not, on reflection, discover whether her comforter approved or disapproved of what she had said to her father.

In the mean time, Mr. Mortimer had expressed himself with so much violence against his daughter for her obstinacy, and against poor Mrs. Fortescue for the

...more easy to manage her husl
to acquiesce in his opinions than by
them.

When Mr. Mortimer had received this
his wife, he went out, and proceeded to t.
in order to discover, from the book whicl
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The first person he met in the public r
James Horton. Mr. Mortimer did not exp
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The baronet inquired after the ladies o
particularly mentioning Sophia.

At the sound of her name, Mr. Mortimer'
again aroused, and he gave Sir James an ac
contest he had had with her in the morni
fast.

"Comical enough," said the baronet; "I
know whether I don't like her the better for
tell you what, Mr. Mortimer," added he, lo
cious, "I don't know whether I am not half
phia's opinion myself: for I really think t
be almost as well if the young ladies in thes
not quite so fond of dancing in ...
of things."

"And ..."

in reflecting on what had passed; and though she felt satisfied that the thing that she had done was in itself right, she still deplored the mode in which she had done it, charging herself with abruptness, want of respect in manner, and a variety of other failures, by which she felt herself condemned.

Thus must every sincere Christian find reason more or less to lament a large mixture of depravity blended with even his best actions, and be ready, in his most triumphant moments, to complain, "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

When the hour of dinner arrived, Sophia went trembling into the presence of her father. What then must have been her amazement to find him in perfect good-humour, and her old acquaintance, Sir James Horton, by his side!

As Sophia had never regarded this gentleman in any other light than that of a common acquaintance, she received him graciously; and thus good-humour seemed to be restored to the whole party.

From that day, several weeks passed in a dull round of nothings. Sophia was, indeed, never asked to go out, but then, as Sir James continually visited at the house, she found herself constantly engaged in conversation with him at home, if conversation it could be called; for, though he always sat by her after tea, he seldom ventured to say any thing, and she as seldom lifted up her eyes from her work. She saw less of the three Miss Cliffords, than when in the country, as they were out every evening; but Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer remained much at home, and received Sir James and other friends at their house. Sophia spent her mornings in her own room, Mrs. Cicely, to whom she often read, and with whom she talked much of Annette, and of the poor people she used to visit, but seldom mentioned Mr. Sackville's name.

At Christmas she made up a box for Annette, containing a variety of clothes made by her own hand, and a five-pound bill; all of which she sent off by a servant of the family, who *was returning* into Yorkshire. In answer to *which, she received* a letter, written by the old housekeeper *at the Hall*, containing Mr. Sackville's

thanks, and several little anecdotes of Annette; who had, she said, been to see her several times.

Sophia, on reading this letter, could not help shedding tears; for from that time, and for several successive days, she frequently indulged in thoughts about Mortimer Hall and Fairfield, meditating on these things in bed, and forming imaginary plans of happiness, from which neither Annette nor Mr. Sackville were, of course, excluded: and to these thoughts she continued to give way, knowing at the same time that she was doing wrong, till dissatisfaction with herself, and with every one about her, was the consequence. She fancied that her relations and connexions possessed qualities even more unpleasant than they really did.

Mrs. Mortimer, though wholly a worldly character, had never been unkind to Sophia, nor interfered with her in the execution of any of her plans; and though Sophia, had she known her motives, would perhaps not have owed her many thanks for her forbearance, yet, judging from appearance, she had no reason to be dissatisfied with her step-mother, and, to say the truth, she had never felt herself very uneasy with her, till at this period in which she had yielded in secret to self-pleasing. As to Mr. Mortimer, he was precisely the same as he had always been, and as Sophia had always known him to be; yet it was not till now that she began to experience, from his coarseness, a kind of disgust which a daughter ought by no means to acknowledge to herself, and a sentiment of displeasure at his second marriage, although that step was certainly justifiable. Once or twice, about this time, Mrs. Cicely inquired if she was unwell; and, one day, on her coming up from breakfast in a very disconsolate mood, the old servant asked her if any thing particular had happened that had affected her spirits. "Surely, my dear Madam," she said, "you have had no bad news out of Yorkshire?"

"No," replied Sophia, sighing; "but I hate this *Bath:* and Mrs. Mortimer looks so coolly upon me: *and my father* is so rough: he gets worse and worse *every day.*"

Mrs. Cicely looked hard at her young mistress, and

then said, "Why surely my dear young lady, you are not expecting to find heaven upon earth?"

"Not at Bath," replied Sophia, fretfully.

"Nor any where else," returned Mrs. Cicely. "If you do, Miss, you will be sadly disappointed. There are troubles in every situation of life; and I hope that you will not be one of those young ladies who make more than they need, by supposing that they are not well used, because their parents and friends have something else to do than to think of them, and be always striving to look pleasant and make themselves agreeable to them."

"Cicely!" said Sophia, looking at her with astonishment.

"Perhaps I am too bold," returned the old servant. "But, my dear Miss Mortimer, you cannot have forgotten that I was your nurse, that I closed the eyes of your dear mother, and that I enjoyed the privilege of being present whenever that best of women, good Mrs. Fortescue, gave you your lessons; and though I never pretended to understand many things which she taught you, yet, when she gave you religious instructions, grace was given me to comprehend a great deal of them. And thus some light was put into my mind which otherwise I should not have had; and by this light, my dear Miss Mortimer, I am led to see that it is sinful to give way to fretful and uneasy tempers, especially when we consider that this life is but a passing state, and, as the Pilgrim's Progress explains it, but a road or pathway to a better world. To be sure, my dear young lady, you have some trials; but can you not leave your cares on God? Do, my beloved Miss Mortimer, make the trial."

While Mrs. Cicely spoke, Sophia stood swelling, partly with anger, and partly with grief; and when the old servant was silent, the young lady walked out of the room, and down into the drawing-room, where, at that hour, she expected to be alone. A book was lying on the sofa-table. She took it up, and her eyes ran over some pages, but she knew not a word she read. She had never before felt so wretched; she had never hated herself so thoroughly, or esteemed Cicely so much. At length, unable to bear her own reflections any longe

she dashed down the book, ran up to her own room, fell on her knees before Cicely, threw her arms round her neck, and, bursting into tears, acknowledged all her faults, and even went so far as to beg her pardon.

The worthy old servant clasped her young mistress again and again to her bosom, made a thousand apologies for having spoken so freely, and for some moments wept without restraint over the darling of her heart.

This little incident had the most blessed effect on Sophia in restoring the equilibrium of her mind. Her father had allowed her music and drawing-masters: she now set her whole heart to improve by them. She employed Cicely to find out poor people, whom she relieved from her pocket-money, buying and making clothes for the needy. She cast aside all amusing books which had not a decidedly religious tendency, for there are certain states of mind when these act like poison on the feelings. She read the Bible, and the commentators upon it, aloud to Mrs. Cicely; and so wholly occupied all her powers both of mind and body, that she fell asleep the moment she laid her head on her pillow, and ceased for a length of time from all speculations on her future plans of life.

In the mean time, while Sophia was endeavouring to think as little as possible of Fairfield, any further than as it was connected with the interest she took in Annette, Miss Clifford, who had not been a careless observer of the manœuvres of the baronet, dull as they were, was not inattentive to the good policy of keeping up the remembrance of Mr. Sackville in the mind of Sophia: not that she ever addressed her directly on the subject of her regard for this young gentleman; still, she was never at a loss for some occasion, either of speaking of him to her sisters in Sophia's presence, or alluding to something which must necessarily bring him to that young lady's recollection.

And here we have an additional proof of that which every well-meaning young lady must already have dis*covered*—that there is often much more danger to be *apprehended* from indiscreet or designing persons of their *own sex*, than from their intercourse with the other. A *young woman* of correct views will seldom find it dif*ficult to check* the forwardness of any person who calls

himself a gentleman; but she will find it to be by no means so easy to silence the poisonous insinuations of a female companion, or to shut her ears against those evil communications which corrupt good manners, too often proceeding from persons of her own sex.

In the mean time, the tardy baronet had made up his mind to ask Mr. Mortimer for his daughter, which, one morning, as the two gentlemen were walking together to the pump-room, he accordingly did, with as little ceremony as he would have ordered a new pair of boots; never having dreamed of the possibility of his being refused.

The father received the overture with the greatest satisfaction; for Sir James was not only very rich, but of a rank to make his daughter a titled lady: besides which, he cherished the idea of outwitting Miss Clifford, with whose desires respecting Sir James he was better acquainted than he wished to have it thought. Accordingly, he gave the baronet every encouragement, and returned home in high glee, which he evinced by kicking up an uproar among his dogs, as soon as ever he had set his foot within the doors of his temporary dwelling.

The communication respecting Sir James's offer was made immediately to Sophia, and the young lady was told at the same time, by her father, that he expected her acquiescence, and would hear of no denial.

It cannot be said that Sophia had never thought of Sir James in the character in which he was now offered to her, for it must be remembered that Mr. Sackville had suggested this idea in the glen. But Sir James had evidenced so little interest in any conversation he had ever held with her, that she had been led to consider Mr. Sackville's alarm on his account to be altogether without foundation, and she therefore received the communication with unfeigned surprise: neither was it till after she was in some degree recovered from this amazement, that she could find words wherein to state her objections to Sir James in language at once sufficiently gentle and decisive to use in the presence of her father.

The Squire at first heard her with some degree of pa ence; but when he found that she was not to

brought over to his purpose by any arguments which he could urge, he broke out into such a storm of indignation, that Sophia was almost ready to faint with terror. Still, however, she adhered to her first declaration, and maintained her resolution never to accept of Sir James.

"What," said the Squire, "because you mean to have the parson? Now hear my words:" and, walking up close to her, he held up his clenched hand before her face—"You sha'n't have him,—that you sha'n't. So if I ever hear of your thinking about him again, I'll turn you out to live in my dog-kennel."

"I promised you, Sir," replied Sophia, "when in Yorkshire, that I never would marry him but with your approbation; neither will I carry on any intercourse with him unknown to you. I will also endeavour to think as little of him as possible, and I never willingly mention his name. But while I feel a distinguishing preference for him, I must persist in refusing every other man who may honour me with his notice."

"Distinguishing preference!" repeated the Squire; "what fool's language is that? Can't you speak out at once? Say that you like the man, and you won't marry any other man, and then I shall understand you, and know how to deal with you." And he raised his hand again, with such a threatening aspect, that Sophia retreated to the door, trembling from head to foot.

On seeing this the Squire burst forth again; and so loud were his menaces, that Mrs. Mortimer, who had been listening at the key-hole, thought proper now to come in. And as she opened the door, Sophia glided by her, and escaped to her own room.

Sophia never knew what then passed between her father and mother, for she was not called down till evening, when she found her father in a state of high yet sullen displeasure, and the rest of the family looking more or less uneasy. Mrs. Mortimer, however, was the only one who accosted her with any kindness when she came into the room; but as this lady seldom betrayed her real feelings, Sophia was left in a state of uncertainty respecting her sentiments on the late transactions.

From that time, Sir James was never more mentioned

to Sophia, and his visits were discontinued, though he was known to be still in Bath, and was often seen by the Miss Cliffords.

Sophia had hoped that her father's sullen humour towards herself would have cleared up after a few days: but this was by no means the case. The Squire continued to retain his displeasure against her, and often allowed his anger to break out in a very coarse and unseemly manner; insomuch, that the young lady herself began, after awhile, to feel offended, and to yield to dissatisfaction in her turn; forgetting that unreasonableness in a parent is no excuse for want of a cheerful acquiescence on the part of a daughter.

About this time, to add to Sophia's discomfort, Mrs. Cicely was taken ill; and, as Mr. Mortimer's groom was going back into Yorkshire, it was deemed advisable that she should return with him, Mr. Mortimer having taken it into his head that she encouraged Sophia in her attachment to Mr. Sackville. Mrs. Cicely was therefore sent to Mortimer Hall, and another servant was provided for the disconsolate Sophia. Mr. Mortimer, also, either from irritation of mind, or from being deprived of his usual exercise, became unwell; and as Mrs. Mortimer had her particular reasons for not wishing to go far from Bath, nothing would serve him but he would go to the Hot-Wells; with which arrangement she complied, leaving her daughters with a certain old dowager lady of quality, her acquaintance, in the house in Bath, which had been taken for six months, four only of which were expired.

It was with a sorrowful heart that Sophia left Bath, to accompany her parents to the Hot-Wells; for she looked forward to nothing but melancholy in the society of her incensed father.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer had taken their lodgings on St. Vincent's Parade, in a situation which commanded a view of the river and the beautiful rocks called St. Vincent's Rocks, near the Well-House, and small crescent adjoining it. The scene was lovely; but it wanted both the rural simplicity of the environs of Mortimer Hall, and the magnificent gaiety of the more fashionable parts of the city of Bath.

There had now subsisted a coldness between Sophia and her father for several weeks; in consequence of which, she avoided his presence as much as possible, seldom seeing him but at meals, and habitually spending the rest of her sad hours alone, not even having her old and faithful servant with whom to converse.

Spring was now advancing apace. The flowers were budding, the hedges becoming green, and many young lambs were sporting on the heights. Such sights and sounds were but too well calculated to recall to the mind of Sophia, as she walked solitarily under the rocks, or climbed the steeps which led to the Downs, the remembrance of her happy early days: and though, in these walks, she met many persons, yet all were equally unknown to her; and she often experienced that peculiarly sad sensation, of feeling herself alone in the midst of a crowd.

At this time, every thing around poor Sophia apparently conspired to prepare her mind for the indulgence of those dissatisfied and melancholy feelings, which such persons as deal in works of fancy commonly dignify by the name of love,—a sentiment, which they delight to trace through all its windings and modifications, and to describe as irresistible. These feelings, in fact, did for a short time powerfully influence the mind of Sophia on her first arrival at the Hot-Wells, when looking round on the beautiful objects of nature, with which that place abounds. She remembered her native woods and her little Annette, her thoughts, at the same time, dwelling much on one whom it was more dangerous to think of than ever, because she had solemnly bound herself never to form any connexion with him without the approbation of her father, and there was little room for the hope that this approbation would ever be given. But after awhile, although she had no human guide at hand, that Holy and Blessed Spirit, whose secret influence is equally above all human Wisdom and controul, made her sensible that *this* state of mind was not such as that religion which *requires the* devotion of the whole heart to God could by *any means* justify. She was, therefore, once again *induced to* make a strong effort to overcome her feelings,

she applied herself once more to the little book of directions left her by Mrs. Fortescue, and was particularly struck by this expression—

"What is commonly called love, is a selfish feeling, and frequently shuts up the heart of the person under its influence from every object but the one by which it is particularly excited: therefore, when love of this kind seizes the mind, it generally leads to the neglect of our duties, and perhaps, under superior motives, it could not better be contended with than by an immediate, consistent, and persevering attention to those duties, which should be persisted in till love has lost its power, and the heart is restored to peace."

"But what duties have I here," said Sophia, "in the pursuit of which I might divert these sad thoughts? Where is my little Annette? where are my poor people? where is my harpsicord? or my little school?" Here she burst into tears; but, quickly checking these rebellious thoughts, she, on again considering her situation, said to herself, "I have a Saviour whom I may seek, and to whom I may unite myself; a heavenly Father, who, through my Saviour, I may dare to love; and a promised assistant and comforter in the Holy Spirit, to whom I may freely open my heart. And by these shall I not, on earnestly praying, be led to see my duty, and to overcome these morbid feelings, by which I am rendered at once miserable and useless?"

From that day, Sophia strove earnestly to check these dangerous feelings; not allowing herself to indulge in the use of any kind of book or employment which could either strengthen or encourage them.

She committed to memory many hymns and texts of Scripture, besides daily reading with care such portions of the sacred volume as suited her present situation. She was earnest in prayer, and employed the remainder of her leisure in working for the poor, and other innocent occupations. By degrees her mind recovered its strength, and she became sensible, that its late state had been far from right. She also now saw what she wondered that she had not sooner discovered—that her silent acquiescence in her father's coldness had by no means proceeded, as she had supposed, from a humble state of mind

but, on the contrary, from pride and sullenness. Prompted by this conviction, she now endeavoured, without loss of time, to alter her conduct; to seek the society of her father and mother. Her advances were not ill received by her mother, who was at this time particularly pleased with her for having refused the baronet, and Sophia now found much assistance from her in restoring her father's good humour.

She had still much to bear from the coarseness and irritability of her father; notwithstanding which, she gained upon him so much, that, at length, he began to joke with her, and that, sometimes, before visiters, upon her rejection of Sir James, and her contempt of titles and fortune: and he once or twice even went so far as to wish Mr. Sackville had but a little more of the good things of this world, for his daughter's sake.

"My dear father," Sophia would sometimes answer on these occasions, "I desire to have grace to think of none of these persons; but to be kept in that state of mind in which I may be ready at all times to acquiesce in any thing that Providence may have appointed for me."

A loud laugh, or some coarse expression, was the general reply to a remark of this kind, from Mr. Mortimer; and Mrs. Mortimer usually expressed her doubt of the sincerity of young ladies when they make professions of this kind, with a gentle hint that she thought it might be quite as well if her dear Sophia were not so anxious to conceal from her friends her real sentiments.

Notwithstanding, however, Sophia's conviction that she did not possess the entire confidence of her parents, she still felt that, during the latter part of her residence at the Hot-Wells, she had succeeded in making herself agreeable to them: and sensible that she was thus in the way of duty, she became daily more cheerful.

While things were going on with Sophia in the manner which I have described, the Miss Cliffords remained at Bath, and were managing their affairs quite as successfully as they could have wished. Sir James had, indeed, taken flight; but Miss Juliana was addressed by a gouty old lord, and had every prospect of having the honour of being his third wife: and Miss Harriet was in the high road of becoming the lady of a certain Nawab

or old Civilian from the East Indies, who was reported o have more rupees than wit. These were circumtances which greatly elevated the spirits of Mrs. Mortiner, and made her, therefore, vastly better company han she would otherwise have been.

And now the month of March was gone, and April vas come in, with her wreaths of hawthorn, her violets, ier primroses, and her mildest zephyrs. Sophia, as I beore remarked, had been seeking, for some time, entirey to resign her own will to that of her heavenly Father, and had, in consequence, been blessed with a considerable degree of peace, when certain circumstances, which I shall hasten to relate, successively took place.

It is at this time, I imagine, scarcely necessary to tell my reader, that, if Sophia had found it difficult to avoid thinking of Mr. Sackville, this good young man had also the same difficulty to encounter with regard to her. That he respected and loved her more than any other young lady he had ever known, was very certain; but whether it was right for him to indulge this affection he knew not, as he had every reason to believe that his addresses would not be approved by her father. He, too, had, therefore, endeavoured to put the affair into the hands of Providence, with an entire resignation of his own will.

The winter, however, passed with him in, at least, an uneasy manner: for, although he was at home, and had many consolations, and many interesting duties; yet he was more than once troubled by reports respecting Sophia, and was almost afraid that Sir James might in the end carry away from him that prize which he valued more than all that the world could give him besides. In the month of April, however, a sudden and unexpected change was made in his prospects by the death of a distant relation, who bequeathed to him a property in the funds, fully worth three hundred a year, with various articles of household furniture, plate, and linen.

Mr. Sackville, although the next heir to this person, had never built *upon receiving* any thing from him, as he *was a humourist, and it was,* therefore, supposed would *ave found some other objects* to whom to bequeath his *operty. The young gentleman* was, consequently, the

more surprised when made acquainted
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By this time, Sophia had entirely won
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"Sackville!" repeated the Squire, with o
rough expressions.

"Yes, Sir," said the servant, "Mr. S
Fairfield. It is Mr. Sackville, to be sure."

All that was in Sophia's hand fell from
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In the mean time, Mr. Sackville was in
kindly received by Mrs. Mortimer; whil
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Whether Mr. Sackville spoke to Sophia, or whether she made any answer, no one present could have ascertained: but certain it was, that, unless Mrs. Mortimer had exerted herself, nothing could have been more embarrassing than the scene, which, on this occasion, was witnessed at the breakfast table; and if Sophia did not burn her mouth with a scalding dish of tea, it was because she swallowed down the liquor so hastily, that her lips escaped while her throat was almost on fire.

At length this troublesome breakfasting was over, and Mr. Sackville requested a private audience with Mr. Mortimer, which was afforded him by Mrs. Mortimer taking her daughter out of the room.

I do not mean to enter into the particulars of the conversation between these two gentlemen. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Mortimer's mind for a short time hung in doubt between the pleasure of making his daughter happy, and the chance of seeing her a titled lady. At length, the recollection of Sophia's late sweet and amiable deportment obtained a triumph over his ambition, and he permitted Mr. Sackville to endeavour to obtain his daughter's approbation. "But I will tell you what, young man," added he, in his boisterous way; "I should be heartily glad if I thought there was no chance of your succeeding."

Those persons who have read the former part of this story, will, of course, have no expectation that Mr. Sackville would meet with a repulse from Sophia: on the contrary he met with all the encouragement which the most perfect modesty would admit of; and, after a few day's residence at the Hot-Wells, he returned, to prepare his humble dwelling for his lovely bride.

It had been suspected by the inhabitants of Fairfield and its neighbourhood, for what purpose his journey to the Hot-Wells was undertaken; and when he returned home with a smiling countenance, and began to add some simple decorations to his house and garden, what had before been a mere matter of conjecture now became a certainty, *and a cause of* great rejoicings throughout the parish.

Mr. Mortimer had presented Mr. Sackville with two

hundred pounds, desiring him to add two convenient rooms to his house; and this improvement was commenced with all possible expedition, as Sophia's father declared that he would not part with his daughter till they were finished.

In a few months, this work was accomplished, at least, as far as was possible till the walls were sufficiently dry to admit of interior ornaments; and every thing within and without being set in order, Mr. Sackville prepared himself for a journey into the south, in order to bring back his beloved Sophia.

On the day of his departure, having previously given all requisite orders to his man-servant and housekeeper, who had hitherto performed a variety of offices, but who now was to be relieved by one assistant, he turned to the little Annette, when, taking her in his arms and kissing her, he said, "And now, my beloved Annette, I am going away for a little time; but I hope to come back very soon and bring you a mother, from whom I hope you never may be parted while you stand in need of a mother's care."

The child clasped her arms round his neck, and, pressing her damask cheek to his, exclaimed, "No, no, Sir, no, no: I do not want a mother; but I want my own dear, dear Miss Mortimer."

"Sweet child!" he replied, "I hope and trust your wish may be granted: and I will write to you the day before I come home; and you shall put on your best frock, and be ready to run to meet us, when we get out of our carriage."

Annette smiled, but wept again when Mr. Sackville tore himself from her arms.

Mr. Mortimer's family had left their houses in Bath and at the Hot-Wells, and were at a watering-place on the Devonshire coast. Mr. Sackville had therefore a long journey: but his impatience was rewarded in the end by a sight of his beloved and smiling Sophia. He *found* her in the midst of the gayest society, still blessed *with her* late simple and holy state of mind.

I shall not give an account of her marriage, which by *her own* desire, was performed as quietly as possible

but shall describe to my readers what I think may perhaps be more interesting to them, namely, the arrival of this happy young couple at their own home.

It was a fine evening in the month of August, when Sophia first again discerned the high grounds and woods in the neighbourhood of Mortimer Hall. The look which at this moment she gave to Mr. Sackville, conveyed more pleasure to his pious and simple heart than is experienced by a vicious mind through the longest and most successful life. "There," said Sophia, "are the beloved woods: and you say, my dear Edward, that they are within a very pleasant distance from your house?"

"Not my house, my beloved Sophia," he said, "but yours. Henceforward, all that I have is yours."

Sophia looked down, and her long dark eye lashes concealed the tears which suffused her gentle eyes; but there was a sweet smile on her lovely lips. "My little Annette!" she said, "my sweet little Annette! And is she grown? Does her pretty flaxen hair curl as it used to do?"

"It was a happy day, my lovely Sophia, when we first saw Annette," replied Mr. Sackville; "and, though it should please God to bless us with many children, we shall still, I trust, consider our little Annette as our eldest and not least beloved."

The tears gushed unrestrained from the eyes of the grateful Sophia, as she heard these words,—tears of joy and ineffable thankfulness to the almighty Bestower of all good, for his infinite mercy in granting her a partner for life, whose piety and charity were such as are but rarely to be met with even in this Christian country.

And now the carriage approached the outskirts of the park, while every moment some old well-known object presented itself to the delighted recollection of Sophia.

They now drew near to the lodge; and through the iron gates Sophia had a momentary glimpse of the bridge and gravel road leading to the Hall, terminated by the house itself, half concealed by trees, yet disclosing the windows of the oak parlour to full view. Sophia saw, too, the spot where she had beheld the little Annette for

the last time, in the hand of her now
husband.

Scarcely had they passed the lodge, when they heard
the bells of several churches sounding from different
quarters. The cheeks of Sophia flushed when she under-
stood the cause of this rejoicing; and, turning to Mr.
Sackville, she said, "O what a call is this upon us so to
act that these poor people may have reason to rejoice in-
deed that we are come among them!"

And now they had proceeded a long way in a line
with the park-paling, and were come to that place at the
upper side of the park where the road took a direction
towards Fairfield. The carriage now began to ascend,
till it reached an eminence from which was seen the lit
tle village itself, almost embosomed in trees, and stan
ing in a fertile plain, while just beyond, upon a ris
ground appeared the church and pretty parson
house. The bells rang loudly and merrily as the
tered the village street, and many persons were col
at the doors of the houses, to welcome, by respectfu
and courtesies, their minister and his lovely bride.

Sophia recollected, among these, many of th
people from the neighbourhood of the Hall, a
innocent joy affected her even to tears.

The carriage had now passed the village, and
towards the rectory, which, though an old
dwelling, yet, from its being stuccoed with sto
and adorned with a green latticed verandah in
ated in a garden abounding with the choicest
flowers, presented a very pleasant appearan

But the sweetest flower, in the eyes of S
there presented itself, was the little blushin
ling Annette, holding good Mrs. Cicely by t
as Sophia afterwards found, had taken a
in the village of Fairfield, and was livin
of her long services.

Sophia and Annette could hardly wai
the carriage door, before they were in e
weeping abundantly, and thus relieving
that excess of joy by which they mig
overwhelmed.

The happy party were then led by Mr. Sackville into his favourite room, a large old-fashioned apartment, which served as a study and dining-room, having one window looking towards the village, and another into the blooming and fragrant garden. Here a handsome collation had been set out and decorated with many sweet herbs: and nothing would serve the young and affectionate pair but that the faithful Mrs. Cicely should sit down with them and share in the repast; while the little Annette became almost boisterous with excessive joy.

The evening was finished with a prayer of thanksgiving to the bountiful Giver of all good gifts.

And now, having described the happiness of this pious young couple,—a happiness, surely, never to be tasted by young persons who allow their minds before marriage to be carried away by any feelings unauthorized by religion, or who deliberately and perversely allow their own unsanctified desires to interfere with their duties either to God or their fellow-creatures,—I shall proceed to say, that the promise of happiness given to this beloved young pair did not prove delusive; and time, as it passed with Mr. Sackville, only tended to prove to himself, and to all who knew him—

"How much the wife was dearer than the bride."

In order to have the more means of doing good, and to preserve themselves as much as possible from anxious cares, the young people set out in a humble way of living; and though Sophia had brought her husband an ample fortune, and at different times afterwards received some very handsome presents from her father, yet she always preserved the most humble habits, and desired to be expensive only in her charities.

Annette never lost her place in the affections of her adopted parents, though they were blessed with many lovely children of their own. From the day of their marriage, they resolved to lay aside certain little savings for the use of this dear child when she should come of age, and they would rather have chosen to reduce their own modes of living, than to have departed from their original intentions respecting her.

Sophia bestowed upon this her eldest child, as she always called her, the best instructions which she was capable of giving, (and of what is not a pious and tender mother capable?) and her labours were returned in kind in a much shorter time than she had foreseen: for Annette being so much older than the eldest of her own children, she was enabled so to guide and direct them in their hours of recreation, that she proved an essential benefit to them.

Mrs. Cicely spent the remainder of her days in her small house in the village of Fairfield, having sufficient to maintain herself in great comfort without labour. But as her health had been better since she had seen her young lady happy, she, after awhile, began to be weary of total want of employment, and made herself very useful in visiting the sick among the poor, besides sometimes undertaking an office of the same kind in the families of the more affluent; and thus adding a few guineas every year to her small income. Her Sunday afternoons were however usually spent at the rectory, on which occasions, Mr. Sackville always insisted on her taking her place at his own table.

Mr. Sackville and his beloved Sophia had, it is true, some sorrows, in common with all other mortals. Among their trials, was the loss of several infants in the cradle. But perhaps of all afflictions attendant on man's state on earth, this is the one which best admits of the consolations of religion. The loss of a beloved infant inflicts, in truth, a deep and bleeding wound; but for wounds like these there is a balm which, when duly sought and applied, presently assuages the smart, and restores the wounded part to perfect health.

And now, before I conclude my narrative, it may perhaps be expected that I should say something of the Squire and his family; the elder part of which remained in or near some one or other of the most fashionable public places till the old gentleman wished all these public places sunk in the sea, and even Mrs. Mortimer herself became weary of her own and her eldest daughter's manœuvrings.

At length, an end was put to all these schemes by the marriage of Miss Juliana to her old lord, and that of

Harriet to her rupees: after which, the two brides, g each quarrelled with her elder sister, to whom vere both in some degree indebted for their splen- ttlements, it was agreed that the Squire, with the r and single daughter, should return to take up abode in Yorkshire; in pursuance with which hey arrived at Mortimer Hall about twelve months he marriage of Sophia.

he course of time, Mrs. Mortimer became some- eavy and infirm, and sunk into excessive indolence. Clifford took upon herself the management of the and spent some of her superabundant activity in g with the Squire, scolding the grooms, and put- l the lower offices into confusion.

Mortimer frequently visited his beloved Sophia, ok extreme delight in her children. At first, he ed Mr. Sackville's religious principles, but at he was, however, brought to tolerate them, even as to put his sons under his tuition; and in his old s daughter had the happiness of believing that a lecided change had taken place in his mode of ig: while she enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her rs grow up as real gentlemen and sincere Chris-

now close the history of Sophia with this request our young female readers will study her character, deavour, like her, to cast all their cares, with res- their future establishment, on him who knoweth s best for them; for in this confidence in the Al- all true wisdom consists. And let us remember, *e time is short: it remaineth, that both they that vives be as though they had none; and they that as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, ugh they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as h they possessed not; and they that use this as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world h away.* (1 Cor. vii. 29—31.)

he lady *of the manor* finished this story, she looked *watch, and saw* with some surprise, that she had *rably exceeded* the usual time. She therefore

iout commenting on the narrative, requested her ng people to join her in prayer.

A Prayer for a holy and heavenly State of Mind.

"BLESSED and glorious Lord God, we sinners lie at e door of thy mercy, beseeching thee to forgive all our numerable offences, for the sake of that blessed atone- nent which the Lord Jesus has made by the sacrifice of himself. O Lord, what a world of corruption and vani- ty wilt thou find in our hearts! O take out thence every evil thought, and subdue every sinful inclination. Mor- tify all the vicious principles which thou seest in us. Let thy blessed Spirit renew our souls, sanctify all the powers of our nature, and make us holy as God is holy. Strengthen our pious resolutions under all the frailties of youth, and against the assaults of temptation; for, though we would willingly avoid every thing that dis- pleases thee, yet we know our own weakness, and there- fore we humbly put ourselves under the constant pro- tection of thy grace. Preserve our younger years from the pollutions of the world, and guard us throughout this dangerous stage of life. Help us to set a more careful watch over our thoughts, our lips, and our actions, that we offend not our God, and have continual cause for bit- ter repentance. Choose thou, O Lord, our inheritance for us, and our portion in this world, and be thou our portion and happiness in the world to come. Let no our hearts be set on worldly pleasures and riches; but f our affections on things above, where Jesus Christ sits thy right hand.

"O Almighty God, we are not sufficient for th things of ourselves; for, who among the children of m has yet been enabled to cry out, 'O God, thy will, mine, be done?' who ever has been enabled to cast cares at the foot of the cross, and leave them there u turbed? or who, even among the faithful, has been bled to place his infant Moses among the bulrushes *out* setting one to watch what may become of him

"O Father, we know that perfect faith is able umph over every trial appointed to man on ea

where is perfect faith? Where was it of old? and where is it now? Lord, what then remains for us to do, but to cry, 'Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief?' We desire to possess holy hearts and pure affections; we desire to be raised above the love of earthly pleasure, and that idolatrous regard for any temporal object, by which our hearts may be drawn away from thee. Our lives have hitherto passed in restless longing after some imaginary worldly good; and in pursuit of these we have lost many opportunities of doing thy holy will and pleasure, and enjoying those innocent delights and quiet satisfactions, the means of which are profusely shed in the path of every individual of the children of Adam.

"Heavenly Father, relieve us, we beseech thee, from these wretched longings after sublunary joys, and lift our affections on high, to the object of supreme love and everlasting bliss. Teach us to seek present happiness only in the way of duty; and though we my find some dark and weary steps in this path, yet grant us grace to pursue our journey till light shall break upon our steps, and peace be shed upon our hearts.

"And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, both now and for evermore. Amen."

CHAPTER XX.

Eighth Commandment.—Thou shalt n

"I AM now prepared, my dear young f
the lady of the manor, on occasion of the
at the manor-house, "with a narrative
commandment, which will probably intr
higher life than the subject seems to pro
The young ladies smiled, and Miss Em
ed, that, a short time since, she should no
to be introduced into high life by a dis
subject of stealing, but that she cou
much astonishment, even if such a sub
persons of elevated rank under her no
The lady of the manor then orde
no sooner despatched than she comm
rative.

The History of Frederic

The earl of P—— had two d
whom, lady Charlotte, was ver
younger, lady Anne, was as rem
appearance, her person being
spoiled by the small pox: in
cidental circumstances, lady
presentation, was married t
lady Anne was obliged to
who had not only the mi
but was also so unhappy a
to the lucky speculations
trade.

The seat of the earl of V——, called Clifton Castle, was situated in one of the finest counties in the west of England; and Mr. Lambert's beautiful villa and flourishing estates lay so near to those of the earl, that the families attended the same parish church, and the sisters, who were very fond of each other, were enabled to meet almost every day—the countess being reconciled to the inferiority of lady Anne's marriage in point of rank, on consideration of Mr. Lambert's immense riches, and the magnificence of his establishment.

Mr. Lambert was, also, an inoffensive character, when considered merely in the light of a neighbour, and as far as concerned those persons to whom he thought he ought to look up. To those whom he regarded as superiors no man could be more servile and submissive: whether he was equally accommodating to his inferiors will appear in the course of this narrative. He had himself been brought up to trade, and, some persons pretended to say, behind the counter of a linen-draper. But, be this as it may, he was extremely ignorant with respect to every branch of gentlemanly knowledge, excepting, indeed, such as may be acquired in high society by the most superficial observation; and to these minutiæ he paid such close and unremitting attention, that, before he had been many months in his new situation, he was a perfect oracle in all matters of ordinary etiquette. He knew the precise place which each person ought to take at a large dinner-table, who ought to walk out of a room first, who should lead the dance at the county balls, how many dishes and how many removes it was necessary to put on a table on such and such occasions; with a thousand other impertinences, on which a real gentleman would never bestow a single serious thought.

At the same time, his private studies consisted of books of heraldry, court calendars, treatises on ornamental gardening, and such parts of the daily newspapers as treated of the anecdotes of fashionable life. His highest ambition *was to have* a fine place, an elegant equipage, *to be thought intimate* with the great, and to be particularly well dressed; and he would have deemed it a more serious evil to be detected in a breach of etiquette, tha

be found guilty of the most grievous offence against morality: at the same, it must, however, be understood that he was by no means what the world calls an immoral man. He neither drank to excess, nor gambled, nor kept bad company: but this was not because he had any horror of vice, but simply because he happened not to feel any inclination that prompted him to the commission of gross offences of this nature. He was, moreover, excessively timid, and retained his original character of a man-milliner even when at the head of an immense establishment, and connected in marriage with a lady of noble family.

It happened, however, that the wife which Mr. Lambert had chosen was a truly respectable woman. I say, "happened," because Mr. Lambert had by no means selected her on account of any good qualities he had observed in her, but because she was the only single lady of title with whom he was acquainted, and it had entered into his head that lady Anne would have a very agreeable sound in connexion with Lambert.

Lady Anne was very young when she married Mr. Lambert; she soon, however, discerned his foibles, and managed them so well, (her rank giving her an influence over him which the most charming woman without a title, never could have acquired,) that, during her life, he acquired a respectability in society which he never totally lost, although she was spared to him only a short time.

Mr. Lambert earnestly desired a son, and it was, therefore, felt to be some disappointment, that he had no prospect of a family for more than a year after their marriage. At length, however, the hope of an heir was given: but on the very day that Mr. Lambert saw the fulfilment of this hope in the birth of a son, he was deprived of his valuable wife, and the countess of a sister whom she dearly loved.

On this occasion, lady V—— acted like a true friend. She took the infant (who was called Robert, after his *uncle*) to Clifton Castle; and, having provided him with *a nurse*, kept him under her care till he was seven years *of age*: at which time he was restored to his father, who *had* procured a tutor for him, a gentleman who,

d, was in every respect calculated for the impor-
office—a circumstance which, speaking after the
er of the world, I should call very lucky: for Mr.
ert had required nothing in the preceptor of his
it good manners and a thorough knowledge of the
s, but he found him, in addition to these qualifica-
a truly pious and amiable companion.
the mean time, lady V—— had presented her hus-
with two children, a son and a daughter. The
ter, lady Augusta, was three years younger than
t Lambert, and, from her earliest infancy, promis-
possess more than her mother's beauty.
Lambert no sooner heard of the birth of this little
ian he fixed upon her as the future wife of Robert;
much was his mind filled with this idea, that he
not to impart it to his sister-in-law, the countess,
admitted the proposal with a degree of alacrity
was perfectly ridiculous, when we consider that
ife-elect was still in her cradle.
d Clifton, the son of the earl of V——, was not
ill two years after his sister: and, as he advanced
rs, nothing remarkable appeared in his character,
r was there any thing particularly attractive in
terior, but an elegance of manner and general po-
ss in his carriage, which marked the young noble-

is, in as concise a manner as possible, have I stated
uations and circumstances of the several persons
re to act some of the most conspicuous parts in the
ing history; and I shall now at once proceed to
art of the narrative in which my history may pro-
be said to commence, which was at the time when
t Lambert was brought from Clifton Castle, and
l under the care of his appointed tutor, Mr. Day.
many of the events which I am about to relate
d, humanly speaking, to depend upon the charac-
Robert, I think it right to give my reader a very
ular description of his character, and also of the
al appearance *of the* boy; appearances being cir-
ances of no small moment in the circle in which
destined to move.
rt Lambert was one of those coarse, dark com-

plexioned boys, who sometimes turn out much better looking than could possibly have been expected of them when mere children. His features were strongly marked, his eyes large, and his lips prominent. His person was strong made and thick-set, his temper hasty, and his manners were incurably rough; though he wanted neither understanding nor feeling, and was sensible of kind treatment, but, at the same time, violently rebellious and untractable when harshly used. He showed, at an early age, a decided aversion to every kind of dissimulation, and prided himself upon a degree of openness which amounted even to rudeness.

While residing at Clifton Castle, he had accidentally overheard some remarks made upon his father's character, and certain ridiculous allusions to his formality, preciseness, and awkward imitations of the great man. These observations were, undoubtedly, never meant to reach Robert's ears: but they had reached them, and had thus awakened sensations which could never be destroyed, and which co-operating with the natural bent of his own mind, tended to produce a character as directly contrary to that of his father as two characters could possibly be.

When Robert was placed under the care of Mr. Day, that excellent man soon made himself acquainted with his pupil's dispositions; and, observing the errors into which he had been allowed to fall, he set himself to counteract them, by instilling into his mind, as soon as possible, those pure Christian principles by the exercise and application of which the valleys are exalted, the mountains brought low, and the rough places made plain: and, through the divine blessing on his labours, there is no doubt that Mr. Day would, in time, have succeeded in rendering his pupil all that he could have wished, had there not been a counteracting influence continually at work to undo all that the good tutor endeavouring to effect.

Mr. Day possessed sufficient authority to keep Robert out of the way of the flatteries of the servants and dependants of the family: but he could not protect him from the misplaced and ill-timed interferences of his father, who considered himself dreadfully scan-

ighness of his son's deportment, and was, there-
ost eagerly desirous to see the little boy as deli-
his appearance, and as graceful in his manners,
e of the puny sprigs of nobility with which he
ome acquainted at Clifton Castle.

is in vain that Mr. Day continually reasoned with
mbert on this subject, and advised him to wait
e operation of a good and gentlemanly education
have produced its useful fruits of gentility and po-
in his son. On this point, Mr. Lambert would
reason. He insisted upon it, that Robert should
shed first, and educated afterwards; and, in fa-
his own views, he pleaded the example of seve-
ldren whom he had seen at lord V——'s, whose
e of manner had been evident from the cradle.

ese remarks, Mr. Day would reply, that, in the
imperfect state of human nature, all natural per-
were never found in the same person, some chil-
eing endowed with one pleasing quality, and
with another; some being born with a certain
e of carriage which others can acquire but with
y, and that only in an imperfect degree, even by
ourse of tuition. "Your son Robert, Mr. Lam-
ppens not to have this natural elegance," ad-
Day: "but there is, however, that in him, which,
e divine blessing, will make a valuable man and
man; yet, by endeavouring to force him out of
ral line, we shall only render his manners con-
and awkward. Let him see nothing but what
od taste, let him be required to render civility to
ne about him, and to give a proper attention to
vation of his mind; and there is no fear but that,
his outward deportment will become gentleman-
raceful."

ay's arguments were good; but they were quite
e comprehension of Mr. Lambert, who could by
s think of waiting to let Robert grow up, before
d become such a gentleman as he wished him
He therefore, as I have said, continually marred
le and pious plans of the tutor, and kept up a
irritation in the mind of his boy, by constant,
nd injudicious interferences.

Instead of leaving little Robert in peace to study in Mr. Day's apartment, to walk out with this same beloved tutor when the tasks were concluded, to dig with dirty hands in some obscure corner of the shrubbery, and to amass snail-shells, painted stones, and string, in his own way; he was continually forcing him into view, and then reproaching him, if, when thus dragged forth, he did not appear with all the ease, freedom, and propriety, of a jockey of the first rate. "There is lady V——'s carriage," Mr. Lambert would say: "fly, Robert; hand her ladyship through the Hall. But, stop: are your hand's clean?—Mr. Day, look at the boy's hands. Where is Cox? Where is your valet, Robert? Why did he suffer you to come to breakfast with such hands? O, you have been grubbing for snail-shells! No excuse at all: pity you were not born among the beggars. You never will be a gentleman; you were never intended for a gentleman. You are using your fork, Master Lambert, instead of your spoon. Cox, a spoon for Master Robert: not a large spoon; a dessert-spoon. What! did you never sit down to dinner with gentlemen before?" And then would commonly follow pathetic calls on the butler, the gentleman out of livery, and every footman, in his turn. "Is there no one here who can give Master Lambert a spoon?—Llewellyn, Burton, John, Thomas,—is it impossible to make interest for a spoon? Not a table-spoon, I beseech you. Does no one here know a dessert-spoon from a table-spoon? Mr. Day, my dear Mr. Day, I beseech you, do see that the boy does not contract such horrid habits."

In this manner Robert was tutored from day to day, from hour to hour. It is no wonder, then, if the boy's prejudices against his father's peculiarities grew stronger every moment, and if, notwithstanding the counteracting influence of Mr. Day, he still retained his natural roughness and untractability of character.

While things were proceeding thus, an only sister of Mr. Lambert's, the widow of a clergyman, died: leaving a son, about one year younger than Robert, of which she appointed her brother the guardian, bequeathing the whole of her property, which was something more than three thousand pounds, to his care, for the use of her child.

Mr. Lambert had been fond of his sister, though he
d not seen her for many years. As soon, therefore, as
heard of her death, he sent for the child, purposing
educate him with his own son, and to allow his for-
ıe to accumulate for his use against he came of age.
› accordingly sent one of his servants for Frederick
lconer; and, as Mr. Day gladly undertook his tuition
thout an increase of salary, every thing was speedily
ranged for the reception of the orphan, while Robert,
th pleasure, looked forward to the prospect of having
ittle companion of his own sex.

Lady V—— was in Mr. Lambert's drawing-room, con-
rsing with her brother-in-law on their favourite scheme,
hich was the marriage of Augusta and Robert, and Mr.
ımbert was expressing a hope that Augusta would be
ıabled to give the polish he so ardently wished to see
her intended husband, the want, however, of which
dy V—— did not greatly regard, as she felt much rather
ısirous that her future son-in-law should continue what
› was, than be in the least like his father; when the
ırriage which brought little Falconer drove up to the
›or.

Robert and Augusta were, at the same time, playing
ı the hall, from whence they ran with glee into the
rawing-room to announce the little stranger.

"Bring him in, bring him in," said lady V——, with
ivacity: "let us see what kind of creature he is."

"He is very pretty, mamma," said Augusta, whisper-
ıg in her mother's ear: "I have seen him."

The servant now appeared, bringing in Frederick, who
ras dressed in a new suit of deep mourning, with his
hirt-frill as white as snow, plaited neatly, and giving an
legant finish to his dress. At the door he bowed, and
tood still till desired to approach.

This little boy had been brought up under the eye of a
ridowed mother, and possessed also in an uncommon
egree all those exterior perfections, the want of which
ad so imbittered the life of Robert Lambert. He was
all for his age, elegantly formed, and, instead of having
air which, like poor Robert's, either stood directly up-
ght like bristles on the back of a certain inelegant
druped, not to be mentioned in genteel company, o'

hung over his forehead in inglorious confusion, was arranged by nature in the most picturesque curls, parted on the brow, and shading the sides of his blooming cheeks. These ringlets were of the darkest and richest auburn, his eyes were deep blue, his eye-lashes long, his features regularly beautiful, and his complexion was fair, though glowing. In short, it was impossible to behold a more graceful or lovely boy than little Frederick Falconer; and when he was introduced to his uncle, there was a mixture of affection and timidity in his manner which was peculiarly captivating, and remarkably adapted to his friendless situation.

"Is he not pretty?" said Augusta, whispering to her mamma. "What is his name?"

"Frederick Falconer," replied lady V——.

"And may I play with him?" asked the little lady, looking upon him as a new and delightful toy.

"He is tired now," said lady V——.

"Are you tired, little Master Frederick?" said Augusta, stroking his face with her dimpled hand. "Will you play with me when you have rested?"

The little boy smiled but did not speak.

"And may he come to Clifton?" said Augusta.

"In a few days," replied lady V——.

"Will you come, Master Frederick, in a few days?" said Augusta, repeating her mother's words, while she held out her hand to him.

The little boy took the offered hand, but at the same moment burst into tears.

"Why do you cry, little Master Frederick?" said Augusta: and she looked at lady V——, as if for an explanation.

"Why do you shed tears, my little dear?" asked lady V——.

"Because she looks so like my little Emily; and Emily is dead."

"Emily!" repeated Augusta; what Emily?"

"My little sister Emily," said the orphan boy, *sobbing;* "and Emily is dead."

Augusta could bear no more: her tender bosom swelled, and a gentle colour suffused her whole face; for her feelings had not yet been rendered callous by the cold

prudential system of a worldly education. Her lovely eyes at the same time became filled with tears, and she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

In the mean time, Robert stood looking on, being touched with the tears of his young companions, and having no apprehension of the consequences which might ensue from the arrival of his handsome little cousin.

Little Frederick was, soon afterwards, sent into Mr. Day's apartment to partake of some refreshments, and thither the two children followed him.

"What a charming boy that is!" said lady V——, as soon as the children were out of hearing; and she ran on for some time in the warmest praises of his beautiful eyes, elegant shape, and gentlemanly air.

In reply to this, Mr. Lambert expressed his regrets that Robert did not resemble him, and concluded by bitter complaints of the awkwardness and ungracefulness of his son and heir.

Lady V—— answered, as she really felt, that she thought Robert a fine boy, though certainly not so handsome as Frederick. "But what is beauty in a man," she added, "provided he has the manners and sentiments of a gentleman?"

I wish my reader to observe, in this place, that little or nothing has hitherto been said on the necessity of religion to complete the character of a gentleman, or rather, to form the basis of it. But lady V—— and Mr. Lambert knew little more of religion than its name; it therefore cannot be supposed that they would enter upon the subject in familiar conversation. Lady V—— took her leave that evening; and the next morning, Mr. Lambert, his son, and Mr. Day, being at breakfast together, the following conversation took place—little Fredrick Falconer having not yet arisen.

"Mr. Day," said Mr. Lambert, "what do you think of Frederick? He is precisely the style of boy I admire. My sister was happy in having such a son."

Robert was deeply engaged in forming the semblance of the arch of a *bridge with* a crust of bread when this *conversation commenced*, and, therefore, did not at first *hear a word of what* was passing.

Mr. Day answered, that he had seen so little of th

, that he could form no notion as yet of his cha-
er.
But his person, Mr. Day, his person," said Mr. Lam-
rt, (who judged of human beings as he would have
one of a piece of silk—by its effect on the eye,) "you
nust have observed that his person is uncommonly
ine?"

At this moment Robert looked up, as if attending to
what his father was saying.

"What is person in a child, Sir?" said Mr. Day. "
is a mere accidental circumstance, which is of no cons
quence either one way or the other."

"I by no means agree with you, Mr. Day," rep
Mr. Lambert: "a good person is a letter of recomm
ation to a man or woman in any company. I
Robert, I wish," he added, "you were more like
cousin."

"I am as I was made," said Robert, sullenly, n
feeling the symptoms of dislike to his young rel

"Not entirely so, Robert," returned Mr. L
you have, by your neglect of good manne
yourself much inferior to what you were by n
you would but hold yourself up, be attenti
gers, and learn to make a graceful bow whe
a room, there would not be quite so shockin
between you and your cousin."

Robert reddened. He seemed inclined t
observing the eye of his tutor upon him
standing its expression, he was silent; yet
to do something to hide his embarrassm
his dish of scalding tea, and, having fille
full as it could hold, he was compelled
hot liquor, which he could not swallo
back into his cup, to the great horror
rising up, and ringing furiously, exc
Robert! you are an incorrigibly low-
moment even when I am speaking
subject, you are guilty of the most
politeness."

"I could not help it, papa, inde
tle boy, who was now really frigh
hot."

"And who," said Mr. Lambert, "compelled you to ke the scalding tea in your mouth?"

"I did not think that it was hot," replied Robert.

"The grossest boor on earth, who offends against the ost common laws of good-breeding, may plead excuses this kind," said Mr. Lambert. Then addressing by rns, Mr. Day and the footman, who had come in, in swer to the bell—I hope, Mr. Day, you will take cog-zance of this behaviour of Robert's. I really cannot ve the boy at my table, if he acts in a manner so offen-e to all the general rules of propriety. Here, Llewellyn, t a clean napkin before Master Lambert, and bring a an cup and saucer, and another plate, and remove at bread and butter, and those rolls."

"I don't want another cup and saucer," said Robert, iving to restrain his tears; "I have done breakfast."

"Come, do not be sullen, Master Lambert," returned s father; "you have had nothing yet. But I really be-ve, Mr. Day, that he would prefer living on bread and eese, and dining under the hedge with my day-labour-s, than to be obliged to take his meals in a proper man-r at my table."

"Indeed, papa," said Robert, (and he was going to d, "Indeed I should;") but a look from his tutor ain restrained him, and he left his sentence unfinished.

"Indeed what?" said Mr. Lambert, who, when he was t into the teasing mood not uncommon to little minds, ver left the work half done; "indeed, what, Robert? hat were you going to say?"

Robert was silent; for it was no part of his character say any thing he did not think, though his tutor had fluence enough to prevent him from always saying hat he did think.

"So you will not speak?" said Mr. Lambert.

"Sir," said Mr. Day, "will you permit me to take laster Robert aside: and I shall, I hope, be able to ake him sensible of the duty of accommodating him-lf in every point to his father's will." So saying, he rose, and took the boy out of the room.

As soon as Robert got into his own side of the house, *gave way to a violent* burst of indignation, beginning *h the following* exclamations: "I hate Frederick Fa

coner; and I hate good manners; I never will be a gentleman; and, when I grow up, I will not live in this house; and I had rather starve than be so tormented: and I wish I was not Robert Lambert." So saying, he burst into tears, and threw himself upon a couch in an agony of passion.

Mr. Day felt really hurt for his pupil. He went close up to him, and, sitting down on the couch by his side, extended his arms to receive him.

The boy sprang towards him, and putting his face in his bosom, wept for some time, but it was more gently.

"Robert, my boy, you know I love you," said Mr. Day: "try to be calm, for my sake."

"I will, dear Mr. Day, I will," said Robert. "But do you mean to punish me for not swallowing the scalding tea?"

"No," said Mr. Day, "because I think you have suffered enough already. And now compose yourself, and put on your hat: we will take a long walk, I have some business to transact at a cottage beyond the park; and, as we walk, we will talk about some of these things, and I will point out some little matters which you ought to attend to, in order to please your papa. Little boys should always try to gratify their parents: it is a Christian duty. You know how often I have shown to you, that our Saviour, when on earth, submitted to his mother, though as he was God in human flesh, and she only a sinful human being; he must have seen many inconsistencies in her conduct."

"But you will not take Frederick with you," said Robert.

"No, not to-day, Robert," replied Mr. Day, "because he is tired with his journey."

Thus Mr. Day succeeded in soothing his pupil on this occasion: but, as his father persevered in his injudicious and irritating ways, Mr. Day found it every day more and more difficult to control the feelings of the boy. As Robert grew older, he not unfrequently allowed his father to see that he resented his teasing conduct. He showed also a kind of petty revenge and obstinacy by disregarding his injunctions in little matters. He allowed his independent and haughty sentiments to dis-

cover themselves on many occasions, and more than once told his father plainly, that he would rather renounce all that he could give him, than be continually subject to a tyranny which made him completely miserable.

In the mean time, the little stranger, whose beautiful appearance we have described, made his way among these various tempers in a manner which might surprise those who are not aware how safely and sweetly an unenvious and unsuspicious Christian temper will carry an individual through the storms and trials of life. Frederick Falconer had strong sense, and a quick perception; but he possessed, also, a spirit which either did not see, or scorned to enter into the low cabals of meaner souls. He had been piously educated by the tenderest of mothers; and, when he could no longer enjoy the fostering care of that dear parent, he transferred all his regard and confidence to the equally worthy Mr. Day, who won his heart on the first day of his arrival, by coming to him when he was in bed, and kissing away the tears by which his little cheek was moistened, and by telling him how happy he would be under his kind uncle's care with his dear cousin Robert.

If, after that time, Robert sometimes seemed to be cross and unkind to his cousin, little Falconer had a summary way of settling the matter in his own mind. "Robert," he would say, "is cross to-day: every body is cross sometimes. I will let him alone till he is in a better humour." He never entered into the causes of this ill-humour, the ideas of envy and jealousy appearing to be utter strangers to his mind. The writer of these memoirs has once met with a character similar, in this respect, to Frederick, and can only attribute this peculiarity to a natural nobleness of spirit, aided by simple Christian principles, and the strong yet secret influences of the Holy Spirit, which showed themselves in this remarkable manner. But to return to our narrative.

Thus, though Frederick Falconer was surrounded by a variety of discordant characters, and was himself the object of envy and other evil passions, he rose triumphantly above them all, and retained, in a greater degree than could by many persons be deemed possible

the respect and love of all about him. The blessed and unsuspicious spirit of this amiable boy, might, perhaps, however, have been perverted, had it not been for the care of Mr. Day, who unceasingly laboured to preserve his mind in a state of composure, and to continue that happy ignorance of the evil passions of those about him in which he had hitherto remained. If Mr. Lambert flattered him, at table, for being superior to Robert in those respects which the old gentleman deemed of most importance, Mr. Day would make light of the circumstance in some subsequent conversation with the little boy, pointing out other things in which he was excelled by Robert, and thus, as it were, balancing the account in such a way, that the two children appeared to be equally worthy of praise or blame.

If, however, when all things were considered, Robert at any time, happened to be out of humour, Mr. Day would take occasion to remark on his many good qualities, and to assure Frederick that his cousin loved him sincerely, though he might sometimes give way to feelings of ill-humour towards him. And this was, indeed, no more than the truth; for, had Robert been left to himself, he would, no doubt, have formed a sincere and ardent affection for his amiable little cousin.

When Robert was about eleven years of age, the following occurrence excited a very strong and painful feeling in his mind, which feeling there is reason to think was not overcome for many years afterwards.

He and Frederick were invited to spend some days together at Clifton Castle, where, it being summer time, the children were allowed to play in the pleasure-ground, from which they frequently made their escape into a little coppice, which shaded a dingle by the side of the park. In this dingle was a hut or root-house, in a retired situation, and also a small edifice built in imitation of a Grecian temple, which standing on the brow of the hill, commanded the whole range of the dingle, with its water-courses and cascades.

One day, when these little boys were playing in a Gothic window in the drawing-room, and lady Augusta with them, they proposed that she should go the next day into the dingle, and choose each of them a

house or habitation; "And we will adorn our house with flowers, and prepare a feast in it, and Augusta shall come and see us."

"No," said Augusta, "I will not come and see you, but I will live with one of you: you shall be the lord, and I will be the lady."

"But you cannot live with both of us," said Frederick.

"No," returned Augusta, "I will choose one of you, and live with that one; and then we will visit the other."

"But which will you choose?" said Robert. "Will you choose me?"

"No," said Frederick, "you must choose me."

"I'll tell what I will do," replied Augusta; "I will choose the one who makes his house look the prettiest, and who has the nicest feast."

"O, very well," said Robert: "then we will get up in the morning very early, and we will see who can make the prettiest house."

Accordingly, the little boys very early the next morning set off into the dingle; and Robert, having chosen the temple, and Frederick the root-house, they set to work to adorn their habitations in the best manner they could.

Frederick stuck bunches of flowers in the thatch of his house, and set forth his fruit, which he begged from the gardener, in little baskets made of rushes; but Robert adorned the pillars of his temple with wreaths of woodbine and honey suckle, and set forth his feast on dishes made of vine leaves, garnished with roses.

When all was done, the little boys compared each other's houses, and even Frederick confessed that Robert's house was much superior to his own. Augusta was then called, and conducted first to the temple, and next to the grotto; and, after having hesitated awhile, looking at the same time very much vexed, she gave her vote in favour of Frederick's house, saying to Robert, as a kind of apology for her injustice, that she loved low places better than high ones.

The boys were both surprised, not expecting this turn of affairs; and Robert, calling young Clifton, who had followed them to the dingle, gave up his house on th

hill to him, and walked back towards the castle in high displeasure.

Augusta and Frederick looked after him for some minutes. At length, Frederick said, "Call him back, Augusta, pray do: don't make him unhappy. I know his is the prettiest house."

"No, I will not," said the little girl. "If he chooses to be angry, I can't help it: but I won't live with him."

"And why?" said Frederick.

"Because I don't like him," replied the young lady.

"But you ought to love every body," said Frederick.

"What, when I can't?" said Augusta.

"But you promised to live with the person who had the prettiest house, and indeed Robert's is the prettiest."

"Well, I don't care," returned Augusta, "I won't live with him: but I will run after him, and call him back to play."

She did so: but he refused to come back, and retained his ill-humour for some days, manifesting it by great coldness towards his little playfellows.

While the impression produced by this circumstance yet remained on the mind of Robert, the little boys returned to Mr. Lambert's villa, where Frederick was suddenly attacked with a violent cold and cough, and an inflammation on the chest, which in a short time reduced him to such a state of weakness, that his uncle and Mr. Day expected nothing less than his speedy death. During this illness, the little patient discovered so much gentleness, and such an entire acquiescence in the will of his heavenly Father, with such perfect confidence in the love of his Redeemer, that he rendered himself more and more dear to his excellent tutor; and his uncle, who considered him as an ornament to his family, and who really loved him for his gentle and amiable deportment, was very uneasy, and laid aside in some degree his usual formal observances when standing by the bed of the drooping boy.

On this occasion, Robert, however, showed a degree *of inveteracy* against Frederick, which grieved and distressed *his* tutor, particularly as the little boy could *well account* for this dislike to his inoffensive cousin: for

nothing. perhaps, is more irritating to the human mind, than constantly to be called into competition and brought under comparison with any individual, and to find oneself continually losing by being thus compared. It seems that, notwithstanding the gentleness of Frederick, and the counteracting influence of Mr. Day, poor Robert had suffered more severely from this cause than his tutor had supposed; insomuch, that he one day said to his valet, "How is Frederick to-day? I really wish he may not recover. But do not tell my tutor what I say."

Mr. Day, however, was informed of this speech of Robert's, and took occasion to speak very seriously to him on the subject. But first he went with him into Frederick's chamber, and made him look at his little cousin, extended on his bed, pale and emaciated, and his lovely face resting on his pillow. He made him touch his burning hand, and observe the labour with which he drew his breath. Then leading him out of the room, he pointed out to him the sinfulness and selfishness of his conduct, in wishing that his poor little companion might actually expire under his present sufferings, in order that he himself might be relieved from an object of envy and jealousy. The good man then took occasion to point out the natural depravity, and even murderous dispositions, of the human heart, and the need we have of an entire change of nature, in order to render us fit for the society of angels.

Robert wept when his offences against his cousin were thus solemnly laid before him, and apologized for his bad conduct, by saying how perpetually irritated and hurt he felt by the continued comparisons which were made between him and Frederick. "I am sure," added he, "that my Father loves him more than he does me and Augusta, too, she does the same."

Here poor Robert burst afresh into a flood of tears; and Mr. Day, seeing him much softened, said, "My dear boy, even supposing what you say of your father and lady Augusta to be true, why is Frederick to be blamed? Have you ever seen *any thing* in him but the utmost *kindness, gentleness, and affection*? Is he to be condemned *for what others think of* him and feel for him? Ought *you to hate him, Robert,* because he is amiable?"

"Oh! Mr. Day! Mr. Day!" replied Robert, in an agony of grief, "I am very wicked; I know I am. May God change my heart!"

"Go, my boy, then," said Mr. Day, "go, and pray for a new heart. Call on Him who is never deaf to those who apply to him in sincerity."

Poor Robert withdrew to his room, and prayed earnestly: after which, he came to his tutor with an altered countenance, and begged to be permitted to wait on his sick cousin; which office he performed for many days with a tenderness which did him honour, and which proved to Mr. Day that his feelings towards his little companion were entirely changed: and, notwithstanding the presents of fruit which came every day from lady Augusta, who was inconsolable while her little companion was thought to be in danger, no new feelings of jealousy seemed again to arise in the breast of Robert.

Many weeks had elapsed before Frederick Falconer recovered his health and strength; but Mr. Day was extremely glad to see, that, during the time of his recovery, Robert remained perfectly calm, and, indeed, was beginning to lose some of his awkard ways: for, as the little boys were, during this time, much in their own rooms, and took their meals apart, young Lambert was spared the frequent comments of his parent on his want of elegance, which never failed to create either awkwardness and embarrassment in the little boy, or a fit of obstinacy equally unfavourable to his appearance as a finished gentleman. Nevertheless, when health was again restored to his family, Mr. Lambert recommenced that kind of injudicious conduct by which he had formerly excited the irritation of his son. "Frederick looks better than ever since his illness," said Mr. Lambert, one day, to the viscountess. "What would I give, if this dull boy of mine had half young Falconer's gentility of carriage!"

"Why then do you not try what a dancing-master would do for your son?" replied lady V——.

"A very good thought, lady V——," said Mr. Lambert: "and I hope, Robert," added he, turning to the boy, "that you will be attentive to the instructions of your dancing-master; for I shall procure one for you imme-

diately; though I certainly entertain some fears that you will prove to be little better than a dancing-bear."

Robert looked sullen, and all his old feelings seemed again to revive. The viscountess observed his change of countenance; and, therefore, in order to restore his good humour, she promised him a ball at Clifton Castle as soon as he was able to lead down a country dance.

Robert had heard balls spoken of by his father as very delightful amusements; so that he, consequently, hastened to his tutor to tell him what had passed.

Mr. Day could have wished that pleasures of this kind might not be held forth to his pupils; but this excellent man filled a situation in which, not having the power of acting as he would with regard to them, he was compelled, in order to their good, to do the best which circumstances would admit. He therefore made light of the ball, saying, that he considered it an amusement which he thought Robert would not much like; at the same time, he pointed out to the boy that it would be his duty to submit to learn to dance, if his father required it, and to pay attention to his lessons.

The dancing-master was sent for, notwithstanding some private expostulations of Mr. Day: and, as Mr. Lambert insisted upon being present at Robert's lessons, they afforded one continued subject of dispute between the father and son; Robert becoming sullen, and Mr. Lambert constantly carrying on the comparison of the bear, by which he every day assimilated the manners of his son more and more nearly to those of the ungraceful animal in question.

It appeared likely to be long before Robert would be able to claim lady V——'s promise of the ball; and, indeed, he had taken such a dislike to dancing, and to whatever had any connexion with it, that when lady V—— declared her intention of giving a ball on the arrival of Master Lambert's birth-day, which happened in the Christmas holidays, when he would enter upon his thirteenth year, he received the information with dismay, and *even ventured to* ask his father to excuse his *presence on the occasion.*

Mr. Lambert elevated his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders, with an air of the most lively astonishmen

when he heard this request of his son. He expressed amazement at his peculiar taste, his extraordinary whims, and his singular fancies. "Robert Lambert," he said, "you will never be like other people: I have always predicted it, and I am now convinced that my predictions will be true. However, Robert, I shall not indulge you in this whim: you will, if you please, go to the ball; and I hope you will there behave like a gentleman."

Robert was extremely sulky from that day till the one fixed for the proposed amusement, and seemed determined to fulfil his father's predictions. He quarrelled with Frederick, was inattentive to his tutor, and absolutely impertinent to his father.

When Mr. Day expostulated with him on the roughness of his manners, he replied, "My father says I am a bear, and an oddity, and unlike a gentleman. How then am I to behave like any other person?"

The great day of the ball at length arrived, and Robert and Frederick were dressed with the utmost care, and required to accompany Mr. Lambert to Clifton Castle.

On this occasion, however, poor Robert disgraced himself dreadfully in the eyes of his father. He could not be persuaded to walk across the room, and make a low bow, and ask lady Augusta, in form, to dance; though, had he been left to himself, he would have done it in his own way, and in a manner much more befitting a boy of twelve years of age. In consequence of this, his father became very angry; and such a violent fit of sullenness took possession of Master Lambert, that he could not recover himself all the evening, and therefore acted his part of the bear to a degree of perfection which almost did credit to his father's discernment in suggesting the simile.

In the mean time, little Frederick, who had none of poor Robert's difficulties to encounter, and who was not allowed to dance on account of his health, made his way with an ease and simplicity which pleased every one; and lady Augusta said more than once to him, during the evening, "I wish you might but dance, Frederick; I should so like you for my partner."

The evening concluded without Robert's having made any considerable departure from the character he had adopted, and, consequently, long and severe were the reproofs which he had to experience on his return home.

I am sorry to add, that on this occasion his tutor could not restrain him from breaking out into various impertinences against his father, whereby he irritated his parent so much against him, that Mr. Day the less regretted a change of plans respecting the boys, which was suggested about that time by the countess, who had sense enough to see that Mr. Lambert would ruin his son, if he was left continually under his control.

The parish in which Clifton Castle and Lambert Hall were situated was very extensive, the living was remarkably good, and the parsonage-house, though old, was large and beautifully situated. This benefice was in the gift of lord V——, and it had for some time been arranged between the two families, that it should be given to Frederick Falconer when it fell vacant. Whether Mr. Lambert was to make any pecuniary acknowledgment to the earl on the occasion does not appear: but it was not expected that the incumbent, who was not a very old man, would die before Frederick Falconer should be of an age to be inducted. The living, however, became vacant about this time; and it was suggested that Mr. Day should be requested to hold it for his pupil, and, at the same time, that Robert should be placed in a public school; while Frederick, on account of his health, was to remain with Mr. Day, who proposed to remove to the vicarage.

Mr. Day was sorry to part with Robert, whom he really loved, and pitied with equal sincerity. He, however, felt convinced, that almost any change from the present state of things would be for the best, and he therefore quietly acquiesced in the whole of the plan.

Robert evinced much of the natural warmth of his feelings when he took leave of his tutor, and he seemed for the moment even to have forgotten all that he had ever found unkind towards him in the conduct of his father. He also embraced his cousin with restrained tears, and sent a present of dried flowers and a pair of living dove with his best love, to lady Augusta.

I conclude the early stage of the histories of
obert and Frederick Falconer, and shall pro-
diately to certain circumstances of their more
lives, in which my readers may perhaps take
interest.

ill now fancy several years to have passed away,
which Frederick lived quietly with Mr. Day at
rsonage, and Robert made his way in a public
. Lady Augusta, and her brother, at Clifton Cas-
ere continually acquiring new accomplishments,
dvancing more and more towards the character
fine lady and a fashionable gentleman. In the
n time, as if by tacit agreement of all parties, the
ang people saw less of each other than they had for-
erly done.

During this period the earl's family was much in Lon-
on. Frederick visited his uncle daily, and, without en-
ertaining any further view than what was merely sug-
gested by filial piety and gratitude, he daily won more
and more upon his affection. Mr. Day about this time
employed some of his leisure hours in beautifying th
house and gardens of the parsonage, considering the
as the future possessions of his beloved pupil. In
work he did not, however, spend much money, altho
he exercised much taste; for he was a man of a hu
Christian spirit, and earnestly endeavoured, with
vine blessing, to inspire his pupil with the same.

It was his constant maxim, that a lowly and
disposition—a disposition free from ambition-
habitually be cultivated by a Christian pastor
often took delight in drawing the character of
in such true and lively colours as he trusted
press themselves on the heart of Frederick.
word minister, my Frederick," would this ex
say, "denotes the nature of the office of th
pastor. A minister is one who serves, waits
on another; as we find from the twenty-fo
of Exodus, the thirteenth verse, wherein
scribed as the servant, or minister, of Mos
of Christ is one who is appointed to fulfil
God in his Church, to dispense and admi
nd wisely, the word, sacraments, and

We have, in the first epistle to the Corinthians, t
fourth chapter, and twelfth verse, a short and simple e
hibition of the ministerial character—*And labour, worl
ing with our own hands: being reviled, we bless
being persecuted, we suffer it.* Furthermore, Chris
our blessed Saviour, when he undertook the accomplish
ment of man's salvation, did not scorn the character of
the minister and servant of his people; and hence the
same mind should be in you, my son, who are to be a
minister of God, which was also in Christ Jesus: *Who,
being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be
equal with God; but made himself of no reputation,
and took upon him the form of a servant, and was
made in the likeness of men: and being found in
fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became
obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.* (Phil.
ii. 6. 8.)

"Contemplating, therefore, the character and office of
minister, and the example of Christ, can we suppose it
ossible that the pastor of a Christian flock can be too
umble, too much separated from the world, and too
evoted to his people? He ought to consider, that his
ward is not to be expected upon earth, and that his
own is a celestial one. He should view earthly ho-
urs, distinctions, and pleasures, as things in which he
consistently take no part. He should delight him-
f in simple and humble habits. He should make the
lfare of his flock the object of his most ardent pursuit;
he should be at every instant ready to deprive him-
of his earthly goods, in order to administer to the
poral wants of his people."

this manner Mr. Day continually conversed with
upil, and habitually set before him the glory of the
tual world, and a union with his Saviour, as the
l end and objects of his pursuits. The literary in-
tions which he imparted to him were also equally
with those of a doctrinal and practical nature. He
im a deep insight into biblical knowledge, causing
study the sacred writings in their original lan-
. *He introduced him to an enlarged view of his-
d prophecy;* and, without presuming to speculate
odes and manners of future events, he continu-

ally laid before him the promises of Scripture respec
the glorious kingdom of Christ upon earth, which i
be established in the latter times.

Such were the instructions communicated by Mr.
to the youthful Frederick, while the recreations
which he at the same time supplied him were of a na
fully compatible with these instructions. He daily a
ciated him with himself in his pastoral visits to his
ple; he allowed him to be the bearer of his alms
donations; he permitted him to assist in instructing
poor children; he engaged him in the pleasant wor
embellishing his garden, in building root-houses, an
rearing trees and flowers, in collecting specimens of
plants, and cutting paths in the deep recesses of
woods which adjoined the parsonage-garden and bel
ed to the glebe. He encouraged in the youth a talen
drawing; and, as he had also a taste for music, he
cured him an organ, and delighted to witness his ef
to render the praises of God acceptable and pleasing
ing the period of family devotion.

And here let me pause for a moment, to remark
the propriety of Mr. Day's general procedure with
interesting charge; for it is highly important that, wh
the Christian preceptor interdicts to his juvenile p
those worldly pleasures in which youth naturally
lights, he should carefully direct his attention to o
objects, of an exciting and pleasurable nature, by wh
he may be fully occupied and innocently delighted; si
there is in youth a fund of vivacity, a natural restl
ness, which, if not properly directed and suitably empl
ed in promoting some salutary purpose, will assure
discover itself, it may be to the temporal, and even to
spiritual, disadvantage of the person in question.

While Frederick was thus enjoying the instructi
of his tutor, he mixed little with any worldly society,
cepting on the occasion of his visits to Lambert H
But his uncle—I may say providentially—was not
kind of man whose sentiments were likely to beco
greeable to young people: therefore, though all his pr
ciples were worldly, and, in consequence, low and g
elling, he never succeeded in making his nephew ado
ne of them.

It was necessary, also, that Mr. Lambert should have an object upon which he might indulge and spend his natural petulance. This object he had for many years found in the character and person of Robert. But Robert was now absent; and, as no other immediately presented itself, he now began to divert the channel of his petty malice towards his favourite Frederick.

It was impossible, with any show of truth, to call this elegant and handsome boy a bear, or to compare him to a bull-dog, or to address him as an awkward fellow and a blunderer: but Frederick's fair complexion, brilliant eyes, and prompt politeness, would admit of comparisons of another nature, and of a kind no less disagreeable to a boy. "What a pity, Frederick," Mr. Lambert would say, "that such a complexion as yours should be exposed to the sun! Do, my good boy, carry a parasol when you go out of doors, or, at least, wear a large hat lined with green." And, again, the old gentleman would add, "Master Frederick's carriage would do him honour at court. Mr. Day, we must make him a page to her majesty. How well he would look in an embroidered suit, with a plume in his cap! There now, Falconer, there is Lady Betty's carriage at the door. Run, my page, and hand the lady out: bestow upon her one of your elegant bows. Well—vastly well—politeness itself! I dare say Lady Betty was amazed. Don't eat so much beef, Frederick: do restrain that enormous appetite. You will never do to perform the lady's maid, when Mr. Day and I act a play for the amusement of the county, unless you take care of your shape."

In this manner, and to this purpose, the old gentleman went on, till jokes of this kind became quite stale, and even Frederick could hardly bear them with good-humour: but when his good humour began to fail, the recollection of the humble, pious, and grateful principles so carefully instilled by Mr. Day would come to his aid; and, therefore, when addressed by the appellation of Miss Molly, and told to keep his hands smooth and delicate, he would often turn the matter off with a laugh, tell his uncle he would be sure to obey his injunctions, and request a present of cold cream and violet soap.

When, however, after a time, Frederick was observ

habitually to conduct himself in this manner towards his uncle, and to endure all his teasing ways with great good-humour, there were not wanting those who attributed to the boy motives from which, through the divine assistance, he was perfectly free: for, so far from his expecting to receive from his uncle any pecuniary benefit beyond that which he had already been fully encouraged to hope for, Mr. Day had carefully impressed him with the idea that Mr. Lambert meant to do no more for him than to put him in possession of the living, which the tutor very properly presented as being what was very generous and handsome. As I, however, have just remarked, credit was not given to Frederick for freedom from cunning and artifice, in thus accommodating himself to his uncle's humours; and some persons were even so mischievous as to write to Robert to warn him of his cousin's designs, and to advise him to take care lest young Falconer should in the long run win so much on the affections of the father as materially to injure the son.

In answer to these suggestions, Robert replied, with his usual injudicious violence, that if his father chose even to disinherit him, he must abide by the evil; that he never would stoop to Falconer's meanness of conduct, that, thank heaven, he had an independent spirit; that he had hands to work with, was no fine gentleman, but a true Englishman; and that he could be as happy in a cottage as in the finest palace in the world, &c. &c.

It appeared, however, when Robert again saw his father and Frederick, that, notwithstanding his boasted carelessness and independence, he was greatly irritated against his relations; and that, though he still refused to stoop to wheedle his father, as he called the common respect due from a son to a parent, he yet felt not a little angry at witnessing the favour with which Frederick was regarded at Lambert Hall, and evinced more coldness and haughtiness of manner towards his cousin than he had ever before done.

Thus, notwithstanding the high boast which he had made about his utter disregard of his future situation in society, he was, perhaps, one of the last characters that would with dignity submit to any thing like degradation.—But to return to our narrative.

thinks himself to be in no danger of committing idolatry, murder, or theft, charges his Maker with ignorance, and says to Him, as Hazael said to Elisha, '*Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?*' (2 Kings viii. 13.)

"The sin of theft, my dear Frederick, is deemed a low and contemptible one, and is commonly believed to be committed only by the most needy and most despicable individuals in society. But this is a serious error; and I fear, that at the last day, it will be found that many are deeply involved in this crime, who would scorn to number themselves with the common housebreaker and highwayman. Whoever, Frederick, either by force, by address, or by dissimulation, obtains that which is, or ought to be, the property of another, is guilty of this crime. Augusta Clifton is not yet, it is true, the wife of your cousin; but the marriage has long been determined by the parents on both sides. Robert Lambert, I have reason to think, desires it. You have known of this intended marriage for years: and if you feel within yourself the slightest reluctance to see this union take place, you are already under the power of temptation; and if you are a Christian, you will fly the trial, as you would the resentment of an angry God."

Frederick answered again, as he had done before, "I did not think, I never intended, I have never considered—."

Mr. Day waited till he should finish his sentence; but, as he added no more, the good tutor thus proceeded:—"I repeat to you, my boy, that I have not the slightest suspicion that as yet the idea has entered your head, of standing in the way of poor Robert Lambert; you are, therefore, to be excused, since you have only erred through ignorance. I have now stated the case to you in plain language, and you can, therefore, no longer err in this matter from ignorance: and I must, consequently, suppose, that if you do not now adopt every means in your power to shun the danger which I have pointed out to you, you have not that horror of sin which I have hitherto *ever believed* you to possess."

"*Oh, Mr. Day!*" exclaimed Frederick.

"*Go, my son,*" said the tutor, "withdraw to your cl

set; make this affair a matter of prayer; and return in half an hour, to declare to me the result of your application to the throne of grace."

I have already said, that the parish of which Mr. Day was the incumbent was a very large one; and there was at one remote extremity of it, among some woods belonging to the earl of V——, a little village called Farewell Village. Here, on a small rising ground, was a chapel of ease, served by a curate of Mr. Day's, and here he had established a Sunday school.

On returning to his tutor, Frederick still appeared somewhat thoughtful, but the expression of his countenance was placid, and he thus addressed his instructor:—"While Lord V—— is in the country, I will attend Farewell church."

"Give me your hand, my beloved boy," said Mr. Day. "Always act in this way, and the Lord will bless you."

From that moment Frederick recovered his usual animation; and taking his favourite volume (viz. Herbert's Country Parson) from his pocket, he set off to walk slowly to Farewell, or, as the country people call it, Forrell, occupying himself in reading, as he wound his way through many a shadowy glade and embowered path, till he reached the place of his destination.

It does not appear what lady Augusta thought; when she looked in vain for Frederick and his little offering of flowers, as soon as their church service was finished; but certain it is, that when she went home, and had reached her own dressing-room, she put fresh water to the sprigs of myrtle and geranium which he had given to her the last Sunday, and sent them, early on Monday morning, to the gardener, with an order that he should exert the utmost of his skill to cause them to live and flourish in flower-pots; neither could she be turned from her purpose, although the gardener sent word, by her maid, that the sprigs were of the most common sort, of which he had innumerable samples in the green-house.

"Tell him," said Augusta, "that he is mistaken; and, at any rate, he may do what he is bid, without giving his opinion."

Frederick saw no more of Lady Augusta during that summer, and he gave evidence, by the cheerfulness of his

Ir. Day, that I should hate any body who was to Robert: I could not bear to see Robert un-

the conversation dropped, and Frederick said no ı the subject of the earl's family till the next day; ɜ asked Mr. Day when he would take him to see

—.

dear boy," returned Mr. Day, "you must mind ıdies, and I must attend to my parish: we have ıe for visiting."

rick pressed the matter no further; and spoke, ıtely afterwards, with animation, on a subject al- irrelevant.

things passed off till Sunday, when it was im- to prevent the young people from meeting at without giving some reason for so doing. During ice they had no opportunity of seeing each other, ıediately after they left the church they met, and ɜeting was full of warmth and affection. Mr. ırd lady Augusta say to Frederick, "Why don't ıe to see us, Mr. Falconer? Have you forgotten l haunts, and the wild glen, in which we used to happily?"

rick replied, that he hoped Mr. Day would soon ıny him to the castle, adding, that he would re- m so to do.

thing was said by lady Augusta relative to Fred- love of gardening, on which the young man her a sprig of some geranium which he had in ım.

Augusta took the flower, and admired it, though as nothing particularly remarkable in it; and as 's carriage drew up at the moment, she was hand- it by Frederick, still holding the geranium in her

ɜ was nothing to a common observer in all this, as enough to awaken and engage the vigilance of y.

ıg the course of the next week, young Falconer *an once asked* Mr. Day to go with him to the *but the careful* tutor always found some excuse *ıg off the visit.*

In the mean time, he told Mr. Lambert, that if he still intended to bring about the marriage between lady Augusta and Robert, he thought it would be best in a quiet way to keep Frederick from Clifton Castle. "Not in the least," added he, "because I doubt the honour of Frederick, or question the uprightness of his intentions: but human nature is weak, and lady Augusta might perhaps be struck with his very pleasing manners and prepossessing appearance."

Although there was something implied in this speech which did not greatly tend to exalt Mr. Lambert's son, yet it caused the old gentleman to exult and rub his hands with a feeling of self-complacency, because he had, as he said, always foreseen that Robert would be eclipsed by Frederick: and nothing pleased him so much as any thing like a tribute paid to his sagacity; and the more unwillingly this tribute was rendered, the better was he pleased, and the more complete was his triumph. "And so you are come round to my opinion at last, Mr. Day?" said he. "I could only wish that you had seen the thing in the same light that I did years ago. You are an excellent divine, no doubt, Mr. Day; but it is not by study, it is not from books, that men acquire a knowledge of life: the world must be seen in order to be understood. However, your advice," added the old gentleman, with increasing pomposity, "your advice, on this occasion, is good, and I admire your prudence, Mr. Day. Let Frederick Falconer be kept away from Clifton Castle, since you now allow that in all matters relative to the exterior, in all such things as strike a lady's eye, he is so much superior to Robert. Poor Robert! I wish I could see any thing in him like a manner, like the appearance of a gentleman. But I always foresaw that he would turn out just as he has done. I never could account, Mr. Day, for the strange pervicacity of his humour in rejecting every kind of refinement, bred up, as he was, under my eye, and with such pains as I took to break him of his low habits. Why, my good Mr. Day, *Robert* Lambert never will know either how to come *into* a room or to go out of one."

"*Robert* has many excellent qualities, I still maintain," *said Mr.* Day; "and may yet make a valuable man."

"I hope so," said Mr. Lambert; "I hope so; I hope the University will do something for him; he sees good company there. I think he will be cured of his *mauvaise honte*, at least, at college. Most young men are, unless they are incurably awkward; eh, Mr. Day?"

"Sir," said Mr. Day, "you know that I was always an advocate for your son."

"I know it, I know it," returned Mr. Lambert: "and let me tell you, Mr. Day, no person's opinion in the world has more weight with me than yours; and I much approve the advice you have given respecting Frederick Falconer, and shall, without loss of time, communicate your ideas on the subject to my sister, lady V——."

Mr. Day felt his mind relieved in having acted thus openly with Mr. Lambert, and resolved, if he found it necessary, to deal as plainly with Frederick, and to point out to him the necessity of repressing his feelings of admiration for the destined wife of his patron's son and early friend. Frederick, however, never once mentioned the name of Augusta during the remainder of the week, and Mr. Day hoped that it would not be necessary for him to mention the subject.

But when Sunday morning arrived, while the bells were ringing, more in token of the day than actually to call the congregation to church, Mr. Day withdrew, as his custom was, to a retired grass walk in his garden, to meditate upon the subject of his discourse. He had not been long here, before he observed Frederick walking thoughtfully into that part of the garden especially appropriated to flowers, and which Mr. Day could see from an opening between the trees which encompassed the grass walk. He saw him gathering several flowers, after which, the young man, still appearing to be lost in thought, drew nearer that side of the garden where his tutor was. Mr. Day went to meet him, and, seeing in his hand the bud of a beautiful moss rose, with a sprig of jessamine, elegantly arranged, he extended his hand to him, and said, "Frederick, will you give me those flowers?"

Frederick *blushed, but* presented his tutor with his *elegant little bouquet.*

"*Frederick,*" *said Mr.* day, "you have always been

not but observe it, though he passed it off with the ease and good humour natural to him. In consequence, however, of this reserve, Mr. Day withdrew with his pupil as much as possible to the quiet rectory, leaving the great people to manage their affairs in their own way.

In the mean time, the two great families were constantly together; and nothing was heard of in the neighbourhood but of sumptuous dinners, rural galas, water-parties, excursions to the fine seats in the neighbourhood, &c.: but whether Robert made any progress in the good graces of lady Augusta no one was able to ascertain.

The two families had been more than a month in the country, when one morning, as lady Augusta, attended by a livery servant, was riding through a wood at no very great distance from her father's castle, the very wood in fact, which led to the village of Forrell, her horse took fright at the sight of two gipsies who suddenly appeared from among the trees; and the creature, after rearing and prancing for some moments, would inevitably have thrown its rider, if Frederick, who was returning from his little school at Forrell, had not happened to come up at the critical moment, and by his timely assistance, saved the lady from a dreadful fall. He seized the bridle of the horse, delivering it into the hands of the servant, and, lifting lady Augusta down, set her on a mossy bank which was near at hand: for the young lady was greatly terrified; and it was some moments before she could speak to Frederick, or answer the servant's question, whether she would choose to mount again, or permit him to take the horses home, and send the carriage.

"Take back the horses," she at length said, "but do not send a carriage, lest my mother be alarmed." Then turning to Frederick, "I had intended," she said, "to have quarrelled with you, Sir, when we met; but you have compelled me to exchange my expressions of resentment for those of gratitude. I thank you Mr. Falconer, for what you have done," she added, at the same time extending her hand to him: "you have perhaps saved my life:" and while she spoke, she changed colour several times, and seemed considerably agitated.

Frederick muttered something about satisfaction, honour, pleasure, &c. hoping that she was not hurt, not very much frightened: but not being able to finish a single sentence, he stopped, and looked down on the ground.

"I see, Frederick," said she, with more tranquillity, "I see you are ashamed to meet me, conscious, as you are, of your marked neglect of all our family, and of me in particular, who was the companion of your early days, who lived with you in fact as a sister, and a sister who once thought herself beloved."

"A sister!" repeated Frederick, sitting down on the bank near her. "If you will still consider me as a brother, and still honour me with you sisterly regard, I shall be happy: but"——

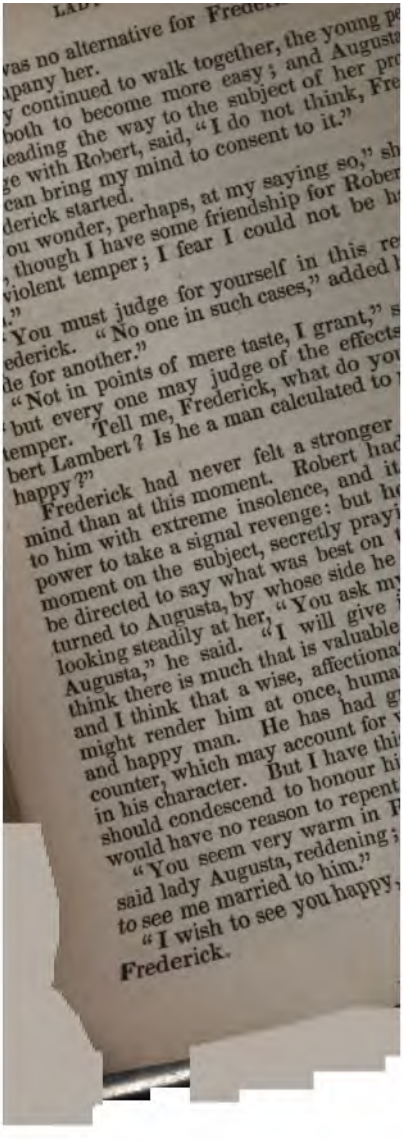
"But what, Frederick?" said Augusta.

Frederick added no more.

"Tell me, Frederick," said the young lady, "tell me, I beseech you, why you do not come among us as usual. What is the meaning of this estrangement? Have I done any thing to offend you? I am sure I never intended it. Have my parents displeased you? Explain to me the cause of this coldness." So saying, she fixed her beautiful eyes upon him with a look of earnestness and anxiety, which greatly added to his embarrassment, putting it, at the same time, altogether out of his power to offer any kind of excuse for having so entirely withdrawn himself from her society. "Well," she said, suppressing a sigh, "I see, Frederick, that you will not grant me your confidence, and perhaps I am to blame to ask it. But only satisfy me in one point—have I offended you? have I displeased you?"

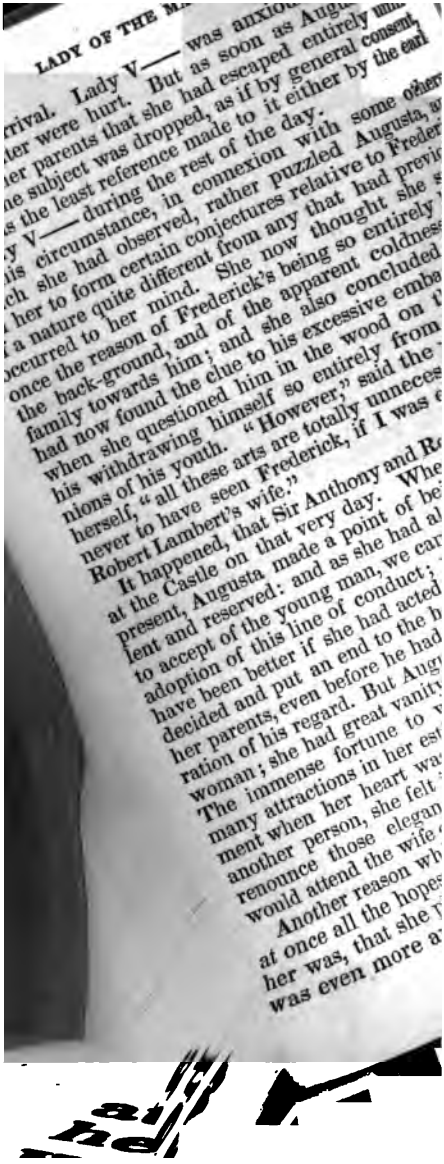
"No, dear lady Augusta," said Frederick; "no, never,—never in the least:" and he was about to add, that he never felt his affection for her warmer than at the present moment; when, recollecting Robert, he hesitated, stammered, and was again silent.

She smiled. "O, Frederick, Frederick, what an enigma you are! but, as *you* have assured me that you are not *angry with me, I will* rest contented." So saying, she *arose, adding, that* she wished to return home, lest her *mother should be* alarmed.



en, if you wish my happiness, you must not unite
h Robert Lambert," returned the lady, pettishly
d wherefore?" asked Frederick.
ause I have no proper regard for him," she re
"I dislike him; I like others better."
that alters the case," replied Frederick. "If you
r like any other person better, no friend of yours,
obert Lambert's, could wish you united."
Augusta blushed. She had said more than she
to do, and she was at that moment unable to
rom vexation."
erick looked at her, and a tear was trickling down
ek. "My dear lady Augusta, my sister," he said,
I offended you in pleading for Robert? But you
ced the subject yourself: I never should have
d on such a liberty."
body accuses you, Frederick," replied Augusta,
ing impertinent, interfering, or forward; your
perhaps, consider you just the reverse, and
sooner charge you with distance and coldness:
any rate, Mr. Falconer, Robert Lambert is much
to you, and it is not your fault if I do not marry

l make him the happiest of men?" said Frederick.
Mr. Falconer," said the young lady, "I should
ake Robert happy, were I to marry him. Un-
rsons are happy in themselves, they can never
ter to the happiness of another."
conversation was now becoming every moment
ngly painful to Frederick, and he hardly knew
carry it on, or how to control his own uneasy
; when he was relieved by the appearance of
y, who, having met lady Augusta's servant and
and heard of the *rencontre* in the wood, hastened
period to a tete-a-tete of which he dreaded the
ence.
ay and Frederick attended the young lady to the
ate, where they took leave, notwithstanding the
es of Augusta, who would have had them spend
of the day with her parents.
slight rumour of lady Augusta's accident, and
venture in the wood, had reached the Castle by



f the immense property to which he was heir; and
rson was no other than lady Frances Courbillon,
as secretly detested by Augusta, as one who dared
end with her for the palm of universal admiration,
gh she was sufficiently polite to conceal this dislike
very person but the object of it.

y Frances was, however, fully convinced of Augus-
like of her; but, as it did not suit her, at that time
ear to recognize this feeling of her cousin's, she af-
o have it supposed that she believed herself to be
ect of her tender regard. She therefore always
ed her in the petted language of a spoiled child,
ttled to her apparently with the most amiable
y, she pretended to open all her heart to her, and
nake confession of her faults and ask her advice.
in the evening of the same day on which the
e took place in the wood, (while the ladies were
l in the drawing room, and at the moment
gentlemen might be expected to join them,)
Frances, seeing her cousin seated in a pensive
one of the Gothic windows of the apartment,
rd her, and, placing herself by her side, began,
dly the most undesigning way in the world, to
with some of her little expressions of fondness,
ions of petty helplessness and want of pru-
ear Augusta," she said, "I have been so
ry thoughtless; I have affronted that good
s by lady V——: I don't recollect her name;
in the wreath of white roses. Well, I have
past forgiveness, by asking her from what
she got her rouge; adding, that I thought
utiful. And what do you think she declared
she never used rouge; that the colour was
wn, perfectly natural; and that she would
n any account whatever."
you know, lady Frances," said Augusta,
adies don't like to have it supposed that

: that is, I should know it: but I have
road, where, with all their faults, they
undisguised in this respect as in many
forgotten all your punctilios. One is

r England when one has been
road: but you must tell me, my dear, when
when I am injudicious; you, who are all dignity, all
m, all sweetness." So saying, she laid her hand,
an expression of fondness, on Augusta's arm, and
l, "But perhaps I tire you; you look fatigued. I
you have not overcome your feelings of alarm.
ll, we have reason to be very thankful that you were
hurt. But I have not heard how it was: let me know
nething of this knight of the wood."
Lady Frances was aware, though Augusta was no
at within the last minute the gentlemen had enter
he room, and that Robert Lambert had advanced
wards the place where they were seated, and was sta
ing in the rear of their little couch, which was turne
wards the window with its back to the company, in
style of elegant carelessness that has been in fashi
some years past; and she had timed her question
curately, that the first words which Robert hear
approached were, "Now do let me hear someth
this knight of the wood?" to which request lady
added, "You cannot think, Augusta, in what
colours I have painted this hero, this youth wh
to drop from the clouds so *appropos*, at the
when the danger was most urgent. I know th
be tall and *fait à peindre*; but I have bee
whether to give him dark blue eyes or black
circumstance, you know, the colour of his ha
plexion must depend. I have been used to
France, but, as our hero is an Englishman
ed to give him the blue eyes and fine brow
Saxon; and I fancy him rushing from th
instant when you were in the most immine
seizing the bridle of your rampant steed,
"O, Frances," said lady Augusta, in
"what nonsense you are talking."
"Nonsense!" said lady Frances, "wh
nonsense? But, seriously, who is the
saved you from being thrown from yo
haps breaking your neck, this mornin
"Who is he?" said Augusta, "w
nephew, Frederick Falconer."

—— mind of a young man is he?" asked l
arelessly.
on't know," replied Augusta, endeavouring
lly careless; "have you ever seen him?"
it Augusta, perceiving that Robert stood l
ouch, stood up, and, turning to him, said, "S
I have been amused with our conversation."
heard little of it," replied Robert, somewh

at are you there?" said lady Frances, looking
from her seat on the sofa; "how long have
n the room? But you are the very person to
curiosity. Who is this Frederick Falconer, who
y Augusta from that dreadful accident this
?

heard nothing of any accident," replied Ro-
strange that no one should have mentioned
and he looked at Augusta with an expression
roachful and suspicious.
replied, that she conceived every one must
at he would not feel much interested in an af-
could not concern him. "For even now,"
"now that you are told of it, you never ask-
her I escaped unhurt."
ideavoured to recover his temper, and to
polite inquiries, saying, that it was impossi-
ne really to conceive that he was not deeply
every thing which affected lady Augusta

," said Augusta, with more assurance of
became so young a lady, "if you are so
d in all that relates to me, you shall have
nt of what happened this morning." And
y recounted to him all the circumstances,
en place, excepting some particulars of
n with Frederick.
ded, Robert reddened, and appeared vio-
notwithstanding which, he did not speak
l finished her story, and lady Frances
not wonderful, Mr. Lambert, that this
uld have appeared at the very moment
ence was most needed?"

bably," returned Robert, "had ...
an hour sooner or an hour later, he might
qually at hand."
glance of extreme contempt, was the only reply
Augusta made to this speech; and she was walking
, when Robert seized her hand and begged her par-
uttering some incoherent expression about sincere
ard, which is always hasty.
Sincere regard, Sir," replied Augusta, "cannot exist
thout respect: and no man respects the woman whom
can suspect of dishonourable conduct."
Robert assured lady Augusta that he never suspected
er in the least.
"Then, Sir," said Augusta, "whose honour do you
doubt? If it is Frederick Falconer's, you are mistaken;
you never were more mistaken: for no man ever had
more faithful or warmer friend than you have in Fred
rick."
tuous Robert.
"How do you know that, Madam?" said the im
"I am not yet, I thank Heaven, compelled to an
every question you choose to put to me, Mr. Lamb
replied Augusta: "I am not yet your wife."
Robert apologized again, expressed a hope that
not yet offended past forgiveness, pleaded the un
warmth of his temper, and, in short, ...d his su
so much vehemence, that Augusta, who had not
made up her mind to renounce all the splendour
might be procured by Sir Anthony's fortune
him to suppose that he was forgiven, and then
to the other end of the room, she placed herse
to her mother, that it was impossible for him
any further particular conversation upon her
But although Robert supposed that he n
high, or nearly so, in Augusta's good grace
done before this unfortunate conversation,
much irritated by the account of what had
the morning,—so filled with undefined ide
and suspicion,—that he could scarcely
mposure so long as it was necessary, in
escape from the company; and when
alone in a retired walk in the shru

d taken refuge, he vented his indignation upon
rick, in exclamations of no very pacific tendency.
ver, as there were no other creatures besides
and wood nymphs to hear these complaints, and
o was not at hand to repeat them, these murmurs
lignation passed away without effect, and Robert
eturning in a more tranquil state to the Castle,
he overtook lady Frances, who was walking alone
a pensive attitude, apparently thinking as little
rt as he was of her.

e sight of him, she started with very well-feigned
ment, exclaiming, "Mr. Lambert, is it you?
id I not leave you in the drawing-room but a
of an hour ago?"

ssible," replied Robert; "for I have been to the
of the shrubbery."

said lady Frances, "then I never was more
in my life."

nbert then joined lady Frances, who began to
with him on the common topics of the day;
aware, from her knowledge of his character,
uld presently bring up the subject of his re-
hts, namely, the affair in the wood, and his
ation with lady Augusta. Neither was lady
taken: Robert soon breaking away from all
n to the late occurrences, came to the point in
id, being drawn on by his artful companion,
and explicit avowal of his real feelings and
specting Augusta and Frederick.

precisely the object at which lady Frances
y, to induce Robert to make her his friend
; being well aware, that, if she could ac-
nd, he would frequently seek her society,
undant opportunity would be afforded for
ithin the influence of her allurements.—
Frederick.

thing so very remarkable and opportune
f this young man with lady Augusta in
uld induce us to suppose that Frederick
of those heroes of romance who is al-
t place at the critical moment when he

ederick muttered something about satisfaction, h
pleasure, &c. hoping that she was not hurt, n
much frightened: but not being able to finish
e sentence, he stopped, and looked down on th
nd.

I see, Frederick," said she, with more tranquillity
ee you are ashamed to meet me, conscious, as you
of your marked neglect of all our family, and of me
articular, who was the companion of your early
who lived with you in fact as a sister, and a sister
once thought herself beloved."

sister!" repeated Frederick, sitting down on the
near her. "If you will still consider me as a bro-
nd still honour me with you sisterly regard, I shall
py: but"——

t what, Frederick?" said Augusta.

erick added no more.

l me, Frederick," said the young lady, "tell me, I
you, why you do not come among us as usual.
s the meaning of this estrangement? Have I
y thing to offend you? I am sure I never intend-
ave my parents displeased you? Explain to me
e of this coldness." So saying, she fixed her
eyes upon him with a look of earnestness and
which greatly added to his embarrassment, put-
the same time, altogether out of his power to
kind of excuse for having so entirely with-
self from her society. "Well," she said, sup-
sigh, "I see, Frederick, that you will not
our confidence, and perhaps I am to blame to
only satisfy me in one point—have I offend-
ve I displeased you?"

r lady Augusta," said Frederick; "no, never,
he least;" and he was about to add, that he
s affection for her warmer than at the pre-
t; when, recollecting Robert, he hesitated,
nd was again silent.

"O, Frederick, Frederick, what an enigma
as you have assured me that you are not
e, I will rest contented." So saying, she
that she wished to return home, lest her
be alarmed.

was no alternative for Frederick; —
pany her.
y continued to walk together, the young people
both to become more easy; and Augusta pur-
eading the way to the subject of her proposed
e with Robert, said, "I do not think, Frederick,
can bring my mind to consent to it."
derick started.
ou wonder, perhaps, at my saying so," she added
though I have some friendship for Robert, I dre
violent temper; I fear I could not be happy w
."
"You must judge for yourself in this respect,"
ederick. "No one in such cases," added he, "ca
le for another."
"Not in points of mere taste, I grant," said Au
but every one may judge of the effects of a
temper. Tell me, Frederick, what do you think
bert Lambert? Is he a man calculated to make a
happy?"

Frederick had never felt a stronger strugg
mind than at this moment. Robert had latel
to him with extreme insolence, and it was
power to take a signal revenge: but he hesi
moment on the subject, secretly praying the
be directed to say what was best on the oc
turned to Augusta, by whose side he was w
looking steadily at her, "You ask my opini
Augusta," he said. "I will give it you
think there is much that is valuable in Ro
and I think that a wise, affectionate, and
might render him at once, humanly sp
and happy man. He has had great d
counter, which may account for what s
in his character. But I have this persu
should condescend to honour him with
would have no reason to repent of you
"You seem very warm in Robert
said lady Augusta, reddening; "you
to see me married to him."
"I wish to see you happy, and R
Frederick.

hen, if you wish my happiness, you must not unit
ith Robert Lambert," returned the lady, pettishly
nd wherefore?" asked Frederick.
ecause I have no proper regard for him," she re
"I dislike him; I like others better."
O! that alters the case," replied Frederick. "If you
ally like any other person better, no friend of yours,
Robert Lambert's, could wish you united."
dy Augusta blushed. She had said more than she
t to do, and she was at that moment unable to
from vexation."
derick looked at her, and a tear was trickling down
eek. "My dear lady Augusta, my sister," he said,
I offended you in pleading for Robert? But you
ced the subject yourself: I never should have
d on such a liberty."
ody accuses you, Frederick," replied Augusta,
ng impertinent, interfering, or forward; your
perhaps, consider you just the reverse, and
oner charge you with distance and coldness:
y rate, Mr. Falconer, Robert Lambert is much
you, and it is not your fault if I do not marry

ake him the happiest of men?" said Frederick.
r. Falconer," said the young lady, "I should
e Robert happy, were I to marry him. Un-
s are happy in themselves, they can never
to the happiness of another."
ersation was now becoming every moment
painful to Frederick, and he hardly knew
r it on, or how to control his own uneasy
en he was relieved by the appearance of
o, having met lady Augusta's servant and
ard of the *rencontre* in the wood, hastened
d to a tete-a-tete of which he dreaded the

Frederick attended the young lady to the
ere they took leave, notwithstanding the
ugusta, who would have had them spend
lay with her parents.
rumour of lady Augusta's accident, and
in the wood, had reached the Castle be-

fore her arrival. Lady V—— was anxious to hear if her daughter were hurt. But as soon as Augusta had assured her parents that she had escaped entirely uninjured, the subject was dropped, as if by general consent, nor was the least reference made to it either by the earl or lady V—— during the rest of the day.

This circumstance, in connexion with some others which she had observed, rather puzzled Augusta, and led her to form certain conjectures relative to Frederick, of a nature quite different from any that had previously occurred to her mind. She now thought she saw at once the reason of Frederick's being so entirely kept in the back-ground, and of the apparent coldness of her family towards him; and she also concluded that she had now found the clue to his excessive embarrassment, when she questioned him in the wood on the cause of his withdrawing himself so entirely from the companions of his youth. "However," said the young lady to herself, "all these arts are totally unnecessary. I ought never to have seen Frederick, if I was ever to become Robert Lambert's wife."

It happened, that Sir Anthony and Robert were to dine at the Castle on that very day. Whenever Robert was present, Augusta made a point of being particularly silent and reserved: and as she had almost resolved never to accept of the young man, we cannot blame her for the adoption of this line of conduct; nay, perhaps it would have been better if she had acted in a manner still more decided and put an end to the hopes of Robert, through her parents, even before he had made her an open declaration of his regard. But Augusta was not a pious young woman; she had great vanity, and some degree of pride. The immense fortune to which Robert was heir had many attractions in her estimation; and even at the moment when her heart was powerfully inclined towards another person, she felt it almost impossible for her to renounce those elegancies and that splendour which *would* attend the wife of Robert Lambert.

Another reason which made her unwilling to destroy *at once* all the hopes that Robert cherished of obtaining *her was*, that she plainly saw there was a person who *was even* more anxious than herself to become the ma

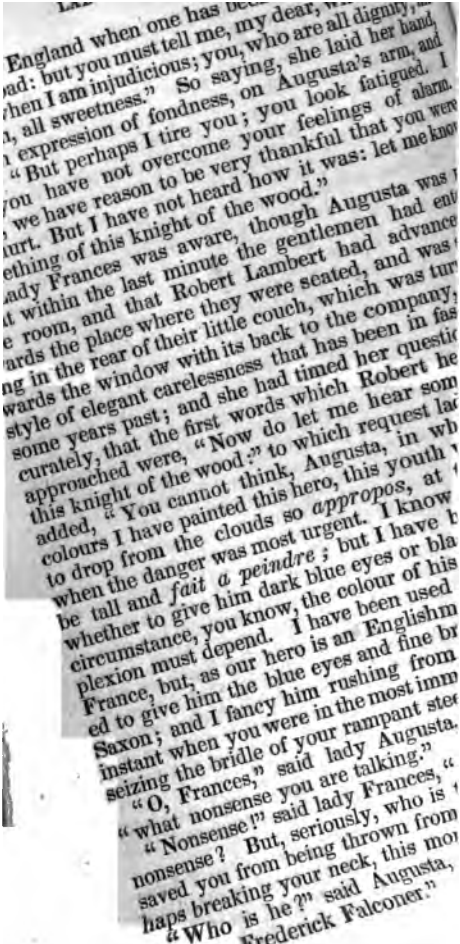
tress of the immense property to which he was heir; and this person was no other than lady Frances Courbillon, who was secretly detested by Augusta, as one who dared to contend with her for the palm of universal admiration, although she was sufficiently polite to conceal this dislike from every person but the object of it.

Lady Frances was, however, fully convinced of Augusta's dislike of her; but, as it did not suit her, at that time to appear to recognize this feeling of her cousin's, she affected to have it supposed that she believed herself to be the object of her tender regard. She therefore always addressed her in the petted language of a spoiled child, she prattled to her apparently with the most amiable simplicity, she pretended to open all her heart to her, and even to make confession of her faults and ask her advice.

It was in the evening of the same day on which the adventure took place in the wood, (while the ladies were assembled in the drawing room, and at the moment when the gentlemen might be expected to join them,) that lady Frances, seeing her cousin seated in a pensive attitude, in one of the Gothic windows of the apartment, drew toward her, and, placing herself by her side, began, in apparently the most undesigning way in the world, to amuse her with some of her little expressions of fondness, and professions of petty helplessness and want of prudence. "Dear Augusta," she said, "I have been so giddy, so very thoughtless; I have affronted that good lady who sits by lady V——: I don't recollect her name; but the lady in the wreath of white roses. Well, I have affronted her, past forgiveness, by asking her from what shop in town she got her rouge; adding, that I thought the tinge beautiful. And what do you think she declared to me?—that she never used rouge; that the colour was entirely her own, perfectly natural; and that she would not use rouge on any account whatever."

"But don't you know, lady Frances," said Augusta, "that English ladies don't like to have it supposed that they rouge?"

"O, I know it: that is, I should know it: but I have been *so long abroad*, where, with all their faults, they *are as open and undisguised* in this respect as in many *others, that I had forgotten* all your punctilios. One is



England when one has be
ad: but you must tell me, my dear,
hen I am injudicious; you, who are all dignity,
, all sweetness." So saying, she laid her hand
expression of fondness, on Augusta's arm, and
"But perhaps I tire you; you look fatigued. I
ou have not overcome your feelings of alarm.
we have reason to be very thankful that you were
urt. But I have not heard how it was: let me kno
ething of this knight of the wood."
ady Frances was aware, though Augusta was
t within the last minute the gentlemen had ent
e room, and that Robert Lambert had advance
ards the place where they were seated, and was
ng in the rear of their little couch, which was tur
wards the window with its back to the company,
style of elegant carelessness that has been in fas
some years past; and she had timed her questio
curately, that the first words which Robert he
approached were, "Now do let me hear som
this knight of the wood:" to which request lai
added, "You cannot think, Augusta, in wh
colours I have painted this hero, this youth
to drop from the clouds so *appropos*, at
when the danger was most urgent. I know
be tall and *fait a peindre*; but I have
whether to give him dark blue eyes or bla
circumstance, you know, the colour of his
plexion must depend. I have been used
France, but, as our hero is an Englishm
ed to give him the blue eyes and fine br
Saxon; and I fancy him rushing from
instant when you were in the most imm
seizing the bridle of your rampant ste
"O, Frances," said lady Augusta.
"what nonsense you are talking."
"Nonsense!" said lady Frances, "
nonsense? But, seriously, who is
saved you from being thrown from
haps breaking your neck, this mo
"Who is he?" said Augusta,
nephew, Frederick Falconer."

Pl

"And what kind of a young man is he?" asked lady Frances, carelessly.

"O, I don't know," replied Augusta, endeavouring to seem equally careless; "have you ever seen him?" At that instant Augusta, perceiving that Robert stood behind her couch, stood up, and, turning to him, said, "Sir, I hope you have been amused with our conversation."

"I have heard little of it," replied Robert, somewhat sullenly.

"O, what are you there?" said lady Frances, looking up to him from her seat on the sofa; "how long have you been in the room? But you are the very person to satisfy my curiosity. Who is this Frederick Falconer, who saved lady Augusta from that dreadful accident this morning?"

"I have heard nothing of any accident," replied Robert, "it is strange that no one should have mentioned it to me;" and he looked at Augusta with an expression at once reproachful and suspicious.

Augusta replied, that she conceived every one must imagine that he would not feel much interested in an affair which could not concern him. "For even now," she added, "now that you are told of it, you never asked me whether I escaped unhurt."

Robert endeavoured to recover his temper, and to make some polite inquiries, saying, that it was impossible for any one really to conceive that he was not deeply interested in every thing which affected lady Augusta Clifton.

"Well, Sir," said Augusta, with more assurance of manner than became so young a lady, "if you are so much interested in all that relates to me, you shall have an exact account of what happened this morning." And she immediately recounted to him all the circumstances, as they had taken place, excepting some particulars of her conversation with Frederick.

As she proceeded, Robert reddened, and appeared violently excited; notwithstanding which, he did not speak till Augusta had finished her story, and lady Frances had added, "*Is it not* wonderful, Mr. Lambert, that this *knight-errant should have* appeared at the very moment *in which his presence* was most needed?"

"Probably," returned Rob... pened an hour sooner or an hour la... been equally at hand."

A glance of extreme contempt, was the only reply lady Augusta made to this speech; and she was walking away, when Robert seized her hand and begged her pardon, uttering some incoherent expression about sincere regard, which is always hasty.

"Sincere regard, Sir," replied Augusta, "cannot exist without respect: and no man respects the woman whom he can suspect of dishonourable conduct."

Robert assured lady Augusta that he never suspected her in the least.

"Then, Sir," said Augusta, "whose honour do you doubt? If it is Frederick Falconer's, you are mistaken you never were more mistaken: for no man ever had more faithful or warmer friend than you have in Fred rick."

"How do you know that, Madam?" said the in tuous Robert.

"I am not yet, I thank Heaven, compelled to an every question you choose to put to me, Mr. Lam replied Augusta: "I am not yet your wife."

Robert apologized again, expressed a hope that not yet offended past forgivene... pleaded the w warmth of ...is temper, and, in short, ...d his s so much vehe... nce, that Augusta, who had not made up her mind to renounce all the splendou might be procured by Sir Anthony's fortune him to suppose that he was for...iven, and ther to the other end of the room, she placed herse to her mother, that it was impossible for him any further particular conversation upon her

But although Robert supposed that he r high, or nearly so, in Augusta's good grace done before this unfortunate conversation, much irritated by the account of what had the morning,—so filled with undefined ide and suspicion,—that he could scarcely composure so long as it was necessary, in his escape from the company; and when self alone in a retired walk in the shru

taken refuge, he vented his indignation upon
k, in exclamations of no very pacific tendency.
r, as there were no other creatures besides
nd wood nymphs to hear these complaints, and
was not at hand to repeat them, these murmurs
nation passed away without effect, and Robert
ırning in a more tranquil state to the Castle,
overtook lady Frances, who was walking alone
ı pensive attitude, apparently thinking as little
't as he was of her.

sight of him, she started with very well-feigned
ment, exclaiming, "Mr. Lambert, is it you?
id I not leave you in the drawing-room but a
of an hour ago?"

ossible," replied Robert; "for I have been to the
l of the shrubbery."

l, said lady Frances, "then I never was more
ı in my life."

ambert then joined lady Frances, who began to
with him on the common topics of the day;
lly aware, from her knowledge of his character,
would presently bring up the subject of his re-
ughts, namely, the affair in the wood, and his
tercation with lady Augusta. Neither was lady
mistaken: Robert soon breaking away from all
reign to the late occurrences, came to the point in
; and, being drawn on by his artful companion,
full and explicit avowal of his real feelings and
ıts respecting Augusta and Frederick.

was precisely the object at which lady Frances
ıamely, to induce Robert to make her his friend
fidant; being well aware, that, if she could ac-
ı her end, he would frequently seek her society,
eby abundant opportunity would be afforded for
him within the influence of her allurements.—
eturn to Frederick.

was nothing so very remarkable and opportune
ıeeting of this young man with lady Augusta in
l, as should *induce* us to suppose that Frederick
ually one of those heroes of romance who is al-
he right place at the critical moment when he

uired to be so: for the truth is, that
in the habit, for some weeks past, c
at a certain hour, to visit his little sch
had been accustomed to take his bo
.e went sauntering along. Of this circ
gusta had been informed, and, we are
.t she had chosen the wood for her rid
ount. It was, therefore, by no miracı
n of supernatural agents that Frederic
where he was expected to be, and wh
dy had purposely gone to meet with h
erick was a pious young man, and, conse
le: he did not, therefore, entertain the s
cion, on this occasion, derogatory to the l
Augusta; but represented the whole affair
home with his tutor, in a light entirely fav
young lady. "But, my dear Mr. Day," h
tating as he spoke, "from what has happ
I have had such an insight into my own
conceive I should do well to leave this pl
married. Sorry as I shall be to lose so mu
ciety, yet I think it would be best for m
from this neighbourhood for the present."

Mr. Day highly commended this resolu
rick's; pointing out the wisdom of fleeir
braving temptation; and, accordingly,
day was employed in arranging a little
to occupy Frederick for two months to
of this kind admit of no delay: accord
set out early the next morning, intend
first stoppage at the house of a colleg
shire, and to proceed from thence to th

On the morning of his pupil's depar
over to Clifton Castle, where he knev
to find Sir Anthony and Mr. Lamb
with a message from young Falconer
gizing for his abrupt departure.

The family at Clifton Castle were a
Day arrived. He was received, as u
diality by the earl and countess; but
and Augusta melancholy. "You a

r. Day," said Sir Anthony; "this is a rare circum-
ance with you; for, I believe, you make a point of al-
ays devoting the first hours of the day to study."
"I have been up, Sir Anthony," said Mr. Day, "ever
ce five o'clock; at which time I started Mr. Falconer
the north. He intends visiting the Lakes this sum-
r, and I am come charged with his respectful remem-
nces to this noble party, and his particular inquiries
pecting the health of lady Augusta."
As Mr. Day expected, this news of the flight of Frede-
k excited no small sensation in many individuals of
polite circle which surrounded him. Robert Lam-
t's countenance spoke much, very much; lady Au-
sta turned pale, and with difficulty appeared to be able
command her feelings in any tolerable degree; lady
— and the earl seemed resolved to express nothing,
l, in consequence, primmed up their features and look-
impenetrable; while the formal and slow-minded Sir
thony was the only person who was at that moment
e to remark on the intelligence which Mr. Day had
nmunicated; and that he did to the following pur-
e:—"Frederick Falconer started this morning, you
, for the Lakes of Westmoreland, and without giving
the smallest notice of his intentions. I am amazed,
. Day; surely I ought to have been apprized! I am
onished! But young people are so uncertain in all
ir motions,—so hasty,—so rapid. But I am sorry. I
ve, you well know, Mr. Day, one of the best maps of
estmoreland now extant, and the Guide to the Lakes,
h views of all the most beautiful scenes in the coun-
. Frederick would have obtained many fine ideas if
had taken time to study these books before his depar-
e."
In this manner the old gentleman descanted some-
at to the relief of the rest of the party: and, after
akfast, Mr. Day found means to reconcile him to this
p of his nephew, by the simple statement which he
de to him of the truth.
After the departure of Frederick, Mr. Day, who now
nt more frequently to Clifton Castle, found himself
ch puzzled to make out the manœuvres of the youn
le there; for, although he was very far from war

est, was ex...
immense property po...
Had Sir Anthony no son, she wou...
slightest objection to have married *him*, w...
of soon breaking his heart; but, as there ...
the way, and as she thought him much less ...
than his father, and at the same time more a...
his fiery passions frequently leaving him w...
against a designing foe; she, in consequen...
all her attacks against him, and was dail...
more influence over him, while she preten...
but friendship and esteem; but this under-pl...
kept altogether out of the sight of lord and ...
Sir Anthony, and Augusta, and was mana...
much art, that it was only suspected by the ...
mean time, lady Frances kept up her publ...
of thoughtless levity and indiscretion, wit...
success: and although she rendered herse...
greeable in the eyes of Sir Anthony, by ...
manners and contempt of forms, yet it by ...
peared that he had any definite idea of w...
the consequence of her artifices. At t...
poor Robert was under the influence of ...
contending feelings. He had a sincere ...

Her coldness excited very unple...

lady Frances and Robert. Lady Augusta Clifton only remains to be spoken of; and we shall perhaps find more difficulty in describing her state of mind, than that of any other of the party, because two opposite and very violent feelings were raging within her breast: the one of these was a strong and deeply rooted affection for Frederick, the other was ambition. Whenever she thought of giving up Robert, she regretted the loss of all those elegant and splendid circumstances which she might secure to herself by a marriage with him; and when she thought of accepting Mr. Lambert, then Frederick Falconer appeared before her in that perfection of person, of mind, and of general character, which raised him in her estimation so far above every other young man whom she had ever known. Thus this unhappy young lady, being destitute of correct religious principles, was continually halting between two opinions: while her conduct, in consequence, was variable and inconsistent, and, as far as Robert was concerned, unjust.

While things were in this state, Robert, unable to bear suspense any longer, and being urged on by his father, made an explicit declaration of his regard, together with a formal tender of his hand to the young lady.

It was now become necessary for her to decide in her choice between the man she loved, on the one hand, and the house, estate, and equipage, which were almost equally dear to her, on the other: but it is believed that her regard for Frederick would have obtained a complete triumph, had she not foreseen that there was one at hand ready to seize upon the worldly advantages which she was about to reject; and the prospect of living in the same parish, in a character inferior to this person, was an idea so humiliating, that love itself, she felt, could not make it palatable: therefore, when Mr. Lambert made his formal profession, she gave him, it is true, a denial, but such a one as no man but the fiery and hot-brained Robert would have received as such, particularly from one so young and so lovely as Augusta.

Robert's passions, however, took fire. He fancied that *Augusta despised him,* and herein he was not far from

n. He flew to pour his sorrows
rances; and my readers will no
hat the end of this indiscreet an
was a runaway marriage—the
ng made their escape to a place w
ed for life, they had nothing left

e.

Although events of this kind will
al life, there being no kind of sin
ne natural man is not liable to fal
on which my pen by no means
shall, therefore, satisfy myself w
of this mad scheme upon the
bert had left behind him at Cli
Hall.

Lord and lady V—— were
dently deeply disappointed. S
rious, and in his anger, he s
and declared that he shou
better for him. Few pers
declaration of the angry f
that time would bring a
all Robert's friends so a
greatly afflicted by Rob
so because he had an
Frances.

My reader will prob
feelings of Augusta
may say that they
though she also jo
young people, and
soothe and consol
Sir Anthony ha
son after his mar
cessity of any f
steward that he
come to the
lady Anne L
teen thousan
to add a shi
On this
pupil; bu

irritation of Sir Anthony, he thought it best to let the matter rest for the present. He also thought it advisable to write to Robert; which he did, pointing out to him, in a truly paternal way, that line of conduct which he should now adopt, to render himself again acceptable to his father. "You have done wrong, my dear pupil," said Mr. Day; "you ought not to have deceived your father. But I feel persuaded, that, if you and your lady will now submit yourselves to circumstances, and will settle quietly down in some retired situation on the thousand a year which you can command from the interest of your mother's fortune and lady Frances's property, you may still enjoy all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life; you may moreover render yourself beloved and respected; and may, in the long run, recover the affection of your father."

But Robert Lambert had married a woman who was by no means disposed to yield to untoward circumstances, or to sit down quietly in a country place, on a thousand a year. She maintained, that the best measure which she and her husband could adopt in the present state of things, was to go to Paris, and she wrought so effectually on Mr. Lambert's mind, that to Paris they went; and thus persevered in a kind of conduct which tended to keep up the irritation of Sir Anthony, who, with a true old-fashioned English spirit, hated France, and all things appertaining to it.

While these various events were successively taking place in rapid succession, Frederick Falconer was travelling in the north; whence he was recalled by his uncle, and received with a very marked cordiality at Lambert Hall: where he no sooner appeared, than he was invited to Clifton Castle, and had frequent opportunities afforded him of conversing with lady Augusta.

"My dear Frederick," said Mr. Day, on a certain occasion, to his pupil, "you ought to consider well what our good friends at Clifton Castle are about, and what you are about yourself. There are several inquiries which I think you should seriously make, before you yield your heart to the fascinations of lady Augusta. In the first place, would lord and lady V—— consent to her marriage with a man in your humble condition in life? and

you could obtain their consent, is lady Augusta a
acter to become the wife of a man of moderate f
And, finally, is she a pious woman? You m
trust yourself, Frederick, with a partner who i
The greater her attractions, the greater will
danger, if she wants those principles which are
ly requisite in the help-meet of a minister of C
"I have reason to think," replied Frederick,
Augusta has a lively sense of religion."
"Indeed!" said Mr. Day: "if it is so, I am
of the fact. But you probably have some grou
on to build your opinion?"
"Only from some little things which ha
from her own lips," returned Frederick, "a
serving a little elegant pocket Testament ly
table, when I one day dropped in by accide
"Far be it from me, my dear Frederic
Day, "to pass a harsh judgment on any on
think it very possible for a young lady to
gant pocket Testament, and also to utter s
religious sentiments, when it suits her pur
without her having, after all, the slight
genuine piety. True religion shows itself
in words; and I cannot believe that lady A
could have trifled with Robert Lambert i
did, had she possessed the fear of God.
dear Frederick, inasmuch as we poor h
are infinitely short-sighted, and liable to
various ways, not knowing what tends
and what to the contrary; my advice is
place the whole concern of your future
of God, seeking the divine help to enab
to the possessions of the world, and hc
readiness to renounce every thing whi
tain consistently with your obligations
a Christian. And, at present," he added
to commit yourself by any strong pr
for lady Augusta; and, on this accoun
with her. In a few days, your vacatio
you will then return for the last ti
examination and ordination will tak
and you will perhaps think it bes

us during the Christmas vacation. In the mean time, I shall be a careful observer of lady Augusta's conduct, and I may, moreover, be able to form some idea of what the views of her parents may be respecting her."

Frederick Falconer approved of Mr. Day's advice, and was so anxious to adhere precisely to it, that he refrained from going to Clifton Castle till the morning previous to the day of his departure. He then set out, accompanied by Mr. Day: but when arrived at the Castle, they unexpectedly met Sir Anthony Lambert in the hall, who, seizing hold of Mr. Day, conveyed him into a private room, to communicate certain intelligence relative to Robert; and Frederick was, in consequence, obliged to go alone to seek the family and say adieu.

The footman ushered him into the room that was usually occupied by the family during the morning: but it was empty. Frederick, accordingly, took a book, and sat down to read. This apartment, which was entirely in the Gothic style, opened into a kind of wilderness of flowering shrubs, beyond which were seen the higher regions of the park, crowned with clusters of trees, which seemed almost coeval with the Castle itself. The distant cawings of the rooks in the summits of these trees, and the gentle murmur of the breeze through the chords of a harp standing before the window, were the only sounds which broke the silence. Frederick had taken up a book, and had opened it; but though he held it in his hand, he had not paid the smallest attention to its contents: on the contrary, he was deeply engaged in meditation, and not unfrequently occupied in short mental prayer and earnest supplication, that assistance might be afforded him to resist the temptations with which he was surrounded.

While thus engaged, he heard a step, and, turning his head, he saw Augusta, who had advanced a considerable way into the room without observing him; but who, when, at length, she did discover him, manifested such natural and lovely expressions of delight, that he, for a moment forgetting all his tutor's cautions, sprang from his seat, seized *her hand*, and uttered he knew not what; *but which proved, however*, to be certain words of a *tendency so unequivocal*, that the young lady was no

longer left in doubt of the impression she had made on his heart.

Her reply was, also, such as encouraged him, and led him on to add more to the same purpose; and, in consequence, when a moment of reflection returned, he was astonished to find that he had already committed himself so far, that it no longer depended upon himself to reject this alliance. He, however, on this occasion, was not forsaken of Him on whom he had recently called with so much earnestness; but was enabled to see, now that he had thus incautiously involved his fate with that of the young lady, what next was best to be done upon the occasion. "Lady Augusta," said he, "I have been impelled, by circumstances, to make an avowal of feelings which but a moment before I had resolved not to acknowledge: but, since it is so, permit me now to open to you the whole of my heart; to explain the motives of my conduct for some years past; and to point out certain difficulties which I even now, in this moment of ecstacy, but too plainly foresee lying in the way of our being happy with each other."

Lady Augusta blushed, and seemed uneasy; but allowed Frederick, however, to lead her out of the room into the shrubbery, where they hoped to be enabled to converse some time without interruption.

Having reached a sequestered spot in the pleasure-ground, they sat down on a garden-seat, when Frederick entered into a full explanation of his views and plans of life, of his determination, with the divine aid, to devote himself to the service of God, and to reject the vanities and pomps of this life, though he expressed himself as intending not to renounce the real elegancies and charms of society; and concluded by representing to Augusta, that, unless she could resolve to adopt his views, to turn away from all mere earthly pleasures, to repress ambitious views, and to endeavour to obtain and cherish a serious sense of the obligations of religion, he believed it would be better that he should resolve never to see her more, than that both of them should be rendered unhappy by a union of hands and hearts where the tastes and feelings were so irreconcileable.

I do not pretend to repeat the words of Frederick on

this occasion, but merely to convey his sentiments; doubting not that he would know how to clothe these sentiments in language at once elegant, affectionate, and decisive.

Lady Augusta Clifton heard him throughout without interruption, but, at the same time, with such feelings of enthusiasm toward the speaker, that she felt for a moment, that, had he asked her to live with him in a cottage on bread and water, she could joyfully have yielded her assent.

When he urged upon her the duty and importance of a serious attention to religion, her admiration of his character increased, and his impressive manner affected her. The tears trembled in her sparkling eyes, and made their way down her glowing cheek; and, at length, overcome by a variety of emotions, she gave way to a burst of tears, and exclaimed, "O Frederick! dear Frederick! I will, indeed, endeavour to do, to learn to be,—all you can desire."

Thus terminated this scene; and Frederick and Augusta, as they walked towards the Castle, resolved to wait till his final return from the University before the affair should be mentioned to lord and lady V——: and this was proposed, not from any motive of deceit on the part of Frederick, but because he wished that further time should be allowed Augusta for due reflection on the step which she was about to take; and by which she would sink in the estimation of a fashionable world, and enter within a sphere of life totally different from every thing with which she had been hitherto conversant.

As soon as Frederick Falconer was alone with Mr. Day, he related all that had passed between himself and Lady Augusta.

Mr. Day was sorry that things had gone so far, although he could not blame the young people; and he felt that, if Lady Augusta could resolve to sacrifice her ambition and lay aside her loftiness of manner, for the sake of Frederick, she would indeed render herself worthy of him.

The next *day, Frederick* took leave of his uncle and *Mr. Day, and proceeded to* the University; where he re-

mained till he had passed his examination, and was admitted to deacon's orders.

In the mean time, lord and lady V—— were in town for some months, but they returned into the country about the time when Frederick Falconer was expected home.

It was the general report, that lady Augusta had refused a very advantageous match in London; but what reason she assigned to her parents for so doing was not known. When she revisited the country, Mr. Day thought that she looked exceedingly amiable. She treated him with marked affection, borrowed several religious books from him, and was known to take an interest in the welfare of the poor, and to engage in serving them with an activity which she had never before evinced.

When it was known that Frederick's ordination was over, and while his friends in the country were eagerly looking for his return to their society, notice was suddenly brought them, that he was so seriously ill as not to be able to leave his bed; and the intelligence was the more alarming, inasmuch as his complaint was of the same nature with that which had terminated the life of his mother, and had already brought himself, when a child, to the borders of the grave.

Sir Anthony expressed more feeling and less selfishness on this occasion than he was supposed to be capable of; and lady Augusta was so violently affected, that she had no longer power to conceal her attachment for Frederick from those about her. She wept continually while the least danger continued, and, as her mamma reported the case, she was constantly engaged in prayer.

It is always a good sign when affliction leads an individual to prayer; but it is much to be lamented, when that individual ceases to pray as soon as the affliction is withdrawn.

Mr. Day had hastened to his beloved pupil immediately on receiving the account of his illness, and he remained with him till he was able to be removed, and brought home to his house.

In the mean time lord and lady V—— had had sundry private discussions with Sir Anthony, which were

held, it was supposed, on the subject of the attachment now known to be subsisting between Frederick and lady Augusta: and though the result of these discussions could not be precisely ascertained, yet they were considered to be of a tendency favourable to the marriage, as lady V——, not many days after the return of Mr. Day, with his pupil, to the parsonage, appeared, in her open carriage, with her daughter, at the gate of the garden.

Mr. Day no sooner saw the carriage, than he hastened to the gate, and invited lady V—— to alight. The lady consented, and, followed by her daughter, was led through the well-ordered shrubbery and wide old-fashioned hall of the parsonage, into a large room with an extensive bow-window, which supplied the double office of a dining-room and study; the books being arranged, with great neatness, in their proper places, while certain fine old busts and prints constituted the only ornaments of the apartment. Frederick was extended on a sofa, near the fire, when the ladies were introduced. He was dressed in black, and, though considerably reduced, he never looked handsomer, the reflection of the crimson window-curtain giving a glow to his complexion which almost resembled the flush of health. He arose with haste to meet his noble guests, and, as he extended his hand to lady Augusta, she burst into tears; when, so far from meeting with a reproof from her mother, she consoled her in these terms—"Why weep now, Augusta? Our Frederick is restored to us, and we may soon hope to see him in perfect health."

All this appeared so fair, so open, and so disinterested, on the part of lord V——'s family, that even Mr. Day was pleased, and said to Frederick, "I rejoice to see the high notions of our old friends, lord and lady V——, giving way, and that they appear willing to make their daughter happy at the expense of their own magnificent earthly prospects."

This visit of lady Augusta and her mother seemed to refresh and exhilarate Frederick so much, that he rapidly regained his health, and, as the spring advanced, was enabled, as usual, to visit his uncle and the family at Clifton Castle.

And now prosperity seemed to attend Frederick. or

every side. He appeared to have been daily gro
more and more dear to Sir Anthony since the c
quency of poor Robert. He was the favourite of
Clifton Castle; and though Lord V—— had never
him a decided promise of his daughter, he was cons
ed by every one as an accepted suitor, and permitt
enjoy Augusta's company whenever he pleased.

About this time, Mr. Falconer was deprived of th
ciety of Mr. Day, who hearing that Robert Lambert
his lady were going on in a very heedless manne
Paris, resolved to undertake a journey to see his p
that he might endeavour in person to profit him by
advice.

Frederick was now able to perform the duty of
church; and excellent as Mr. Day was in the pul
still, in the opinion of lady Augusta at least, he
greatly excelled by his pupil. Mr. Falconer, howe
had far humbler ideas of his own powers as a Christ
teacher, and was fully aware that a babe in Christ c
not instruct like a father of the Church. He endeavo
ed, however, to tread as closely as possible in the st
of his tutor, and was careful never to allow his priv
feelings or pleasures to interfere with his duty as a p
tor. Thus, by the divine blessing, he was led on in
way of holiness, and became strengthened in the p
formance of every Christian duty.

Mr. Day had scarcely been absent one week, whe
circumstance, wholly unforeseen, took place in the lit
society which he had left behind him. This was
other than the sudden death, by a fit of apoplexy,
Sir Anthony Lambert. Frederick had been with h
only an hour before, and had left him in apparent g
health, little thinking that he should never again be p
mitted to look upon a living uncle.

Frederick was particularly shocked at the unloo
for decease of this poor man, because it had never b
possible to bring him for a moment to any thing like
rious reflection on religion or a future state. His m
had always been, and continued to the last, so f
with the empty and circumstantial nothings of
that he appeared to be incapable of receiving an
which was not connected with these; and, as he

advanced in life, he seemed more and more devoted to such follies.

To persons thus occupied, a sudden death seems, indeed, a great evil, although we are assured, that a protracted disease or a lingering dissolution would not have the least power of correcting these follies, and bringing such characters to serious reflection, unless attended with a blessing from on high.

As soon as Sir Anthony had been taken ill, Mr. Falconer was sent for, but, as I before said, he did not arrive till the old gentleman had expired. Lord V—— had also been sent for at the same time; and, soon after his arrival, Frederick put his seal, in the presence of that nobleman, on all Sir Anthony's papers and valuables; then, ordering a lead coffin to be made for the remains of Sir Anthony, he despatched a special messenger to Paris for Robert, now Sir Robert Lambert.

Frederick calculated that it was possible Sir Robert might arrive in about fourteen days; he therefore resolved to delay the funeral till he should come, and, consequently, the body was laid in the coffin, which, by Frederick's orders, was placed in the handsomest apartment of the house, in such state as he thought the deceased would have approved, could he have witnessed what was passing: and during the time that the family were waiting for the arrival of Sir Robert, in order to solemnize the funeral, Frederick continued altogether at the Hall, and kept himself in entire privacy, admitting only Lord V——, who came to him every day, treated him with particular respect, and spoke of his marriage with his daughter as a measure already resolved on, and one which might be expected to take place as soon as the mourning for Sir Anthony was over.

Young people, especially pious young ones, are not apt to be suspicious: yet Frederick, had he reflected but a little, must surely have thought that there was something extraordinary in this excessive politeness.

In the mean time, Mr. Day was proceeding to Paris, where, when he arrived, he found his pupil in a state of misery of which he before had scarcely an idea. He was living in a wretched lodging, almost without the decencies of life, exposed to perpetual fear from creditor

and in a state of the most violent irritation of mind. T
add to his distress, lady Frances Lambert was excee
ingly ill, and confined to her bed in a chamber adjoini
to that in which Mr. Day found his pupil; she havi
been brought into this state by uneasiness and disa
pointment, working on a proud and highly ambitio
mind.

At the sight of his tutor, Robert burst into tears; a
throwing himself into his arms, "O my friend! my f
ther!" he said, "I have not deserved this kindness.
am a lost and undone man. I have ruined myself b
my own folly. Though all my debts were paid, and
were in possession of a fortune equal to my father's,
must still be miserable: for I have united myself with
woman destitute of principle, and even without affe
tion."

Mr. Day was much touched by this statement, of t
truth of which he had no doubt, and he immediately s
himself to ascertain the extent of the young man's deb
and to discover what could be done for him. He al
endeavoured to persuade him to a reconciliation wi
his wife, to whom it seems he had not spoken for sever
days; and the good man was more anxious to bring th
about, because, immediately on his seeing the sick lad
he plainly perceived that her constitution was givi
way, and that Robert would be set free from his impr
dent connexion sooner than he could naturally have e
pected.

Mr. Day had provided a sum of money more than s
ficient for his own wants; and he resolved, by as str
an adherence to economy as decency would permit,
render his purse as useful as possible to lady Franc
she being unprovided with any other attendant than h
own maid, who was as helpless a poor creature, and
entirely overcome by the afflictions in which she s
the family involved, as it was possible for a woman
that situation to be. Mr. Day's presence seemed, ho
ever, to encourage her; and lady Frances herself, was,
appeared, particularly affected by his attentions.

While Mr. Day was exerting himself to ascertain t
actual state of Robert's affairs, and endeavouring to b
the young couple into a state of mind more in a

ance with their circumstances, the entire aspect of affairs was suddenly changed by the arrival of the messenger from Lambert Hall. It was necessary for Robert to set out immediately, and he now found no difficulty in prevailing with his creditors to allow of his departure: for Mr. Day having advised him to make his situation known to the English ambassador, his excellency very kindly spoke to them, telling them that the money should be paid immediately; adding, that Mr. Lambert, by the death of his father, was now come into possession of resources so ample, that his present debts would be scarcely an object of consideration to him.

Being thus set free, Robert Lambert thought of nothing but returning to England, and set off post the next morning, leaving Mr. Day behind him; that excellent man having declared his determination not to leave lady Frances till her husband's return; as her health was becoming daily more and more precarious, and her spirits were now reduced to a state of such deep despondence, that they were wholly incapable of a revival, even in the near prospect of that worldly prosperity which she had hitherto so ardently desired.

Thus is it ever found, that earthly possessions produce no real comfort, unless they are accompanied with the divine blessing: and hence may be seen the folly of endeavouring to obtain, by any artful or dishonest practices, those worldly goods which ought to be the property of another.

A man who really desires and aims at the enjoyment of true peace of mind, will receive the commandment—"Thou shalt not steal," in its largest and most extensive acceptation. His conscience will be delicately tender on this point, and he will admit of no saving clauses wherewith to reconcile his mind to the appropriation of the smallest thing which ought to belong to another. And, inasmuch as nothing but scriptural views of true religion can enable an individual to set down habitually easy and free from care with respect to the possessions and honours of this *world, he will* endeavour to keep his eyes *steadfastly fixed on a future* life, and the glories of an *eternal state of blessedness.*—But to return to our story *Sir Robert Lambert* travelled night and day, and ar

ved at Lambert Hall some hours earlier than Frederick had calculated upon.

When he drew near his late father's domains, the young man was considerably affected by the various recollections of his parent, and his heart smote him with the many acts of disrespect and disobedience of which he had been guilty towards him. He thought much also of Frederick, and tried to persuade himself that the superior attention and respect of his cousin's conduct towards Sir Anthony was merely the result of interested motives: "for he could not," thought Robert, "have been blind to my father's singularities, he could not but have seen his weaknesses, and felt his irritating ways. But he had an object to gain which I had not: he had his way to make, and his private interests to promote; and he wanted dignity and spirit sufficient to set him above a mean submission to the whims of those by whom he expected to be the better. I have no doubt," thought Sir Robert, "that if my father has left a will, it will be found that Frederick is handsomely provided for. But be it so: I would not deprive him of the fruits of his assiduities."

Thus Robert hardened his heart against Frederick, and arrived at the Hall in a state of mind full of irritation, not only against his cousin, but against all those whom he supposed to be at all attached to him.

There was a gloom and silence pervading every part of the domain, as Sir Robert advanced through the park to the Hall; and the sight of the hatchment placed over the front door affected him even to tears.

The first questions that he asked, as he sprang from the chaise, and entered the hall, the door of which was opened by an old servant, were, "Is my father yet buried? and who has taken the management of every thing?"

"Your father is not buried, Sir," replied the servant; "and we have looked to Mr. Falconer for our directions."

"Where is Humphreys? where is the steward!" asked Sir Robert. "Let him be sent for."

"He is at this moment with Mr. Falconer in the library."

"Humph!" said Sir Robert, and immediately walked

forward to the library, the servant hastening before him to open the door and announce his arrival. Sir Robert found Frederick and the steward busy with certain papers.

At the sight of Robert, Frederick sprang from his seat, and ran to meet his cousin. "I am glad to see you, Robert," he said: "but we did not expect you till to-morrow."

Robert extended his hand coldly towards Frederick, and, glancing his eye over the table, "You seem very busy, Falconer," he said, "deep in affairs!"

"Business must be done by some one, cousin," replied Frederick; "and when the head of the family is not present, it must devolve on others."

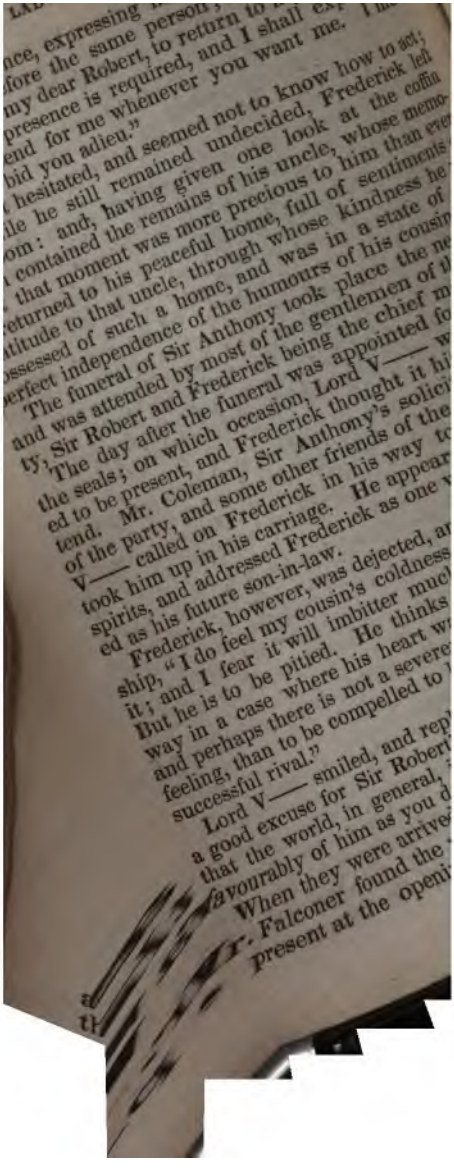
"Certainly," returned Robert. "I am much obliged to you for taking the trouble." And, so saying, he threw himself on an easy chair, and began to question the steward on the occasion of Sir Anthony's death, on the arrangements which had been made for the funeral, and other matters of the same kind, without taking the smallest notice of Frederick.

This behaviour was so pointed, that even the steward seemed embarrassed by it, and made every answer by a reference to Frederick, saying, "Mr. Falconer knows, Sir; Mr. Falconer desired it should be so and so; it was by Mr. Falconer's orders."

In the mean time, Frederick seemed resolved not to be offended, if possible: but, placing himself again at the table, he said, "Robert, I shall finish the arrangement of these papers: they are merely household bills—things of little consequence; but it will save trouble to wind up these unimportant matters."

Sir Robert took no notice of this, but gave orders for refreshments, continuing to speak to Humphreys as if no third person were present.

Frederick, in the interim, completed his business, tied up and wrote memorandums on the papers, and then, delivering them to Mr. Humphreys, "There, Sir," he said, "they are all straight, and ready for Sir Robert's inspection at a future time." Then rising, he came up to Robert, gave him his hand, and told him what he had done with regard to sealing up the papers in



library, partaking of some refreshments. The party consisted, not only of several gentlemen of distinction in the neighbourhood, but Mr. Humphreys the late Sir Anthony's steward, and Mr. Coleman, his solicitor, the latter being a man of great importance in his own esteem, and one who had beed introduced to Mr. Lambert some years before by lord V——, were among the number present.

Sir Robert bowed coolly to the earl, and nodded haughtily to Frederick, as they entered; while Mr. Coleman, in his well-powdered wig and creaking shoes, bustled forward to meet the earl's offered hand, at the same time exchanging a glance with him which was not lost upon Sir Robert, whose uneasy feelings rendered him more than usually quick in observing the change and expression of every countenance. "Lord V——," said Sir Robert, "I am glad to see you; we have been waiting for you some time, and as soon as you have refreshed yourself, we will, if you please, proceed to business."

"I am at your service at any time, Sir Robert," returned the earl, "but, upon my word, this ham looks so tempting that I must taste it. I believe that the air must have given me an appetite, for I am excessively hungry."

The earl then took his seat at the table, and Mr. Coleman began to show his skill in cutting the ham, while lord V—— called for mustard, chilly vinegar, and pickles, exciting such a bustle that poor Robert was almost ready to wish that some of these good things might stick in his throat. "Do try this hung beef, lord V——," said Mr. Coleman, "it is most excellent."

Sir Robert, who all this time was walking, or rather stamping, about the room, suddenly stopped, and turning round, desired Frederick, with some haughtiness, to ring the bell.

"What do you want, Sir Robert?" said Mr. Humphreys, running before Frederick to the bell; "can I get any thing for you? Perhaps it might not be so well to introduce the servants, as we are likely to be engaged in business."

"*Business!*" *repeated* Sir Robert, "I see no chance *of our commencing* business at present: Lord V—— *and Mr. Coleman* are otherwise engaged."

"Did you speak to me, Sir Robert?" asked Mr. Coleman.

"No, Sir," returned Sir Robert; "but when you have satisfied your hunger, we will, if you please, proceed to business."

"Sir, I shall be ready immediately," answered Mr. Coleman; while he and lord V—— continued to cut slice after slice of the hung beef, evidently enjoying the impatience of Sir Robert, who seemed scarcely able to repress his angry feelings."

"I say, Lambert," said Lord V——, "have you any beef like this in Paris?"

Sir Robert bit his lips, and could hardly find words to answer. Mr. Coleman then took up the subject of French cookery, and ran a parallel between that and English, till at length Frederick became uneasy, and hinted to lord V—— that he was keeping Sir Robert in pain. "O, true," said lord V——, looking at his watch, and rising from the table.

Sir Robert appeared as if relieved by this motion, and led the way to the room where Sir Anthony had kept his papers, and which had been locked up by lord V—— and Frederick.

"Perhaps no man," said Sir Robert, "knew my poor father's arrangements better than you did, Mr. Coleman. Is there a will?"

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Coleman, "there should be one."

"You are acquainted with its contents then, Sir," rejoined Sir Robert.

"I cannot say that I am, Sir," returned Mr. Coleman; "though I was present when it was executed."

Lord V—— looked closely at the seals on an iron chest and scrutoire, all of which were in perfect preservation. The scrutoire was first opened, but it contained nothing of consequence, excepting the key of the strong box. The strong box was next resorted to, and there was the will, which, from its date on the envelope, in Sir Anthony's own hand, appeared to have been made a *little* after the marriage of Robert; a circumstance which *filled* the young man with such violent apprehensions *that he* could scarcely command his feelings till the *cument* was opened.

It was agreed that Mr. Coleman should read the will; and the old gentleman accordingly seated himself, in due form, at a small table, causing the company to arrange themselves around him, and stopping, very deliberately, to wipe his spectacles before he began. At length he unfolded the scroll, and cursorily ran over the preamble, but without the least variation of countenance, during the time of his doing which poor Robert was in agonies. At length the old gentleman began to read, and, after certain long-winded and formal preludes, such as are commonly found at the head of documents of this kind, he proceeded, in an unaltered tone, to these important words:—"I, Anthony Lambert, Baronet, &c. &c. being in sound mind, &c. &c. give and bequeath to my well beloved and dutiful nephew, Frederick Falconer, the only surviving child of my late sister, Barbara Falconer;" here Mr. Coleman was troubled with a cough, which was, however, the less to be wondered at, as the old gentleman was sometimes known to cough on other occasions, and, being thus put out of his course, he was obliged to begin anew, and to proceed leisurely from the commencement of the above-mentioned weighty clause, till being again come to the name of Barbara Falconer, he went on as follows: "the whole of my landed estates, my personal property, goods, and chattels, &c. &c. to be by him possessed, without condition or encumbrance: and to my son Robert, the whole of his mother's fortune, being ten thousand pounds in the five per cents, with the saving thereupon, &c. &c."

Mr. Coleman was proceeding, when he was suddenly and violently interrupted by the exclamations of several persons in the company; while those who were particularly concerned, started, turned pale, and spoke not a word. "Would you wish to hear these clauses again, lord V——?" said Mr. Coleman, on his lordship hinting that he did not understand them. The Earl nodded assent, and there was a dead silence in the apartment, while Mr. Coleman recapitulated what he had before read: but he had scarcely come a second time to a conclusion, *before Sir Robert*, wildly awakening from the *state of stupor into* which he had been thrown by this *sudden and dreadful* downfall of all his prospects, ro

up, and fixing his fiery gaze on Frederick, who was even more astonished than himself, and was become pale as death from agitation, poured upon him such a volume of bitter execrations as made every one present tremble with horror; "Contemptible creature! mean and creeping villain!" he exclaimed, "are you now satisfied?"

"Robert," said Frederick, "I have not deserved this, I solemnly declare!"

"Fawning hypocrite!" rejoined Robert, interrupting him, "approach me, and I will fell you to the ground, and trample you beneath my feet!" and the young man as he spoke stood trembling with rage, and looked as if even murder was not far from his thoughts.

Mr. Humphreys, the venerable steward, at the same instant, took hold of his young master's arm, and hinted something about command of temper; on which Robert pushed him from him, with a violence which made the old man reel backwards to the wall, while he himself again burst forth in a torrent of such furious invectives against Frederick, that even lord V—— and Mr. Coleman were forced from their pretended calmness, and were, with others present, obliged to use their utmost strength to prevent the rash young man from rushing upon his cousin, and giving such a turn to the scene as no one had foreboded.

"Hear me; only hear me, Robert," said Frederick. "I was as little aware—. I had not the least suspicion—."

"Had not the least suspicion!" replied Robert, taking up Frederick's word in a tone of bitter scorn. "Yes, I believe you; so far I believe you:—you were not aware perhaps, of the complete success of your vile machinations; you had not even hoped that you had succeeded so far as to make me a beggar. But villain as you are, you shall not enjoy your triumph. I deny the authority of the will; I will contest it in a court of law. You shall never know an hour's enjoyment of your ill-gotten property."

"The will has been duly executed, Sir Robert," said Mr. Coleman, looking at the seals and signature: "it cannot be contested; no law will give it in your favour; the property is not entailed; it must go as the will directs."

"Permit me to speak," said Frederick. "Hear me; only hear me, Robert."

"I have heard enough, I have seen enough, despicable villain!" again interrupted Robert: "more I will not hear."

"But you shall hear me, my brother! my friend," rejoined Frederick; and he would have added more, had not lord V—— forcibly drawn him back, Mr. Coleman, at the same time beseeching him not to provoke his cousin to strike him. "I do not want to provoke him," said Frederick, "if he would but hear me."

"But," said lord V——, drawing him still further off, "don't you see, my dear Falconer, that by attempting to speak to him now, you may bring upon yourself some insult which a gentleman never could pass over: he would not hesitate to strike you. Do, pray, my good Falconer, be ruled by me," and the earl held his arm so firmly, that Frederick could not extricate himself without violence.

While this was passing at one end of the room, the friends of Robert were labouring to keep him within bounds at the other; for he was endeavouring to break through to Frederick. At length, however, the furious young man, finding that he could not prevail, many being against him, tore himself from them, rushed down stairs and out of the house, called for his carriage, and, shortly afterwards, was seen passing the gate into the park, with the utmost speed to which the horses could be urged.

Frederick had not observed the moment of Robert's quitting the room; but when apprised that he was actually gone, he would have followed him, and was hardly restrained, by all who were present, from rushing after him. The earl, however, and his friends, had interest enough to detain him till Robert was altogether beyond his reach, and the gates of the park were closed upon his carriage. Frederick then ceased to dispute the point; and, with a paleness and dejection of countenance which astonished every one present, sat down quietly to hear the remainder of the will, which was of little importance: after which, he requested lord V—— to do th

honours of the house towards the company assembled, and requested the favour of being left awhile to himself.

As soon as the gentlemen were withdrawn, Frederick threw all the papers into the strong box, locked up the scrutoire, and retired to that apartment of the house which he had always occupied when visiting his late uncle; and there, closing the door, he made such an application for the divine direction on the present trying occasion, as assuredly never could be made in vain to Him who hath said, "*Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

While he was thus employed in earnest and ardent prayer, his mind was promptly enlightened to perceive how he ought to act; and he was also brought to the determination of doing that immediately which he considered it right to do as his last resource. He, accordingly, rang his bell, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following letter to Robert.

"My dear Sir Robert,

"You think ill of me, and I confess that appearances are against me. You are persuaded that I have injured you: it remains, therefore, now, for me to vindicate my character, by assuring you, that it is my fixed resolution to take no advantage whatever of the bequest of your father. Give me but your friendship and your confidence, Robert, and I shall be perfectly satisfied, and even most happy, in the consciousness of having acted with integrity, and evinced the power of God, as operating in an earthen vessel, to the eyes of all those who hitherto may have doubted his ability for raising his unworthy creatures above the temptations of the world.

"Return, then, my dear Robert, return to your own home: and God grant that you may prove a blessing to all those who might hereafter depend upon you for comfort and assistance!"

This letter being signed and sealed, Frederick called for his own servant, a very trustworthy young man of sound principles; and, giving it to him, besought him that he would endeavour to trace Sir Robert, and deliver the deposit into his own hands. He also particularly

charged him not even to hint to any one whom he might see, before he left the Hall, the object of his intended journey.

As soon as Frederick had despatched the servant, he felt his mind so greatly relieved, that he returned to the library; where, on finding that lord V—— and Mr. Coleman, with the other gentlemen, had left the Hall, he called his servants together, and simply stated to them, what they were all fully apprised of already, that his uncle had left him in entire possession of the estate, having made his will at the period when he was at the height of his resentment on account of Sir Robert's marriage. "According to this will, therefore," said he, "I am entitled, by the laws of my country, to accept and retain this property. But, my friends," he added, and seemed much affected as he spoke, "as a Christian, I have undertaken to submit, not only to the laws of man, but to the laws of God: and although, in taking from Sir Robert his rightful inheritance, I should not, indeed, transgress against the letter of the law which saith—'Thou shalt not steal;' yet, in the spiritual and enlarged sense of that law, such conduct would be a breach of this commandment, and I should, by such a measure, forfeit, in the opinion of every simple Christian, that respect which alone can render me useful as a minister. I should lose my peace of mind, my confidence in my Redeemer, my trust in God; and, in fine, the whole comfort of this present life, and perhaps the happiness of the next."

Frederick paused, and was astonished at the powerful effect which his discourse produced on those present. Some melted into tears, some blessed him, and others praised God for thus displaying his power in this his devoted servant; and all united, as if with one voice, in requesting him to retain his authority over them, acknowledging that they were all rejoicing, but a moment before, in being subjected to that authority.

"I cannot, I dare not, grant your requests," replied Frederick. "Cease, therefore, to urge me, my friends; and doubt not that you will find Sir Robert a kind and generous master, and one who will shine more in power and prosperity than he has in adversity."

While these things were passing at Lambert Ha

Lord V—— had returned to Clifton Castle, to relate the events of the day to his lady and daughter. I dare not use the word *news* of the day, because it so happened, that lady V——, her noble husband, and their beautiful daughter, had been fully apprized of Sir Anthony's intentions with respect to both his nephew and son, from the period of Sir Robert's delinquency: and although Lord V—— had proceeded throughout the whole of the business with a high degreee of worldly wisdom and discretion, yet it was, in a great measure, owing to his influence and that of his lady, together with the blandishments of their beautiful daughter, that Sir Anthony's resolution of disinheriting his son remained fixed, till such time as his sudden death rendered the act irretrievable.

Lady V—— and Augusta were walking in the park at Clifton when the Earl's carriage entered it, on his return from Lambert Hall. He no sooner saw his wife and daughter, than he ordered his servants to stop, and springing from the carriage, hastened to meet them, with such an air and expression of countenance as proved, before he spoke, that all had turned out at the Hall just as they wished it. Augusta's fine face was flushed with pleasure; and lady V—— exclaimed, "I am glad to see you, my Lord, so cheerful. How did Robert bear it? Was he very indignant?"

"Indignant!" said his lordship, "how could he be otherwise? A cooler temper than our friend Robert's would have been inflamed by a less thing than this. But the scene was capital. That arch hypocrite Coleman, who, you know, has detested young Lambert ever since he was insulted by him, some years ago, at a public dinner, was so cold, so impenetrable, and so immoveable; old Humphreys stared so, and seemed so puzzled, between the old and new master, his love and regard pulling him one way, for he is very fond of Falconer, and habit and custom drawing him the other, that it was *really* quite diverting."

"And Frederick," said lady V——, "how did he behave? Had he any idea, do you think, before the reading of the will, of the great things which were to be done for him?"

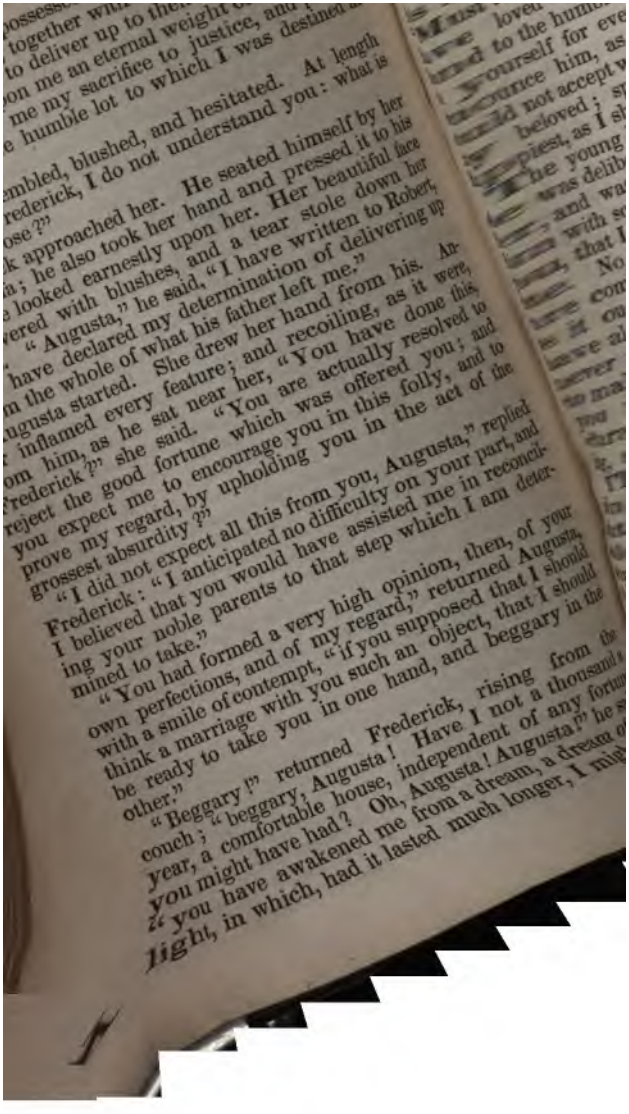
"I verily believe," said lord V——, "that he did not expect sixpence from the will: and he was so violently affected by the distress of his cousin, that, had Robert shown the slightest self-command, had he not behaved altogether like a brute on the occasion, I verily believe that young Falconer would have made concessions by which he would have lost all the benefit of the bequest."

"Well," said lady Augusta, laughing, "I could almost be sorry for poor Robert, if I were not so very glad."

Lord and lady V——, with their daughter, continued in conversation to this effect, till they returned to the Castle; where, meeting with some visitors, they were obliged to change the subject, and to affect that fashionable ease and carelessness which persons used to polished society are enabled to assume on every occasion. These visitors dined at the Castle, but left it early after dinner; and they were no sooner gone, than Frederick Falconer arrived.

The moment he entered the drawing room, lady V—— hastened to congratulate him on the acquisition of his immense fortune, and lady Augusta welcomed him with her sweetest smiles. But Frederick, instead of evincing an increased animation, or showing any unusual elation of spirits, seemed agitated and embarrassed, and there was a something in his whole appearance which alarmed Augusta though she scarcely knew wherefore. His cheek was considerably flushed, his hair disordered, and care and solicitude sat on his brow. He took no notice of the compliments paid him by the Countess, but requested the favour of a few moments' private conversation with lady Augusta, which request was instantly complied with by her mother, who walked out of the room, and, closing the door after her, left the young people together.

Augusta, when left with Frederick, seated herself on a sofa in a recess of the window, waiting patiently till her companion should speak: but he kept her for some moments in suspense, while he paced the room, evidently in violent agitation. At length turning suddenly towards her, and looking upon her with no small expression of disturbance within, "O, Augusta!" he said, "you whom I have loved from my infancy, you who alone, of



ased to look forward to the happiness of another
rld. But all is right," he added, striking his hand
his forehead, and then clasping both hands together,
d looking upwards, "all thou ordainest is right, O my
d. Henceforward may I love thee, and thee only!"
en turning again to the young lady, and holding out
hand to her, "Shall we part, my beloved?" he said.
lust I renounce either my integrity or the woman I
e loved from childhood? Will you give your
d to the humble Frederick Falconer, and attach him
yourself for ever by this condescension? or will you
ounce him, as he has done the fortune which he
ld not accept without injustice and ingratitude. Speak,
beloved; speak but one word, and make me the
piest, as I shall be the most highly favoured of men."
The young lady wept violently. Frederick thought
was deliberating in his favour. He drew nearer to
, and was about to take her hand, when rejecting
with scorn, "No, Frederick," she said, "I repeat to
, that I will not uphold you in the folly you medi-
. No, if you can resolve thus to throw away my fu-
e comfort, I cannot suppose your regard to be such
t ought to be. That I love you, Frederick, that I
e always loved you, I do not deny: but I cannot, I
er will, consent to the foolish sacrifice you are about
make. Let us now part, and it will depend on what
resolve, whether we ever meet again in any other
aracter than that of common acquaintance." So say-
, she arose, and, while still weeping, left the room.
The eyes of Frederick followed her, as she passed
ng the splendid apartment; and, as soon as she had
t the door behind her, he left the room by another
let, quitted the Castle, and, making the best of his
y to the parsonage, shut himself up in his own
mber, where he was confined a few days with a
ht fever, occasioned by the excessive agitation which
had endured for some hours past.
Five days had passed during which Frederick had
n obliged to keep his chamber, in which time he en-
ed much peace of mind, the consequence of the di-
blessing upon his honourable intentions. When
to leave his room, he had several visits from lor

and lady V——, which ended only in increased displeasure on the part of these noble individuals, who represented his determination of giving up the estate to Robert as an act of the grossest folly, and assured him that they never would consent to his marriage with their daughter, if he persisted in this absurdity. But, through the divine blessing, he was enabled to adhere to his first determination, and was almost brought to feel, that Augusta was not the woman who would have made him happy, though her peculiar loveliness had hitherto blinded him to this truth.

It was on the occasion of the last visit of this noble pair to Mr. Falconer, and at the moment when they were about to take their leave, that a travelling-carriage drove up to the door of the parsonage, from which sprang Sir Robert Lambert. Frederick hastened into the hall to receive him, and was about to take Robert in his arms, when the young man fell at his feet, embraced his knees, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O my brother! my friend! my Frederick, you have at length, more than conquered me. I see your merits, and my own injustice. Oh, pardon, pardon your Robert. Give me your friendship: give me my father's legacy, and retain your estate; you are more worthy of it than I am. Yours it is, and yours it shall be: my father judged wisely: you alone deserve it."

Lord and lady V——, who, from the inner apartment, heard all that was passing, looked at each other, and were astonished. They saw Frederick lift up Robert and embrace him, and heard him declare that he never would deprive him of his natural rights. "I do not want these possessions, my dear cousin," he said, "they would not make me happier; I am content with what I have.—*A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*" (Luke xii. 15.)

In this manner, and to this purpose, the young men had for some time persevered in their contest of generosity, when lord and lady V—— interrupted them, by passing through the hall to their carriage. Robert started at the sight of them, bowed, and drew back, while Frederick stepped forward to hand lady V—— to her carriage.

The noble pair took a formal leave of Frederick, who stood at the door of the house looking at the carriage till it was out of sight. Then, fetching a deep sigh, he returned to Robert, who began immediately to renew his entreaties that his cousin would at least share his father's fortune with him.

"My dear Robert," said Frederick, "we have, in the excellent Mr. Day, a common friend and father, whom we may hope to see in a few days. I insist on giving up the estate to you; and what you shall do for me shall be left to the arbitration of this friend. I repeat to you, that I want nothing. I have already all I require for myself, and even much more. At one time I thought of marrying, but at present my views on that subject are altered. But we will leave this matter now. Make me but your friend, my cousin; grant me but your confidence; and henceforward may we be dear as brothers who have but one interest, and who may hope to spend a happy eternity together when these perishable scenes shall have passed away."

I shall not repeat all that Sir Robert said in reply to his. Suffice it to add, that the removal of his suspicions of Frederick seemed to have, with the divine blessing, a sudden and happy influence upon his whole mind and character. He now was enabled to see and to honour the beautiful and glorious effects of religion on the human heart; he was also made to perceive the violence, impetuosity, and injustice of his own conduct through life; and he was, in consequence, humbled, being rendered dubious of his own judgment, and willing to submit it to that of his friend, whose character, as I before said, was now discovered to him in its true colours. But to proceed with our narrative.

Robert, for several days after his arrival, still remained with Frederick, resolving to await the return of Mr. Day before he proceeded to the arrangement of his affairs, or the further inspection of papers. It appears, that lady Frances had by her conduct so entirely forfeited the respect of *her husband*, that it could no longer be required of him to pay her the attention due to every reputable wife; and it therefore can be no matter of astonishment that he received the account of her death, which

was forwarded by Mr. Day, and arrived a few days after Sir Robert reached the parsonage, with sentiments, if not altogether of thankfulness, at least of a mixed feeling. Mr. Day informed him, in the letter which brought an account of his lady's death, that it was his intention to follow this letter as soon as possible after the funeral: and he accordingly appeared within twenty-four hours of the time intimated.

The meeting between Mr. Day and his two pupils, after so many eventful occurrences had taken place in the family, was very affecting; and when he was made acquainted with the noble conduct of Frederick, and the present generous and penitent feelings of Robert, the good gentleman melted into tears, and exclaimed, while lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, "O my God, I thank thee that thou hast heard my prayers: I am, indeed, blessed in my children!"

When Mr. Day had somewhat recovered the fatigue of his journey, he entered into the business of arbitration between his pupils, having first insisted that they should abide by his determination.

"I have by me," said Mr. Day, "the outline of a will made by your poor father, while you, Robert, were at the University; and I think that we cannot do better than abide by this will, supposing the last not to be in existence with respect to yourself and Frederick. By this first will, Frederick was entitled to ten thousand pounds: and I certainly think it but just that he should now receive this same legacy, and not, at any rate, be a loser by your father's too generous intentions towards him."

Robert begged to be permitted to double the sum; but Mr. Day remarked that there was to be no appeal from his decision, and the matter was thus amicably and wisely arranged; Frederick, however, assuring Mr. Day that he should have been perfectly satisfied although he had not been one shilling the better for his uncle's will.

From that period I am happy to say that Sir Robert Lambert never forgot the obligation he owed to Frederick; and all uneasy feelings being removed, his admiration of his character and love of his excellent qualities seemed, with the divine blessing, to effect such a change in his heart as seemed to render him a new creature.

While things were thus happily proceeding at Lambert Hall and the parsonage, and peace restored to the minds of the two cousins, (Frederick and Robert both having been brought to feel that in missing Augusta they had perhaps escaped a woman whose ambition might have rendered them miserable,) the death of lady Frances had wrought a mighty change in the politics of Clifton Castle.

Lord and lady V—— found themselves completely baffled, and were made to feel that the very steps which they had taken to secure a particular situation for their daughter, were the very means of her losing this situation. Lady Augusta, however, was still in the first bloom of her beauty, and might expect to marry a man of higher rank than Sir Robert Lambert: they therefore resolved to leave the country for a few months, and to try their daughter's fortune elsewhere, not recollecting or supposing it possible that Augusta might still retain such a regard for Frederick, (whom she had never even mentioned since he had refused to oblige her by sacrificing his integrity to her ambition,) as would render it impossible for her ever to think of another person.

But the truth was, that the noble and disinterested conduct of Frederick towards his cousin, and the anguish he expressed when compelled to sacrifice the object of his tender regard to his sense of duty, had so raised him in her esteem, that she would now have given up every earthly prospect, had it been possible thereby to recall the past, and render herself loved and respected by him as she once had been.

"O Frederick, my Frederick," she would often say, when left to her own private reflections, "O, had I but shared with you the glorious sacrifice, how blessed, how loved, how honoured by all, should I now have been! and in what peace might I have dwelt with you in your humble yet fragrant dwelling, where, as in a second Eden, I should have employed myself in the presence of my beloved, the assistant and sharer in all his innocent labours and works of charity! But ambition and covetousness have proved my bane and destruction. O miserable, lost Augusta!" In this manner would the young lady bemoan herself; while she still could see no mean

of retracing her steps, or of making her presence known to Frederick, consistently with the delicacy of her sex.

Thus did this fine young creature become the prey of secret sorrow: the colour faded from her cheeks; she grew silent and pensive in company; and, when unobserved, was continually in tears.

In the mean time, she was removed by her parents from Clifton Castle, and carried first to Bath, and afterwards to town.

And now, weeks had rolled round, and nearly eight months had elapsed since the death of Sir Anthony. Robert had been established some time at the Hall, and habitually conducted himself in a manner which obtained for him the respect and love of all his dependants.

The months of spring at length arrived, and the gardens of the Hall and parsonage were beginning to look gay with the buds and blossoms of the renewed year. Mr. Day and his pupils were full of schemes of Christia love and benevolence; and the amiable Frederick w preparing himself for priest's orders; when sudden there appeared in him symptoms of that alarming dise which had twice before threatened his life.

To describe the anguish of Robert and Mr. Da this occasion would be impossible. Frederick hi was now the only one who could speak a word of fort. "My father, and my brother," he said, "I recover as I have before done; I may overcon attack, if the Lord permits, and live to be a hale ol but if not, my Robert, if I must go, what then? indeed be parted for a little while from you, a my adopted parent; but I shall be the gainer: I there, where my home and my heart have lo praised be Him who drew that heart unto hi opened to my view such scenes of glory in world, as with the value of which no earthly p could admit of the least comparison.

"But who," added the young man, lifti nds and eyes to heaven, "who wrought t rk in me, and sent his Holy Spirit to dwel luted temple, making his strength app akness, and causing his holiness to shi

al corruption? Who, but that God who
vation ere yet my body was fashioned out
r the Spirit of life breathed into my nos-
the Father loved me, and prepared for my
the foundations of this earth were laid, or
stars had sung together. That salvation
when my Saviour cried out, *It is finished.*
at God the Holy Spirit has been fitting me,
y years past, for the glory provided for me,
erating and sanctifying grace, although I
him with the whole strength of a corrupt
unconverted will."

on," Mr. Day would reply, "my Frederick!
strength, if needful, to yield you up; for I
not do it in my own strength."

ld not speak on these occasions, but repeat-
Frederick spoke of the probability of his
rise in haste, leave the room, and return
while, his eyes red with weeping, and with
of sorrow which he was unable to conceal.
disease, which was upon the chest, had, in
r attacks, been so acute, that, in a few weeks,
both cases was decisive; but on this occasion
uch more slowly, and was more variable in
urable symptoms at times presenting them-
ain disappearing. The young man, in the
ew daily more emaciated, his strength and
ually declining, and his power of exer-
less and less; while, however, the sweet
he continually enjoyed was habitually such
ed himself as being only too happy. He
self as enjoying an unshaken trust in his
a bright hope of future blessedness, which
y unclouded, though at the same time ut-
dent of any idea of self-confidence. That
which he had secured the admiration of all
m, he seemed at this time wholly to have
much as he never once adverted to it; and
inted at the subject in his presence, he
"How could a Christian, or even an up-
man, have acted any otherwise than I did
on? *You lower* the tone of mere morality,

my friend, by representing an act of this
more than a common duty. Would you p
robbing on the highway, when I tell yo
highwayman is a superior character
advantage of circumstances to depriv
distant relation, or a brother of his jus
I could with pleasure write many p
blessed state of mind of this truly nob
man during the few last weeks of
was so gradual, that even his neare
fully aware how soon they would
him up. His last evening was sp
apartment, the library of the pars
lay on the sofa, with his beloved tu
by his side, the brilliancy of his
glow of his cheeks, added to the
features, rendered his aspect so fa
although his pulse throbbed vio
was alarmingly oppressed, the i
dissolution did not by any mean
friends. The window of the r
summer, and some of the little
at Farewell had come to bring
When their little presents
single strawberry from the bas
he begged that the children
without the window, to sing
had taught them. His requ
while they sang, he seemed
"Ah, dear children, I sha
again," he said; "I shall n
lage: but I thank God for
among you." He then ad

"These are the
In fields and vil
Gives us a relis
But keeps his

On that very night
young man finished
rns of Robert La
ants, were

Falconer's death took place exactly one
days after that of his uncle; and when, had
the bequest of Sir Anthony, he might have
ession of the estate precisely one year, want-
.

Falconer had been laid out in the handsom-
the parsonage about eight hours, and his
were settled in death, although the hectic
carcely yet forsaken his lips and cheeks,
ost beautiful flowers from the green-house
e, belonging to the Hall and his own gar-
ofusely scattered over the sheet with which
red, when suddenly a carriage appeared at
n which rushed the unhappy Augusta, in a
ort of frenzy.

mbert met her as she entered the hall.
as hurried; her hair disordered; and her
in a glow. "Where is my Frederick," she
ing Robert, but not seeming to know the
ddressed.

s silent, and seemed violently agitated at
his young lady.

s Mr. Falconer?" said Augusta, turning
ert to a servant who entered the hall.

nt's eye directed her to the stairs. She ap-
m, and ascending rapidly, met Mr. Day at
he room, where rested all that was mortal
egant and amiable youth.

ugusta Clifton!" said Mr. Day, with aston-

s Mr. Falconer?" repeated Augusta; and
Ir. Day, she entered the room, and hastened
step towards the bed, but stopping short at
the corpse, she clapsed her hands, turned
h, and remained a moment motionless.
, as if appealing for pity, at Mr. Day and
had followed her into the room, she ap-
corpse, and stooping over it, addressed it in
words:—

Frederick, I have resolved, I have deter-
doing all that you required. I will abandon
all the pleasures, all the honours, all the

e sons of Sir Robert, the eldest of whom was
erick, and the second, Falconer.
rt was a sincere and constant mourner for his
derick, and a successful imitator of his glo-
ple; being counted, after he came to his es-
the most upright, honourable, and generous
om his country could boast, and I need not
of solid and consistent piety.
rt Lambert did not marry again till some
he death of Augusta, and, it was reported,
ered himself to her more than once during
l. But this unhappy young lady continued
aithful to the memory of her Frederick; and,
in confident reliance on the merits of her
the pardon of her numerous misdeeds, we
hat she is now rejoicing in the presence of
r, in the land where all tears shall be wiped
es.
ars are passed away since Frederick Falconer
ed from this present evil world: but a noble
portrait of him is still to be seen in a gallery
Hall, where he is represented in the full
ealth and beauty, but clothed in light and re-
arments, and elevating his eyes and hands
ven, with a brilliant crown hanging over his
beneath his feet are placed bags of gold and
ms of earthly magnificence. And the chil-
ren of Robert Lambert still show this portrait
t satisfaction, and are delighted to relate the
ch occasioned its existence.

of the manor here concluded her narrative;
time expressing her hope, that she had suc-
some small degree, in pointing out and ex-
e rule of rectitude which every Christian
serve with regard to the possessions of his
and in warning her young people against
olite kind of stealing of which proud and am-
ons are continually guilty. "Ambition," she
a prolific source of dishonesty; but it is, ne-
natural to man's heart, and can never be
om thence until the Spirit of God has exer-

cised his power in the regenera
the soul."
The lady of the manor then called her yo
to prayer.

*A Prayer for Grace to be enabled strictly and spiri-
ually to fulfil all the Duties enforced by the Eighth
Commandment.*

"O LORD GOD, our only ground of hope and co
dence, thou by whom we were first created, and
hast kindly supplied all our wants during the yea
tender and helpless infancy, graciously inspire u
such a perfect trust in thee, such an entire relia
thy fatherly care, and such a firm assurance t
care will be continued unto the end, that we m
allow ourselves to entertain any anxieties respe
future lot on earth, nor attempt to supply our
by any means in the least degree dishonoura
justifiable by the divine law of perfect love.
"Imprint on our minds, O blessed Lord,
table truth—that goods unjustly gotten nev
become as rust and moths among our w
sions. Teach us to be content with what
little or be it much, and anxious only t
stance to the glory of God, knowing tha
with contentment, is far more desirable,
wealth, without thy divine blessing.
"Enable us, O Lord, to resist all the
riches may suggest; all undue desires
exalted on the earth; all covetous exp
ing the goods of another, or of obta
way, which, even though it may b
written laws of man, may not be
spirit of universal love which oug
the children of one common Fath
the world is all in all to those to
ture glory are not as yet unfold
grant us, O Lord, that faith wh
things hoped for, the evidence
we, having a vehement desire
may loose our hold on th

ır grasp; and, in looking forward to certain unsearchable riches in the world to come, may alue the perishable riches and fading honours ѕent life.

o this end, give us, O Lord, a clear view of which is in us, and show us our title to the which are above, in order that we may be ena- ore easily to renounce those which are on earth. to admire and adore thy declaration of those rees by which the children of the Blessed One, ed heirs of glory, ere yet the measurement of nenced, and the glorious courses of the planets to distinguish the seasons and make the chan- ht and day. Make us to understand how the of future blessedness were purchased by the hrist, and signed and sealed by Him, who, be- ould swear by no greater, used his own incom- name, to ratify the bond. And, finally, lead us r how the Lord the Spirit works continually ıg us for glory.

ıs, O Lord, to meditations on these subjects, us to feed on thy promises, till we are enabled e world beneath our feet, to trample on its d to triumph over its temptations. And so O blessed Lord, with thy counsels, that we ſter enter into thy eternal glory, through the merits of Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Amen."

iod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; ove all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye all be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. nd take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the pirit, which is the word of God. (Eph. vi. 13—17.)

" And now, my beloved young people, having briefly ated the motives which religion suggests for the con- ol of the tongue, I shall proceed to give you some of y own views on the state of conversation in general in is country.

" It is commonly supposed, that a gossipping disposi- n is now confined to low life, and that the genuine irit of it is rarely found in any higher circle than the lliner's shop. But this appears to me an error; and hough there is a certain sort of tittle-tattle which sel- m creeps into polished life, yet I am of opinion that ere is not a single order or denomination of men, from e courtiers who attend the royal levee, to the shoe- ack in the corner of the street, which has not its appro- iate gossip and its petty calumnies.

" Gossip and tittle-tattle, disguised with the cloak of pre- nded charity and anxiety for the well-being of a neigh- ur's soul, is one of the greatest evils of the present te of religious society. The University has a pecu- r style of tittle-tattle of its own, with an appropriate nguage. There is another sort of tittle-tattle at cleri- l meetings; and another where many military men are nd. Persons bred to the law and to physic have each ir appropriate gossip, independent of all discussions that general kind which may be useful to them in ir professions. The higher and lower, the elegant d coarser orders of females, have each their tea-table ndal. Seminaries of instruction are, in general, deep- infected with this low spirit of tittle-tattle; and the lls of the senate, and the very courts of kings, are as ply infected with this evil spirit as the tepid atmo- here of the laundry and the workshop of the tailor. d the unconverted man, in every situation and rank life, is nearly as incapable of refraining from this d of pastime, as he would be to live without bread water."

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To describe the anguish of Robert and Mr. Day on this occasion would be impossible. Frederick himself was now the only one who could speak a word of comfort. "My father, and my brother," he said, "I may recover as I have before done; I may overcome this attack, if the Lord permits, and live to be a hale old man: but if not, my Robert, if I must go, what then? I shall indeed be parted for a little while from you, and from my adopted parent; but I shall be the gainer: I shall be there, where my home and my heart have long been, praised be Him who drew that heart unto himself, and opened to my view such scenes of glory in a future world, as with the value of which no earthly possessions could admit of the least comparison.

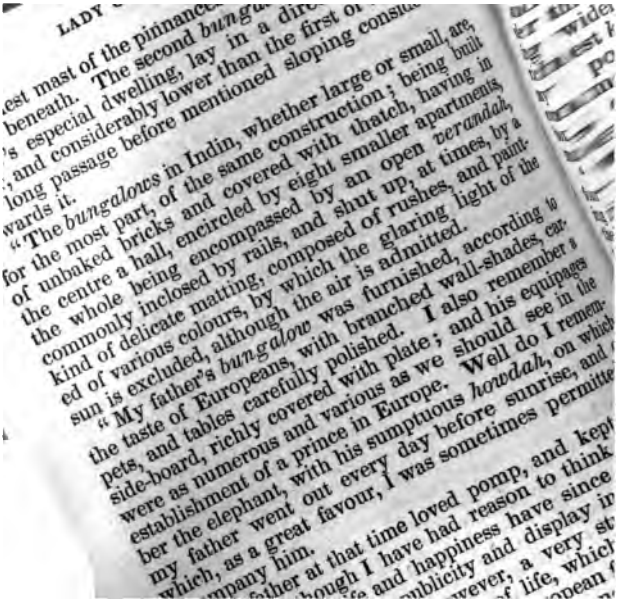
"But who," added the young man, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, "who wrought this mighty work in me, and sent his Holy Spirit to dwell within his polluted temple, making his strength apparent in my weakness, and causing his holiness to shine amidst

deepest natural corruption? Who, but that God who willed my salvation ere yet my body was fashioned out of the dust, or the Spirit of life breathed into my nostrils? God the Father loved me, and prepared for my salvation, ere the foundations of this earth were laid, or the morning stars had sung together. That salvation was complete when my Saviour cried out, *It is finished.* And I trust that God the Holy Spirit has been fitting me, through many years past, for the glory provided for me, by his regenerating and sanctifying grace, although I long resisted him with the whole strength of a corrupt nature and an unconverted will."

"Oh, my son," Mr. Day would reply, "my Frederick! God give me strength, if needful, to yield you up; for I feel that I cannot do it in my own strength."

Robert could not speak on these occasions, but repeatedly, when Frederick spoke of the probability of his death, did he rise in haste, leave the room, and return again after awhile, his eyes red with weeping, and with an expression of sorrow which he was unable to conceal.

Frederick's disease, which was upon the chest, had, in his two former attacks, been so acute, that, in a few weeks, the result in both cases was decisive; but on this occasion it operated much more slowly, and was more variable in its effects, favourable symptoms at times presenting themselves, and again disappearing. The young man, in the mean time, grew daily more emaciated, his strength and appetite gradually declining, and his power of exertion becoming less and less; while, however, the sweet peace which he continually enjoyed was habitually such that he declared himself as being only too happy. He described himself as enjoying an unshaken trust in his Saviour, and a bright hope of future blessedness, which was uniformly unclouded, though at the same time utterly independent of any idea of self-confidence. That noble act by which he had secured the admiration of all who knew him, he seemed at this time wholly to have forgotten, inasmuch as he never once adverted to it; and if any one *hinted at the* subject in his presence, he *would reply, "How could* a Christian, or even an upright *moral man, have* acted any otherwise than I did *that occasion? You* lower the tone of mere morality



Frederick Falconer's death took place exactly one year and six days after that of his uncle; and when, had he accepted the bequest of Sir Anthony, he might have been in possession of the estate precisely one year, wanting five days.

Frederick Falconer had been laid out in the handsomest room of the parsonage about eight hours, and his fine features were settled in death, although the hectic glow had scarcely yet forsaken his lips and cheeks, while the most beautiful flowers from the green-house and hot-house, belonging to the Hall and his own garden, were profusely scattered over the sheet with which he was covered, when suddenly a carriage appeared at the gate, from which rushed the unhappy Augusta, in a state little short of frenzy.

Robert Lambert met her as she entered the hall.

Her step was hurried; her hair disordered; and her cheeks were in a glow. "Where is my Frederick," she said, addressing Robert, but not seeming to know the person thus addressed.

Robert was silent, and seemed violently agitated at the sight of this young lady.

"Where is Mr. Falconer?" said Augusta, turning from Sir Robert to a servant who entered the hall.

The servant's eye directed her to the stairs. She approached them, and ascending rapidly, met Mr. Day at the door of the room, where rested all that was mortal of the late elegant and amiable youth.

"Lady Augusta Clifton!" said Mr. Day, with astonishment.

"Where is Mr. Falconer?" repeated Augusta; and pushing by Mr. Day, she entered the room, and hastened with a quick step towards the bed, but stopping short at the sight of the corpse, she clapsed her hands, turned pale as death, and remained a moment motionless. Then looking, as if appealing for pity, at Mr. Day and Robert, who had followed her into the room, she approached the corpse, and stooping over it, addressed it in the following *words*:—

"*Yes, my Frederick,* I have resolved, I have determined upon doing all that you required. I will abandon for you; all the pleasures, all the honours, all th

distinctions, of this world,—I give them all up for you." So saying, she pressed her lips on the cold forehead of the corpse, and sunk insensible upon the bed.

In this state she was removed, and every means were used to restore her senses. She at length recovered, and, with a calm dignity, which was even more dreadful than her late frenzy, she bade adieu to Mr. Day and Sir Robert, got into her carriage with her maid, and was driven back to Clifton Castle.

From that day lady Augusta was never more seen to smile; and a very few years terminated that life which had been begun amidst prospects the most fair, but the happiness of which had been entirely marred by the eager desire of possessing the distinctions, honours, and riches of this world. The funeral of Frederick was marked by expressions of the deepest sorrow. It was attended by lord V——, Sir Robert Lambert, and Mr. Day, and by multitudes of young and old persons of every rank in the neighbourhood. The children of the school at Farewell sung Frederick's favourite hymn over his grave; and there was not an individual present who did not weep abundantly, nor one who would not gladly have changed place with him, who in his life had been so eminently enabled to show forth the effect of grace, and whose death had been as tranquil as that was honourable.

Lord and lady V——, when it was too late, deplored their former ambitious aims respecting their daughter: and I rejoice in being able to add, that, having been favoured with clearer views of religion through the instrumentality of Mr. Day, and in consequence of the ever-memorable example of Frederick Falconer, by the time that their son arrived at that age when he might be expected to choose a wife, they desired chiefly to find a virtuous woman—virtuous in the true Christian acceptation of the term; being now fully persuaded, that good principles in a son or daughter are more to be esteemed *than* gold and silver, and all that the world deems desirable.

After the death of his much-lamented Frederick, Mr. Day attached himself to Robert Lambert; and the last ten years of this good man's life were spent in the clo-

cation of the sons of Sir Robert, the eldest of whom was called Frederick, and the second, Falconer.

Sir Robert was a sincere and constant mourner for his beloved Frederick, and a successful imitator of his glorious example; being counted, after he came to his estate, one of the most upright, honourable, and generous men of whom his country could boast, and I need not add, a man of solid and consistent piety.

Sir Robert Lambert did not marry again till some time after the death of Augusta, and, it was reported, that he offered himself to her more than once during this interval. But this unhappy young lady continued to the last faithful to the memory of her Frederick; and, as she died in confident reliance on the merits of her Saviour for the pardon of her numerous misdeeds, we may trust that she is now rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour, in the land where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes.

Many years are passed away since Frederick Falconer was delivered from this present evil world: but a noble full-length portrait of him is still to be seen in a gallery at Lambert Hall, where he is represented in the full bloom of health and beauty, but clothed in light and resplendent garments, and elevating his eyes and hands towards heaven, with a brilliant crown hanging over his head, while beneath his feet are placed bags of gold and other emblems of earthly magnificence. And the children's children of Robert Lambert still show this portrait with evident satisfaction, and are delighted to relate the history which occasioned its existence.

The lady of the manor here concluded her narrative; at the same time expressing her hope, that she had succeeded, in some small degree, in pointing out and explaining the rule of rectitude which every Christian ought to observe with regard to the possessions of his neighbours, and in warning her young people against that more polite kind of stealing of which proud and ambitious persons are continually guilty. "Ambition," she added, "is a prolific source of dishonesty; but it is, nevertheless, natural to man's heart, and can never be eradicated from thence until the Spirit of God has exe

cised his power in the regeneration and sanct
the soul."

The lady of the manor then called her you
to prayer.

A Prayer for Grace to be enabled strictly a
ually to fulfil all the Duties enforced by t
Commandment.

"O LORD GOD, our only ground of hope
dence, thou by whom we were first created,
hast kindly supplied all our wants during the
tender and helpless infancy, graciously inspi
such a perfect trust in thee, such an entire r
thy fatherly care, and such a firm assurance
care will be continued unto the end, that we
allow ourselves to entertain any anxieties resp
future lot on earth, nor attempt to supply our
by any means in the least degree dishonoural
justifiable by the divine law of perfect love.

"Imprint on our minds, O blessed Lord, th
table truth—that goods unjustly gotten never
become as rust and moths among our world
sions. Teach us to be content with what we
little or be it much, and anxious only to us
stance to the glory of God, knowing that a sm
with contentment, is far more desirable, than t
wealth, without thy divine blessing.

"Enable us, O Lord, to resist all the tempt
riches may suggest; all undue desires of bein
exalted on the earth; all covetous expectations
ing the goods of another, or of obtaining the
way, which, even though it may be sanction
written laws of man, may not be compatible
spirit of universal love which ought to subsis
the children of one common Father. And, in
the world is all in all to those to whom the vi
ture glory are not as yet unfolded to the eye
grant us, O Lord, that faith which is the sub
things hoped for, the evidence of things not s
we, having a vehement desire after the thin
may loose our hold on those inferior o

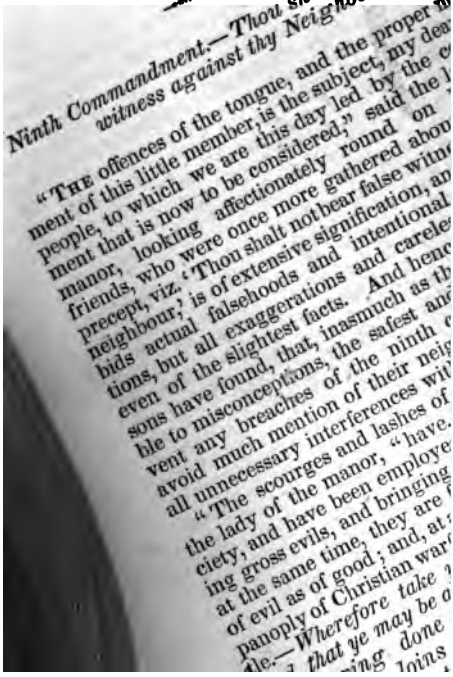
within our grasp; and, in looking forward to certain glory and unsearchable riches in the world to come, may cease to value the perishable riches and fading honours of the present life.

"And, to this end, give us, O Lord, a clear view of the hope which is in us, and show us our title to the treasures which are above, in order that we may be enabled the more easily to renounce those which are on earth. Enable us to admire and adore thy declaration of those divine decrees by which the children of the Blessed One, were elected heirs of glory, ere yet the measurement of time commenced, and the glorious courses of the planets had begun to distinguish the seasons and make the changes of night and day. Make us to understand how the promises of future blessedness were purchased by the blood of Christ, and signed and sealed by Him, who, because he could swear by no greater, used his own incommunicable name, to ratify the bond. And, finally, lead us to consider how the Lord the Spirit works continually in preparing us for glory.

"Lead us, O Lord, to meditations on these subjects, and teach us to feed on thy promises, till we are enabled to cast the world beneath our feet, to trample on its riches, and to triumph over its temptations. And so guide us, O blessed Lord, with thy counsels, that we may hereafter enter into thy eternal glory, through the name and merits of Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Mediator. Amen."

CHAPTER XXI.

Ninth Commandment.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy Neighbour.



"THE offences of the tongue, and the proper m
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ment that is now to be considered," said the l
manor, looking affectionately round on
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neighbour,' is of extensive signification, an
bids actual falsehoods and intentional
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avoid much mention of their neig
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the lady of the manor, "have
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at the same time, they are
of evil as of good; and, at
panoply of Christian war
Ale.—*Wherefore take*
that ye may be a
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Joins

l with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; e all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye lbe able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the it, which is the word of God. (Eph. vi. 13—17.)

And now, my beloved young people, having briefly d the motives which religion suggests for the con- of the tongue, I shall proceed to give you some of own views on the state of conversation in general in country.

t is commonly supposed, that a gossipping disposi- is now confined to low life, and that the genuine t of it is rarely found in any higher circle than the ner's shop. But this appears to me an error; and ugh there is a certain sort of tittle-tattle which sel- creeps into polished life, yet I am of opinion that is not a single order or denomination of men, from courtiers who attend the royal levee, to the shoe- in the corner of the street, which has not its appro- e gossip and its petty calumnies.

Gossip and tittle-tattle, disguised with the cloak of pre- d charity and anxiety for the well-being of a neigh- 's soul, is one of the greatest evils of the present of religious society. The University has a pecu- tyle of tittle-tattle of its own, with an appropriate iage. There is another sort of tittle-tattle at cleri- eetings; and another where many military men are d. Persons bred to the law and to physic have each appropriate gossip, independent of all discussions at general kind which may be useful to them in professions. The higher and lower, the elegant coarser orders of females, have each their tea-table ial. Seminaries of instruction are, in general, deep- fected with this low spirit of tittle-tattle; and the of the senate, and the very courts of kings, are as y infected with this evil spirit as the tepid atmo- re of the laundry and the workshop of the tailor. the unconverted man, in every situation and rank fe, is nearly as incapable of refraining from this *of pastime*, as he would be to live without bread ter."

The young ladies smiled at this assertion of their instructress; not, indeed, because they questioned its truth, but at the new view which it gave them of society—a view which brought conviction with it to all those who had seen any thing of the world. "But may I ask you, my dear Madam," said one of the young ladies, "how you would define the word gossip or tittle-tattle?"

"Gossip is no other," returned the lady of the manor, "than the repetition of such unimportant matters as take place in the families of our acquaintance, or as affect their affairs. This kind of conversation is always unimproving; and it is more or less sinful, according to the feelings by which it is dictated, and the spirit in which it is uttered. When retailed without excitement of any kind, and merely from the love of talking, it is inexpressibly dull; and when dictated by evil passions, which is most commonly the case, it becomes decidedly injurious to all who hear it: and, to say the best of it, if it does not excite bad passions in the hearer, it fills his mind with a sort of rubbish which leaves little room for more useful matter.

"But, inasmuch," continued the lady of the manor, "as I have a very striking narrative by me, wherein these matters, to wit, the faults of the tongue, are largely discussed, and their sad consequences very plainly set forth, I shall say the less beforehand, but refer you to my manuscript for my further opinion on these subjects."

The sight of a manuscript always pleased the young people; and while the lady was unfolding it, one of them ventured to say, that she thought it impossible that any character she might hereafter meet with should please her so well as that of Frederick Falconer.

"Well," said the lady of the manor, "we shall see. But I apprize you that, though I am about to introduce you into a large society, there is but one individual in that society whose character can be at all compared with *your* favourite Frederick."

She then spread the paper before her, and read as follows.—

Clara Lushington's Account of herself; related during the course of a long illness, to a tender and pious Friend, who was her constant companion.

"I was born in the province of Delhi in the East Indies. My father was an officer, high in the Company's service; and my mother a native of Cashmire, born of mussulmaun parents, and never, as I have reason to fear, convinced of the errors of that faith.

"From such an ill assorted union, much domestic happiness was, of course, not to be expected, neither, as I well remember, did much result.

"I do not recollect the station, at which I was born, my parents having left it while I was too young to take much notice. When I first became conscious of my existence, I was living with them at Cawnpore, an European station in the East Indies, on the banks of the Ganges, about eight hundred miles above Calcutta.

"Cawnpore is the largest station, with the exception of Calcutta, on that side of India; consisting, first of a black or native town, a barrack for European infantry, a second for artillery, a third for European cavalry, and a fourth for native cavalry; the whole forming a line along the banks of the river for nearly seven miles, the country in the rear of and between these several stations for regiments being sprinkled with gentlemen's houses, standing, for the most part, in beautiful gardens abounding with all kind of fruit and forest trees.

"My father, who held a staff situation in this place, inhabited a house situated at the extreme end of the native cavalry cantonment. The site of his habitation was on a *conca* rock, on the bank of the river; and it consisted of two *bungalows*, united by a gallery which was formed of mud, and covered with thatch, of nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and built with a gradual ascent from the lower to the upper *bungalow*.

"Of the two *bungalows*, the less, which was the habitation of my mother, was so near the precipice which flanked the bed of the river, that one of the outer verandahs hung in mid air, suspended on the beams strongly attached to the rock, and at such a height as to be abo

the highest mast of the pinnances and *budg*
passed beneath. The second *bungalow*, wh
father's especial dwelling, lay in a directi
river, and considerably lower than the first o
the long passage before mentioned sloping
towards it.

"The *bungalows* in Indin, whether large o
for the most part, of the same construction;
of unbaked bricks and covered with thatch
the centre a hall, encircled by eight smaller
the whole being encompassed by an open
commonly inclosed by rails, and shut up, at
kind of delicate matting, composed of rushes
ed of various colours, by which the glaring
sun is excluded, although the air is admitted.

"My father's *bungalow* was furnished, a
the taste of Europeans, with branched wall-s
pets, and tables carefully polished. I also r
side-board, richly covered with plate; and hi
were as numerous and various as we should
establishment of a prince in Europe. Well d
ber the elephant, with his sumptuous *howdah*,
my father went out every day before sunri
which, as a great favour, I was sometimes p
accompany him.

"My father at that time loved pomp, and
company, although I have had reason to thin
whole views of life and happiness have since
tirely changed. The publicity and display in
then indulged, formed, however, a very stri
trast with my mother's mode of life, which
tired, and so monotonous, that a European fema
I believe, have some difficulty even to conceive

"The *bungalow* in which my mother resid
I before remarked, much smaller than my
though of the same construction. It was also
entirely according to the eastern custom. My
herself occupied the centre apartment, which on
casions was shut out from the others by su
screens as I have described above, these screen
covered with green silk, to render them more in
to the eye. The walls of her room were white

ment was spread with a *sitringe*, or carpet
tton, the manufacture of the country. At-
e ceiling, in the centre of the room, was a
canopy, enriched with golden fringe, from
drapery of purple China gauze, which in
was knotted up, but in the night opened
ver the person beneath. On the floor, un-
py, was a large quilt of Benares silk, spread-
round, and, upon this, many cushions of the
aub. In the centre of these cushions was
ther's usual resting-place: and there she
t, in the oriental fashion, with her *paun-*
shed gold, on one side, and her *hookah*, of
ally rich, on the other.
spot she spent twenty out of the twenty-
ever moving from it, night or day, except-
ol of the evening, when she went out into
ry above mentioned as suspended from the
k over the river. There seated, with her
ts about her, she enjoyed little variety in
, through the *purdah*, upon the boats pass-
sing beneath. How she spent the rest of
ur hours I can give you little idea, ex-
ome part of each day was devoted to the
kah, in chewing the beetle-nut, and in sit-
ne hands of the waiting-women, who ex-
mall labour in combing, perfuming, and
air.
er never, as I can remember, discovered
ng proofs of regard for me, excepting in
eing ill; on which occasion I more than
her displaying deep and tender solicitude:
hink of this parent, and consider that she
lse belief in which she lived, I own that I
eelings of anguish which I cannot describe;
lined to envy the poorest creature, who,
orn in a Christian country and of Chris-
is not exercised with the painful feelings
me whenever I think of her who gave me

t any circumstances, there surely must be
et and touching in the recollection of

mother. Mine was a beautiful woman, though totally different from any one I ever saw in Europe. Her complexion was a clear brown, and her hair long, black, and beautifully disposed upon her forehead. Her eyes were dark, and set as those of the oriental beauties commonly are, being somewhat long, and having a melancholy expression, but possessing an indescribable lustre. Her features were small and delicate, as was indeed her whole person, though, when she stood up, she appeared tall. Her dress was always perfectly oriental, her person being covered with a profusion of ornaments, and a loose drapery of muslin being thrown over her head. She spoke little, but was fond of being talked to, and of hearing what was passing; and those of her female attendants who could tell the most news or repeat the longest stories, were always her greatest favourites.

"Having now laid before you, my friend, the particular circumstances of our family, which I have taken the greater pains in doing, from their being so entirely dissimilar from every thing witnessed in Europe, I proceed to describe the manner in which I spent my life, till I had entered my tenth year, at which time I was removed from my parents.

"Independent of my father's and mother's establishments, I had four or five servants to wait entirely upon me; among these were three women, who used to follow me wherever I went, and administer to all my caprices. I was always dressed as a little native, though in the richest materials which could be procured; and I spent my time in running backwards and forwards between the two *bungalows*, talking either to the company in my father's sitting-room, or to the servants in the *verandah*, as suited me best, and displaying my evil qualities, of various kinds, to afford amusement to the latter. I was totally unacquainted, in the mean time, with the use of a book, or of the English language, while I was too well initiated in most things that are vile and base *in the* Hindoostaunee language, and the Hindoo mode *of life.*

"*I* remember few anecdotes of my childhood worth *recording*: one day passed with me as another, while I *continued* to grow in stature though not in grace. One

g, however, I ought to remember with particular kfulness, which is this,—the frequent escapes which l from a sudden and terrible death. The long pas- so often mentioned in the course of my story as ıding itself between the *bungalows*, being in many illuminated only by certain air-holes, resembling ırrow-slits to be seen in the towers of old castles, in some places, nearly dark; and, indeed, this ex- ɔn of light and air rendered it cool in the hot sea- but, in consequence, it became dangerous, as a recep- for venomous reptiles: and more than once in this ge, (for I think it happened as often as twice while ved at Cawnpore,) I discerned the dreadful eyes of a ıtrous *cobra di capel* glaring at me through the ob- ty. On both these occasions, I was so struck, so ied with terror, that I could not move, and should, ubt, have stood still to meet a horrible death, if the nts had not snatched me away; for these creatures such power of fascination, that it is seldom that escape on whom they fix their deadly gaze.

t is true, that my father caused these serpents to be ɔyed, and search was made for their nests through- ıe gallery; yet, when I think of the dangers to h, at that period, I was daily exposed from these nous reptiles, I cannot but feel new motives for e to Him who hath hitherto kept me as the apple eye.

ut to dwell no longer on this—the early part of my which contains not much either of sweet remem- e or of many tender domestic passages, I hasten to hat, when I was just entering my tenth year, a n of my father's, whom I accustomed myself to ny aunt, and therefore shall continue so to do, visit- s at Cawnpore, and prevailed on my father to let ake me with her to Calcutta, promising, as her own ren were gone to Europe, that she would receive a daughter, and superintend my education. This was the wife of a surgeon in the Company's ser- and, consequently, in a situation to live in high re- *ability. My father* was fully sensible that my situ- *n his house* was far from desirable; he therefore

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CHAPTER XXI.

Ninth Commandment.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy Neighbour.

"THE offences of the tongue, and the proper management of this little member, is the subject, my dear young people, to which we are this day led by the commandment that is now to be considered," said the lady of the manor, looking affectionately round on her young friends, who were once more gathered about her. "This precept, viz. 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,' is of extensive signification, and not only forbids actual falsehoods and intentional misrepresentations, but all exaggerations and careless misstatements even of the slightest facts. And hence the best of persons have found, that, inasmuch as that every one is liable to misconceptions, the safest and surest way to prevent any breaches of the ninth commandment, is, to avoid much mention of their neighbours' concerns, and all unnecessary interferences with the affairs of others.

"The scourges and lashes of the tongue," proceeded the lady of the manor, "have, no doubt, their use in ciety, and have been employed, and still are so, in ch ing gross evils, and bringing secret sins to light; th at the same time, they are full as often the instru of evil as of good; and, at any rate, they belong no panoply of Christian warfare thus described by t

Wherefore take unto you the whole ar
may be able to withstand in the
all, to stand. Stand
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h the preparation of the Gospel of peace; l, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. e the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the which is the word of God. (Eph. vi. 13—17.)

now, my beloved young people, having briefly e motives which religion suggests for the con- ıe tongue, I shall proceed to give you some of views on the state of conversation in general in ıtry.

commonly supposed, that a gossipping disposi- ow confined to low life, and that the genuine it is rarely found in any higher circle than the s shop. But this appears to me an error; and there is a certain sort of tittle-tattle which sel- eps into polished life, yet I am of opinion that ıot a single order or denomination of men, from tiers who attend the royal levee, to the shoe- the corner of the street, which has not its appro- ssip and its petty calumnies.

p and tittle-tattle, disguised with the cloak of pre- ıarity and anxiety for the well-being of a neigh- ıul, is one of the greatest evils of the present eligious society. The University has a pecu- of tittle-tattle of its own, with an appropriate . There is another sort of tittle-tattle at cleri- ngs; and another where many military men are ersons bred to the law and to physic have each ropriate gossip, independent of all discussions eneral kind which may be useful to them in fessions. The higher and lower, the elegant er orders of females, have each their tea-table Seminaries of instruction are, in general, deep- d with this low spirit of tittle-tattle; and the he senate, and the very courts of kings, are as ıfected with this evil spirit as the tepid atmo- the laundry and the workshop of the tailor. unconverted man, in every situation and rank s nearly as incapable of refraining from this ıastime, as he would be to live without bread

The young ladies smiled at th
structress; not, indeed, because they qu
but at the new view which it gave them of so
view which brought conviction with it to all those who
had seen any thing of the world. "But may I ask you,
my dear Madam," said one of the young ladies, "how
you would define the word gossip or tittle-tattle?"
"Gossip is no other," returned the lady of the manor,
"than the repetition of such unimportant matters as take
place in the families of our acquaintance, or as affect
their affairs. This kind of conversation is always unim-
proving; and it is more or less sinful, according to the
feelings by which it is dictated, and the spirit in which
it is uttered. When retailed without excitement of any
kind, and merely from the love of talking, it is inexpres-
sibly dull; and when dictated by evil passions, which is
most commonly the case, it becomes decidedly injurious
to all who hear it: and, to say the best of it, if it does no
excite bad passions in the hearer, it fills his mind with
sort of rubbish which leaves little room for more use
matter.

"But, inasmuch," continued the lady of the ma
"as I have a very striking narrative by me, wh
these matters, to wit, the faults of the tongue, are h
discussed, and their sad consequences very plai
forth, I shall say the less beforehand, but refer
my manuscript for my further opinion on th
jects."

The sight of a manuscript always pleased
people; and while the lady was unfolding it, o
ventured to say, that she thought it impossib
character she might hereafter meet with sh
her so well as that of Frederick Falconer.

"Well," said the lady of the manor, "we s
I apprize you that, though I am about to i
into a large society, there is but one indiv
society whose character can be at all c
your favourite Frederick."

She then spread the paper before her,

hington's Account of herself; related dur-course of a long illness, to a tender and pi-nd, who was her constant companion.

orn in the province of Delhi in the East In-father was an officer, high in the Company's d my mother a native of Cashmire, born of n parents, and never, as I have reason to ced of the errors of that faith.
uch an ill assorted union, much domestic hap- of course, not to be expected, neither, as I ber, did much result.
t recollect the station, at which I was born, having left it while I was too young to take e. When I first became conscious of my ex-as living with them at Cawnpore, an Euro-n in the East Indies, on the banks of the out eight hundred miles above Calcutta.
ore is the largest station, with the exception on that side of India; consisting, first of a tive town, a barrack for European infantry, a artillery, a third for European cavalry, and a ative cavalry; the whole forming a line along f the river for nearly seven miles, the country of and between these several stations for regi-g sprinkled with gentlemen's houses, stand-most part, in beautiful gardens abounding d of fruit and forest trees.
her, who held a staff situation in this place, house situated at the extreme end of the na-cantonment. The site of his habitation was rock, on the bank of the river; and it con-o *bungalows*, united by a gallery which was mud, and covered with thatch, of nearly a a mile in length, and built with a gradual as-he lower to the upper *bungalow*.
wo *bungalows*, the less, which was the habi-y mother, was so near the precipice which bed of the river, that one of the outer *veran-in mid air*, suspended on the beams strongly *the rock*, and at such a height as to be above

he highest mast of the pinnaces
passed beneath. The second *bungalow*
father's especial dwelling, lay in a direct
river, and considerably lower than the first or
the long passage before mentioned sloping consid
towards it.

"The *bungalows* in Indin, whether large or small, are,
for the most part, of the same construction; being built
of unbaked bricks and covered with thatch, having in
the centre a hall, encircled by eight smaller apartments,
the whole being encompassed by an open *verandah*,
commonly inclosed by rails, and shut up, at times, by a
kind of delicate matting, composed of rushes, and paint-
ed of various colours, by which the glaring light of the
sun is excluded, although the air is admitted.

"My father's *bungalow* was furnished, according
the taste of Europeans, with branched wall-shade
pets, and tables carefully polished. I also reme
side-board, richly covered with plate; and his e
were as numerous and various as we should
establishment of a prince in Europe. Well d
ber the elephant, with his sumptuous *howda*
my father went out every day before su
which, as a great favour, I was sometime
mpany him.

father at that time loved pomp
lthough I have had reaso
life and happiness h
ne publicity and
however,
de of

ment was spread with a *sitringe*, or carpet
tton, the manufacture of the country. At-
e ceiling, in the centre of the room, was a
canopy, enriched with golden fringe, from
drapery of purple China gauze, which in
was knotted up, but in the night opened
ver the person beneath. On the floor, un-
py, was a large quilt of Benares silk, spread-
round, and, upon this, many cushions of the
aub. In the centre of these cushions was
ther's usual resting-place: and there she
t, in the oriental fashion, with her *paun-*
shed gold, on one side, and her *hookah*, of
ally rich, on the other.

spot she spent twenty out of the twenty-
ever moving from it, night or day, except-
ol of the evening, when she went out into
ery above mentioned as suspended from the
ck over the river. There seated, with her
nts about her, she enjoyed little variety in
, through the *purdah*, upon the boats pass-
ssing beneath. How she spent the rest of
our hours I can give you little idea, ex-
some part of each day was devoted to the
okah, in chewing the beetle-nut, and in sit-
he hands of the waiting-women, who ex-
small labour in combing, perfuming, and
hair.

ier never, as I can remember, discovered
ng proofs of regard for me, excepting in
eing ill; on which occasion I more than
t her displaying deep and tender solicitude:
think of this parent, and consider that she
lse belief in which she lived, I own that I
feelings of anguish which I cannot describe;
clined to envy the poorest creature, who,
born in a Christian country and of Chris-
is not exercised with the painful feelings
e me whenever I think of her who gave me

dst *any circumstances*, there surely must be
eet and touching in the recollection of a

e sons of Sir Robert, the eldest of whom was
erick, and the second, Falconer.
rt was a sincere and constant mourner for his
ederick, and a successful imitator of his glo-
ple; being counted, after he came to his es-
the most upright, honourable, and generous
om his country could boast, and I need not
of solid and consistent piety.
rt Lambert did not marry again till some
he death of Augusta, and, it was reported,
ered himself to her more than once during
l. But this unhappy young lady continued
aithful to the memory of her Frederick; and,
in confident reliance on the merits of her
the pardon of her numerous misdeeds, we
hat she is now rejoicing in the presence of
r, in the land where all tears shall be wiped
yes.
ars are passed away since Frederick Falconer
ed from this present evil world: but a noble
portrait of him is still to be seen in a gallery
Hall, where he is represented in the full
ealth and beauty, but clothed in light and re-
garments, and elevating his eyes and hands
aven, with a brilliant crown hanging over his
beneath his feet are placed bags of gold and
ems of earthly magnificence. And the chil-
ren of Robert Lambert still show this portrait
t satisfaction, and are delighted to relate the
ich occasioned its existence.

of the manor here concluded her narrative;
time expressing her hope, that she had suc-
some small degree, in pointing out and ex-
ie rule of rectitude which every Christian
serve with regard to the possessions of his
and in warning her young people against
olite kind of stealing of which proud and am-
ons are continually guilty. "Ambition," she
a prolific source of dishonesty; but it is, ne-
natural to man's heart, and can never be
rom thence until the Spirit of God has exer-

gladly closed in with the
objection made to its being
"I pass over the scenes which
parture. Suffice it to say, that my
when I was carried on board the boat, but
forgotten; and by the time I arrived at Calcutta,
perfectly reconciled to my new acquaintance.
"My aunt's habitation was a superb *puckah* house, in
Couringhee Road; where she lived in a degree of splen-
dour, of which the wife of his Majesty's physician in
Europe would hardly have an idea. Here my education
was to commence; and my aunt, in consequence, taught
me to read, and directed her *ayah* to instruct me in the
use of my needle, so far as to make my doll's clothes:
but, as to any religious, or even intellectual acquirement
I was nearly as deficient as ever. My mornings were,
deed, occupied in the presence of my aunt, at least,
hours of them: but my evenings were always
with the *ayah*, my aunt being continually engaged
those times, in paying and receiving visits.
"In the society of this *ayah* my only improvement
sisted in an exchange of my knowledge of Hi
nee spoken up the country for that of the wors
and of my acquaintance with the vicious prac
Hindoos for that of those of the low Europ
Anglicised natives with whom Calcutta
should, however, add to these acquirements
and insight into the art of dress, which I d
from the mistress of the family as from h
together with such a knowledge of the
as enabled me to read it imperfectly, a
clipped and hissing manner in which
ways pronounce that language.
"Those who have been in India
picture me to themselves such near
riod, and will have all my tricks,
of life and manners, before ther
llenge the whole collected
to form an idea of a
affected

so really obstinate and imperious, as I was at
ne, and as many unfortunate young people are
e brought up under such complicated disadvan-

ien I had been four years, or thereabouts, in Cal-
heard of the death of my mother; a circumstance
affected me less at the time than it has done upon
ient reflection; for to this day, after the lapse of
rs, I continually lament her death, and wish, and
earnestly do I wish! that her life might have been
until it had pleased God to give to her worthless
r a sense of the value of that blessed Saviour, of
my unhappy parent scarcely knew the name.
the Judge of all the earth do wrong? Almighty
I desire to submit my will to thine! I desire to
to say, in the fullest sense of the words, 'Thy
God, be done!' But to leave this ever-affecting
and to go on with my narrative.

vas not probable that the education which I had
received should, humanly speaking, make me a
niable character. I was, in fact, what is called a
ughty girl; and some of my transgressions about
ie, being brought to the knowledge of my aunt,
consequence, wrote to my father, proposing that
d be sent to school; adding, as a further argu-
favour of this plan, that she expected her daugh-
England, and should, therefore, have less time
d to me.

father, in reply, said, that he much approved the
my going to school, but wished that I might be
a Mrs. Patterson, who kept a seminary of consi-
note, in the Circular Road; and the reason he
r choosing this school was, that a very intimate
of his, a Colonel Carrisforth, of the Company's
had a daughter boarding in the house, a young
lovely manners and excellent principles, and one
e was assured, if requested so to do, would act
t of a sincere and affectionate friend, guide, and
r to me. Inclosed, he sent a letter from Colonel
rth to his daughter, which I was to carry with
deliver to the young lady when I was taken to

"My aunt lost no time after the receipt of this letter, a making the due arrangements with Mrs. Patterson; nd one evening within the same week I accompanied ner to school.

"I know, my dear friend, that you like to have every new scene exactly brought before you. I shall, therefore, endeavour to take you with me in imagination to the Circular Road, and to make you at home in Mrs. Patterson's house, every nook and corner of which is still painted in lively colours on my fancy, together with the various figures and countenances of the numerous individuals who formed the household.

"It was a foggy evening in the month of November, about six o'clock, when I got into my aunt's coach in Chouringhee Road, to accompany her to Mrs. Patterson's. We passed awhile beneath the walls and gates of the many *puckah* houses in that direction; then, turning down the burying-ground road, and going through several noble streets, in which the houses appeared not united together, as in England, but standing in luxuriant gardens, and at considerable distances from each other, we entered into that part of our way which is enclosed on each side by the walls of the burying-ground. Here, for a great length of way, nothing is to be seen but tombs and monuments, of various descriptions, presenting their tall and mournful heads above the walls, and, as the carriage moves along, seeming to pass away before the eye in a long and sad procession, producing in a fanciful mind something like the perception that one sometimes has in dreams, when dark and indistinct visions of sorrow seem to flit before the eye, and that so swiftly, that apparently, the visual ray can scarcely rest on the form of one before another presents itself. Through this mournful avenue our carriage entered upon the Circular Road, which is a raised causeway carried round the suburbs of Calcutta, and forming a very usual drive for its inhabitants. On each side of this road, at least on the part of it upon which we entered by the burying-ground way, is a variety of trees known only in hot climates, such as palm, bamboo, almond, orange, tamarind, plaintain trees; and these, owing to the damp soil of Bengal, growing with a luxuriance of which

habitants of more northern latitudes can scarcely form an idea. In the midst of this thick foliage, but commonly thrown considerably into the back ground, appear houses of various descriptions, some being small and of dubious character, as if they might belong either to a respectable native or to a poor European; others being decidedly European; and of these last there was also a great variety, some being of almost princely construction, and others more minute and in the cottage style. Over this whole scene, the time of my making these observations being, as I before said, an evening in the month of November, there hung a thick fog, common throughout the evenings during the cold season in Calcutta, and supposed to be exceedingly injurious to the European constitution.

"Having proceeded along this road for a considerable time, we arrived at Mrs. Patterson's gate. Her house was a handsome *puckah* building, consisting of two stories, and standing in the centre of a walled garden. On each side of the house there was a thick cluster of trees; from the centre of each of these arose several exceedingly lofty palm trees, from which the place took its name; and to the right and left of the coach-ring in front were rows of aloes, plants much admired in Europe for their rarity and singularity, but which, from their extreme formality and the deep green of their leaves, convey, to the minds of those who have ceased to look on them with wonder, an idea of all that is mournful, dark, and sad.

"As our carriage wheeled into the *compound*, we put to flight a number of young ladies, who were at that time walking in the garden. 'Those are your future companions, Clara,' said my aunt, smiling, 'I hope that we have not frightened them away.'

"While my aunt was speaking, I was engaged in looking at them, as they had gathered together at a small distance. They were dressed in white, had neither caps nor bonnets on their heads, and were most of them thin and extremely sallow; a few of them were mere children, but there were also many who appeared to be women grown, and some even past their earliest youth. As I stretched my neck out of the window to look at them

ied, particularly the elder ones, and
r, seemingly exciting fresh merriment by some
probably on me. I was a little disconcerted by
bition of bad manners; for, though ill-manner-
lf, I was as keenly alive to disrespect in others
and ill-temper could make me. I had, however,
me to say to my aunt, 'How rude those girls are!
Miss Carrisforth is not among them!' before the
of the carriage was opened, and we were ushered
he august presence of Mrs. Patterson.

But before I introduce you, my dear friend, to the
ence of this lady, I must give you the promised de-
ption of her house, in order that you may have a
w of every scene of the short, yet, perhaps, not un-
teresting drama of your Clara's life; that life which
n sensible will be closed in a few months, but not
rust, before she has been made, through the divi
mercy, fit for that glory prepared for those who shal
saved.

"The school-house was, as I have already said, a
puckah building, encircled by open *verandahs*
and below; these *verandahs* being supported by
some pillars. The roof of the house was flat, c
with a parapet, the apartments were disposed i
large halls, the one looking towards the front,
other to the garden, where a broad gravel walk
round a stone tank, was itself enclosed at the
sides with a thick shrubbery. On each side
halls was a large centre room, and four smal
the corners; the rooms above being laid o
in the same manner. The furniture of the
was handsome, especially that of the hall an
and each young lady had her own bed, whi
with musquito gauze. It was in the inmos
first saw Mrs. Patterson: she was sitting c
versing with a young lady of European
fine exterior, who, as soon as she saw u
left the room. I was hoping that this yo
prove to be Miss Carrisforth, but was c
contrary, by hearing Mrs. Patterson ad
name of Beaumont.

Mrs. Patterson was the widow of

no doubt, had much difficulty in bringing her mind to that mode of life which her necessities had rendered inevitable. She had been undoubtedly very handsome, and she still retained much of that kind of majestic and commanding beauty which made every one who beheld her look upon her with awe. I immediately saw that my aunt was impressed with this feeling, for her usual volubility failed her in the presence of this lady, to whom she said very little more than was merely sufficient to recommend me to her care, and to request that I might, if it were perfectly convenient, be associated as much as possible with Miss Carrisforth; whose father, my aunt added, had sent by me a letter of recommendation to his daughter.

"'Miss Carrisforth,' replied Mrs. Patterson, 'has also received a letter from her father on the same subject, and is prepared to be a friend to Miss Lushington. And indeed,' added Mrs. Patterson, 'you are happy, Miss Lushington, in having such a friend; and, if you will permit her to be your director, you will find an advantage which I could not promise you from the friendship of any other young person in my house.'

"This was much, very much, for Mrs. Patterson to say, as I afterwards found that her sentiments were in general very impenetrable. My aunt was, however, evidently pleased to hear this character of my future friend, and begged the favour to be permitted to see Miss Carrisforth.

"The young lady was, accordingly, called: and, obeying the call immediately, she won every heart by her charming appearance. She seemed to be full seventeen years old, a circumstance which made her more fit to be the director of a young person of my age than if she had been younger. Her person was lovely, her complexion being pale, without any tincture of sallowness; her eyes of dark blue were soft and expressive; her features were regular; her person was delicate; and her hair of a glossy brown. Her manner was neither forward nor bashful; it was affectionate, without being familiar; and orderly, without being dull.

"When she entered the room, and understood who I was, she walked directly up to me, took my hand, kissed

my cheek, and assured my aunt, who spoke to her, that she would do all in her power to make me happy.

"'And good, too, Miss Carrisforth, you would say,' said my aunt, graciously, and looking with pleasure on the lovely young creature who stood before her, 'if your modesty did not prevent.'

"Miss Carrisforth bowed, but said no more.

"My aunt then rose, and kissing me, added, 'Clara, I now leave you with entire satisfaction; you will let me know if you want any thing.' So saying, she departed; and Mrs. Patterson following her to the door, I was left with Miss Carrisforth, with whom, I, no doubt, displayed, for some minutes, no small degree of that bashful awkwardness which is more or less common to all ill-bred children.

"When Mrs. Patterson was gone, Miss Carrisforth proposed showing me my room, and for this purpose she took me up stairs into a small corner apartment facing the front *verandah*, and containing two beds; the one standing close to the outer wall, and the other against a green *jalousied* door, which communicated with another chamber, but which was closed by the bed. 'There, Miss Clara,' said she, is your bed, (pointing to the one last mentioned,) and this is mine, (pointing to the other.) We may be very comfortable here if we please, and I trust that we shall be able in this place to devote our thoughts and conversation to improvement.'

"'O! this is very nice!' I answered, suddenly recovering from my fit of bashfulness; 'and you are to be my companion! I am so glad of it. And how happy I am that my father chose this school, and you to be my friend, and nobody else! I am sure I should not have liked any one so well as I do you.' So saying, I remember that I threw my arms round her neck, and gave her twenty kisses before she had time to extricate herself from me, which she presently did, though in a manner sufficiently gentle.

"'O my dear child!' she said, 'how you startled me! Why, what further will you be able to say to me, or how will you be able to express your affection more strongly a year hence, when I have proved to you that I am really worthy of your love?'

"'O, now, Miss Carrisforth,' I said, 'you are making fun of me; I see you are.'

"'Do not call me Miss Carrisforth,' she replied; 'call me Amelia.'

"'Then you won't make fun of me, will you?' I said, hanging on her arm, accompanying my ungraceful mode of speaking with a motion no doubt equally awkward.

"'My dear Clara,' Miss Amelia replied, 'understand me once for all, that I dislike the habit of ridiculing, or, as you say, of making fun, of any one. I trust that I am too sensible of my own errors and defects, to presume to ridicule another person. If I see any thing amiss in you, my dear Clara, I will tell it you plainly and directly; and, to prove my sincerity, I shall now begin with you, and, therefore, beg you not to lavish upon me such tokens of regard as you just now did, till time has matured our friendship, and till you have more reason than you now have to be assured that I deserve your esteem.'

"'And must not I kiss you,' I said, 'and call you a dear sweet creature? for, indeed, I think you so.'

"'I don't doubt that you now feel all you express, my dear Clara,' she replied. 'But I will candidly tell you, I would rather that you should prove your regard for me in another way.'

"I looked very keenly at my new friend; for I began to suspect that she was proud, or that she did not like me; but she took no notice of my sudden change of humour, and nothing more passed between us till we were summoned, by the ringing of a bell, to go down into the hall to tea. 'I am now about,' said Amelia, 'to introduce you to your schoolfellows: you will be allowed to sit by me. After tea, we shall either work or draw, while some one reads to us. You will, no doubt, enjoy this?'

"'I don't love plain work,' I answered.

"'Perhaps you would prefer drawing?' said Amelia.

"'I am not to learn to draw,' I replied.

"'Not of a master, perhaps,' she added. 'But your aunt could have no objection to my teaching you?'

"*I made no answer*: for the truth is, I did not like *the thought of learning* any thing new but dancing. I *then followed her* down into one of the halls, where th

tea-things were neatly arranged. It was well lighted up, with many wall-shades and standing-shades, and the young ladies were all assembled with two teachers, a French and an English one, who were seated at the top and bottom of the table. Several *kidmutgars* were busy at the side-table, preparing the tea. There was a great buzz in the hall as we entered, which was hushed as Amelia drew near the table, when all the company turned round to look at us. Several at once left their seats and gathered round me; and among this number I particularly distinguished Miss Beaumont, (who kissed me affectionately,) and two young ladies, who were no longer, as I thought, of an age to be grouped among school-girls, although their unsettled and disorderly manners evinced more levity than those of the youngest child in the room.

"These young ladies, whom I shall call Atkins and Chatterton, were, as I afterwards found, parlour-boarders, or, rather, mere lodgers, who had the liberty of going in and out as they pleased, though at times they were obliged to submit in some degree to the control of the governess and teachers.

"How long these young ladies would have amused themselves with inspecting me, notwithstanding the entreaties of Amelia, who begged that I might be permitted to pass on to my seat, I cannot tell, had not a shrill voice from the further end of the long table reached their ears, in accents partly querulous, and partly imperious. 'For shame, mes Demoiselles!' said the voice just alluded to: 'how can you conduct yourselves so impolite towards an etranger? Permit de young lady to sit down, I do pray, I do entreat. Sit down, my little Miss. Ladies, do come to your tea.

"On hearing these words, which proceeded from Madame de Roseau, a widow lady, from the French settlement of Chandanagore, who was teacher at the school, the young people all hastened to their places, and Miss Carrisforth led me on to my seat.

"For a few moments after we were seated, all was still, excepting the noise made by the servants; till suddenly a burst of laughter, which first proceeded from the two young ladies, Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton, who

sat by Madame de Roseau at the top of the table, and which was echoed by another party at the bottom, caused us to look up, in order that we might, if possible, be admitted into the secret: 'What is dat, mes Demoiselles?' said Madame de Roseau; 'what is de joke? where are your manners dis afternoon?'

"Notwithstanding this rebuke, the laughter continued, and I perceived that all joined in it, excepting Miss Carrisforth and Miss Beaumont; and, at length, it became so violent, that Miss Crawford, the English teacher, (who did not appear to be much fitter than the youngest child present to manage a school,) was thrown off her equilibrium, and joined heartily in the merriment.

"In the midst of this uproar, an alarm was raised, that Mrs. Patterson herself was coming; on which, all instantly became silent: but, on one of the *kidmutgars* accidentally overturning a plate of bread-and-butter, the mirth was renewed, though in a more smothered way, bursting out at intervals at different parts of the table like a running fire, and mingled with whisperings, none of which I could distinctly make out.

"In the mean time, Miss Crawford, who was sensible, perhaps, that she had acted imprudently, called on those immediately about her to be quiet; and, addressing herself familiarly to Miss Chatterton and Miss Atkins, said, 'You wicked girls! you are always getting me into a scrape.'

"By this time, the tea-things were removed, and the work-baskets put into their places. 'And now, ladies,' said Madame de Roseau, 'Miss Crawford shall read. Where is de book? I desire you will be attentif.'

"The book was produced, and all was quiet for a few minutes; Miss Carrisforth having put a piece of muslin into my hands to hem. I thought it hard, however, to be obliged to sew the first evening: but I made no objection, although, instead of working with diligence, between each stitch I looked around me on one and another of my schoolfellows; and, at length, my eyes met those of a young lady about my own age, or perhaps older, though very small in stature, who sat directly opposite to me. There was something in the physiognomy of this girl, which, the moment I caught her eye

seemed to fix and fascinate me, as the *cobra di capel*, formerly described, had done in the gallery at Cawnpore. She was evidently, like myself, not wholly of European extraction; but her features were far from bad, and her large dark eyes were wonderfully expressive. But what they expressed I did not consider: I felt myself, however, strongly inclined to look at her, and was so entirely diverted by her from my work, that Miss Carrisforth spoke to me once or twice, and the last time, as I thought, in a manner very decided, before I could resume my employment.

"Shortly after this, there was some interruption in the reading, (I forget on what occasion,) and I took this opportunity to start some difficulty in going on with my work, and to call for a pair of scissors. Amelia checked me, though gently, for speaking so loud, and had already supplied me with what I wanted, when the young lady with whom I had been interchanging looks suddenly jumped up, ran round the table, and brought me her own scissors, begging me, in the most polite manner to keep them as long as I wished.

"I was startled by Miss Carrisforth's manner on this occasion. She suddenly turned to the young lady, and, with a look and motion of the head which I thought severe, said, 'Gabrielle, take your scissors; I will provide Miss Clara with all she may want:' adding, in a lower voice, and with a steady glance, under which the eye of the young lady fell, 'Miss Lushington is under my care; I shall be obliged to you if you will not interfere with her.' So saying, she returned the scissors, and the young lady walked silently back to her chair. And there the matter would probably have ended, though perhaps not quite so soon my astonishment, had not a part of Amelia's address to Gabrielle been overheard by Miss Beaumont, who, reddening violently, instantly said, 'My dear Gabrielle, lend me the scissors: I will be obliged to you, though Miss Carrisforth is too proud to lie under *obligations* to any one.'

"Whether Miss Carrisforth had observed what had passed between Miss Beaumont and Gabrielle, I could not discover; but it was certainly not lost upon the rest of the company, as was apparent, from every one, at the

same time, looking up from their various occupations. No one, however, spoke, and the matter would, doubtless, have rested where it was, had Miss Beaumont been disposed to allow that it should be so.

"The silence of Amelia seemed rather to have increased than diminished the anger of Miss Beaumont. She reddened excessively, her fine eyes flashed with indignation, and she further added, 'You do not choose, Miss Carrisforth, to make any remark on what I said: but, notwithstanding your silence, I shall take the liberty of speaking my mind to you. I cannot bear to see the cold contempt with which you always treat little Gabrielle. I know but little of her, and she is nothing to me; but I hate injustice, I cannot endure to see any one ill used, and I really think, Amelia, that you are behaving very ill to the poor girl.'

"'If you think so, Julia,' replied Miss Carrisforth, calmly, 'you do right to speak. But perhaps you would have done better, had you kept your remarks for my private ear.'

"'If the whole company had not seen the insolent manner in which you treated Gabrielle,' said Miss Beaumont, 'I might, perhaps, have done so: but when I witnessed this public affront to an inoffensive child, I could not help animadverting upon it thus publicly. And I again repeat, Miss Carrisforth, that I think you behaved very ill to little Gabrielle just now; and I must plainly tell you, that I have more than once before been surprised at your conduct towards her.' So saying, she burst into a violent fit of crying.

"'Mademoiselle Beaumont is always de champion of de distressed,' said Madame de Roseau, now thinking it necessary to put in a word, 'de female Quixotte, de friend of de unfortunate. Who so kind as Miss Beaumont?'

"Fresh bursts of laughter followed this remark, laughter in which all joined but Amelia and Miss Beaumont, the former of whom looked grave; and the latter, getting up in haste, left the room, followed by Gabrielle.

"*As soon as Miss* Beaumont had quitted the hall, *Miss Chatterton* exclaimed, 'Well, well, this is capital!

this is very fine! So the two saints—the two best friends have quarrelled: this is excellent! It won't be Chatterton against Atkins, as it used to be, you know, Atkins, when we quarrelled about our partners on dancing nights; but it will be Beaumont against Carrisforth. We must all take either one side or the other. I declare for Beaumont and little Gabrielle! I will uphold little Gabrielle! Don't you, Atkins?'

"'Yes, yes,' replied Miss Atkins, 'I am for little Gabrielle; altogether for little Gabrielle.'

"New bursts of laughter now broke out on all sides, till Madame de Roseau, who looked much displeased, exclaimed, 'Ecoutez; hearken, ladies; be silent, ladies. For shame, mes Demoiselles; what conduct is dis? I shall tell Madame; I shall complain. Miss Crawford, cannot you use your autorite? What is all dis, ladies?'

"The uproar now grew calm, and subsided into low whispers and smothered titters; while the young ladies wrote little notes on small slips of paper, and tossed them over the table to each other. Thus passed the time till we were summoned to bed.

"You may perhaps be surprised at the minuteness with which I have related these scenes: but it has pleased the Almighty to endow me with a very accurate memory, and, from childhood, I have been a minute observer of character; while in my aunt's house this habit was confirmed, my uncle being a man of clear and penetrating insight into character, and one who did not conceal his opinions. But to return to my story.

"As we were going up to bed, Amelia took my hand, and silently leading me through the crowd conducted me to our own room. There finding a lamp burning, she directed me to undress myself, while taking a small Bible from a drawer, she read aloud, sometimes pausing to make some short passing remarks on what she read.

"In the mean time, a confused noise of laughing, running, and screaming, continually reached my ears from the neighbouring rooms, which made me more than once exclaim, in the midst of the reading, 'What are those noises? what are they doing? what can they be about?'

"Amelia replied to these questions, 'O, nothing at all, Clara; never mind them: you may be thankful we have a room to ourselves.'

"'O, but I should like to see what they are doing,' I answered.

"'Clara,' she at length replied, 'don't be foolish; let them alone, and attend to what I read.'

"There was something in her manner which awed me, I scarcely knew wherefore, and I was silent. When she had finished her chapters, she came, and, kneeling by me, offered up a short prayer; after which, she directed me to get into bed. I had scarcely time to obey her, before the *gillmills* or *jalousies* of the door, near which my bed stood, and which opened into the next room, were raised, and Miss Atkins, whose bed was close to that door, on the other side, putting her mouth to the *jalousies*, said, 'Amelia Carrisforth, Amelia, I say, here's Beaumont in hysteric fits! Have you any salts?'

"Amelia looked for a smelling-bottle, and going round my bed, she gave it through the door.

"'Won't you come and see her?' said Miss Atkins.

"'I must not come into your room,' she replied.

"'What stuff and nonsense!' returned Miss Atkins.

"Amelia made no answer, but returned to the dressing-table.

"I could now distinctly hear the sobs of Miss Beaumont, and told Amelia that I did so.

"'I am sorry that she afflicts herself so much,' she answered; 'but I can't help it.'

"'But why,' I said, 'do you dislike that little girl they call Gabrielle?'

"'I never said that I did dislike her,' returned Amelia.

"'Then why would you not let her lend me the scissors?'

"'Clara,' she replied, 'if you wish to enjoy any peace in this house, or, indeed, in any other situation in this world, you must learn one important lesson, which is his—do not concern yourself with other people's business.'

"While I was pondering on this new idea, (for it was quite a new one to me,) I heard a loud knocking at the outer door of our room, for as the season was at that time

cold, all the doors were closed. Amelia, however, immediately answering the summons, in came Miss Beaumont, sobbing bitterly, with her eyes swelled, and her whole frame in violent disorder. 'Amelia,' she said, 'you have grieved me excessively.' Then, lowering her voice, she added, 'if Chatterton, or Atkins, or twenty more whom I could name, had behaved as you did to-night, I should not have cared: but you, whom I loved, honoured, looked up to as the only Christian in the house,—to see you behave in a manner so cold, so insolent, to a poor unprotected child, I cannot bear it. Account to me, I beseech you, as a friend, for your conduct. This is not, I can tell you, the first nor the second time that I have observed your aversion to Gabrielle; but it never before broke out as it did this evening.'

"Amelia replied with surprising composure, saying, 'Do you understand, my dear, that Miss Clara Lushington has been placed under my care at the joint requests both of her father and of mine?'

"'To be sure I do,' she answered.

"'And pray, my dear,' said Amelia, still lowering her voice, 'in your zeal for Gabrielle, are you not forgetting your duty to me?'

"'In what way?' said Miss Beaumont.

"Amelia took her by the hand, and led her out into the *verandah;* where they both stood still, just without the door, which they closed.

"I immediately got out of my bed, and prompted by curiosity of the meanest kind, crept close to the door, and listened: when I heard Amelia say, 'You are weakening my influence; you are greatly injuring Clara. Cannot you see that, my dear? You are hurting her more than you are serving Gabrielle.'

"'I cannot help that,' said Miss Beaumont: 'I hate injustice.'

"'So do I too,' rejoined Amelia. 'But how do you *know* that I am unjust?'

"'You are unjust,' returned the other, 'unless you *think ill* of Gabrielle: and thus we come to the point in *question.* Do you think ill of Gabrielle?'

"'Are you Gabrielle's friend?' said Amelia.

"'No,' returned Miss Beaumont, 'she is nothing to me; but I pity her as an orphan. I remember that you used to be kind to her: I see that you have lately neglected her, and, this evening, treated her with great contempt. She had no friend, and I, therefore, feel myself called upon to protect her. But you evade my question. Do you think ill of Gabrielle or not?'

"'Permit me,' said Amelia, after some reflection, 'to answer this question to-morrow. You shall, in the morning, have a note from me on the subject.'

"'Then I am to understand,' returned the other, hastily, 'that you really think very ill of Gabrielle?'

"'I am weary of this foolish dispute,' replied Amelia, 'and could almost say, You may think what you please on the subject, provided you will but keep your thoughts to yourself.'

"'No,' said Miss Beaumont, 'I will not keep my thoughts to myself: and unless you speak out, Amelia, and tell me upon what principle you treat Gabrielle as you do, I shall certainly continue to defend and support her.'

"'I cannot help it,' returned Amelia. 'Promise me, however, only one favour, Miss Beaumont; let this matter rest till you have received my letter to-morrow morning.'

"I now, fearing lest Amelia should suddenly return to the room, flew back to my bed, and, in consequence, heard no more.

"Amelia sat up late that night, being employed in writing; and the next morning, when we were called to breakfast, she gave me a sealed letter to put into Miss Beaumont's hand. As I was afterwards favoured with a copy of this letter, I shall give it you, my dear friend, in this place.

"'My beloved Julia,—(for still will I call you beloved, though none either of your former kindness or confidence have been discoverable on the late occasion,) I am at a *loss how to* answer the question which you *last night proposed to* me, because it is scarcely possible *to reply to such* an inquiry in words which might not *include either too* much or too little. You ask me pu

licly to pronounce upon a character in a case where such a decision is no part of our concern; in my so doing, you would perhaps compel me to act in direct contradiction to the precept of Scripture—*Judge not, that ye be not judged.* (Matt. vii. 1.)

"But, to leave Gabrielle and her affairs, permit me, my dear friend, to repeat here, what I have many times said to you on former occasions,—that I am convinced it would conduce greatly both to your happiness and to your permanent advantage, not only in this family, but in every other situation which you may hereafter fill, if you could bring yourself to cease from interfering with the affairs of others. I would, my dear Julia, gladly signify this sentiment by an expression which might be more acceptable; but as no other at present offers, I hope you will pardon the plainness of that which I have used. It is now not more than a twelvemonth since I lost one of the tenderest and most pious of mothers; and if, as I have heard my dear father say, there was any one quality in which she excelled more than in another, it was that peculiar and unusual control of the tongue, which rendered her at once lovely and beloved in the estimation of all who knew her—a quality which I fear is much more rarely found in females than in men.

"'It was during one of the last conversations that I ever had with my poor mother, but shortly before that final and dreadful illness which, in the course of a very few hours, deprived me of the best of parents, that she, as if foreseeing the loss that I was about to sustain, urged strongly upon me the duty and advantages of self-command in this respect: and I remember that, having first referred me to the well-known passage of Scripture —*The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison;* (James iii. 8,) she proceeded to remark, that that which no man could tame, might, nevertheless, be tamed by the power and grace of God. And she assured me, that wherever religion produced the natural and complete effect, peculiarly its own, of humbling the individual who professed it, of emptying him of self, of inducing him to distrust his own judgment, and to conclude that others might be right as well as himself, its consequent result would be to silence him

those points relative to which he would otherwise be most liable improperly to interfere with the affairs of his neighbours.

"'You, my dear Julia, have a knowledge of religion, a much superior knowledge to what I have, and a consequent high sense of honour, justice, and virtue; you are above every mean and low habit and custom: but you will not be offended, if I say, that you have not yet, I fear, learned to distrust yourself. And this self-confidence induces you to judge hastily and to speak decidedly on many occasions where you are not called upon so to do, and before you have had it in your power to weigh the subject on which you unguardedly venture to give an opinion: and by this haste and decision, you have not unfrequently, even since I have had the pleasure of knowing you, seriously injured those whom you have intended essentially to serve. In the moment of heat and high indignation against what you fancy to be wrong, you sacrifice, without reflection, the interest of the dearest friend; and if an improper confidence is denied you, you indignantly throw aside every pledge of former regard.

"The sin of bearing false witness against a neighbour, my dear Julia, may be committed in various ways, and is often the consequence of a hot and fiery, though a noble spirit, such as yours, as of one that is sly, mean, and deceitful; and perhaps the hasty indignation of a noble character is more to be dreaded than the most cruel arts of one that is despicable.

"'O my friend, permit me, who am now in disgrace with you, still to avail myself of the privilege of your friendship, while I humbly entreat you, as you would honour your Christian profession in this house, to be more careful of what you say. Consider your youth and inexperience; not a year more advanced than my own! and consider, too, how imperfect is your acquaintance with the world, and how much more effectual would be your rebukes of whatever might be amiss, if they were given only in silence and by example.

"'Depend upon it, that a blameless and lovely example *is ever, in youth* especially, the most effective check *upon that which is* really sinful, and is much more *strongly felt by the* sinner than is the most loud and v

hement expression of anger to which words can give utterance. It possesses also this valuable property, that it wounds only where it ought to wound, while its arrows play harmlessly about those whose consciences, humanly speaking, are at rest from evil.

"'Pardon, my dear Julia, all that in this letter may offend; and believe me to be your ever affectionate friend,

"'AMELIA CARRISFORTH.'

"When I delivered this letter to Miss Beaumont, she opened it hastily, and stood up to read it, while all the rest of the party were seated at the breakfast-table. It was evident, however, that she was not satisfied by its contents; for, as she again folded it up, and put it into her work-bag, she said to Amelia, over the table, 'You have not now answered my question, Miss Carrisforth; I suppose that I must, however, rest contented with this partial confidence.' Then, with a certain toss of her head, which was habitual with this high-spirited young lady whenever she happened to be displeased, she began to eat her breakfast with as much unconcern as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"In the mean time, the attention of the company was diverted to another subject by one of the young ladies exclaiming, 'To-night is dancing-night!'

"'Yes,' said Miss Atkins; 'and we know who is to be here, don't we, Chatterton?'

"'Some of your favourites, I presume, Miss Atkins,' said Miss Crawford, laughing.

"'Miss Atkins has many favourites,' remarked Madame de Roseau: 'Miss Atkins is herself also de great favourite wid de fine gentlemen. No chance for a partner till Miss Atkins is provided.'

"Several whisperings and loud bursts of laughter then followed, which were suddenly hushed, as was an uproar of the preceding evening, by the report that Mrs. Patterson was at hand; and as she actually did appear, within an instant, at the upper end of the hall, we then heard no more of the whisperings and titters.

"Mrs. Patterson came up to the table, addressed the young ladies politely, (who all for the moment rose,) and

then left the room, without descending from her usual dignity of manner.

"When breakfast was concluded, we went into one of the large side-rooms, which was furnished as a school-room. There we found our governess, and there we were employed for three hours. My station in the school-room was by Amelia, and she took unwearied pains in helping me forward with my studies.

"At twelve o'clock our liberty was given us, and as it was not the custom to go out of doors at that hour, we were presently scattered all over the house. I asked Amelia if I might play with the other children; but she said that she would walk with me in the *verandah*, near our own apartment. I was not pleased with this restraint, notwithstanding which I submitted, and went up with her accordingly.

"When we entered the *verandah*, she offered me her arm, and took several turns with me, talking to me about Cawnpore, where she had resided some time; introducing also other subjects, by which conversation she made herself so agreeable, that I no longer regretted my being restricted to her society, and I should no longer have thought of the restriction, had not Miss Beaumont again come up to us. 'And so, Amelia,' she said, 'you are determined to leave me in the dark? You will not grant me satisfaction?'

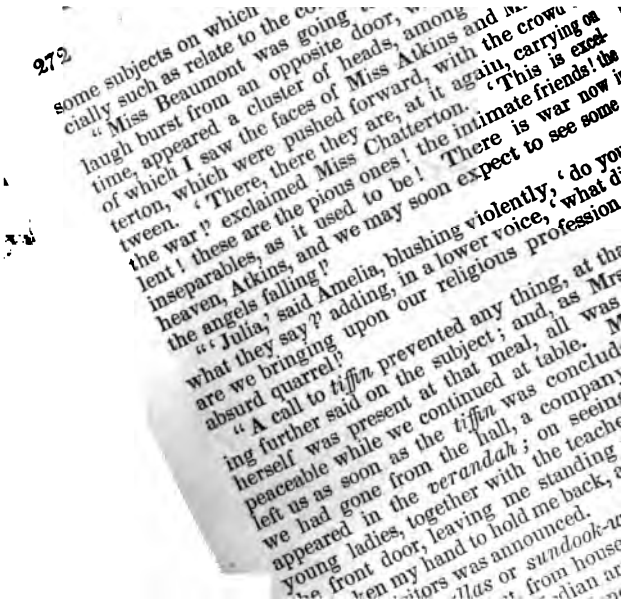
"Amelia uttered a slight expression of fretfulness, as much as to say, 'Is there to be no end of this?' Then, turning good-humouredly to Miss Beaumont, she said, 'What a talent you have, Julia, of making yourself miserable! Cannot you forget Gabrielle and her imaginary grievances?'

"'They are not imaginary,' returned Miss Beaumont.

"'Imaginary, or not so,' replied Amelia, with firmness, 'I shall be obliged to you, Julia, if you will let this matter drop, and be content with the reply which I have given you; for I am resolved that I will add nothing more to what I have already written and said on this subject.'

"'*Upon my word*, Amelia,' said Miss Beaumont, 'you *are very short!*'

"'*And, perhaps*,' returned Amelia, smiling 'there



some subjects on which
cially such as relate to the co
"Miss Beaumont was going
laugh burst from an opposite door, among
time, appeared a cluster of heads, among
of which I saw the faces of Miss Atkins and
terton, which were pushed forward, with the crowd
tween. 'There, there they are, at it again, carrying on
the war!' exclaimed Miss Chatterton. 'This is excel-
lent! these are the pious ones! the intimate friends! the
inseparables, as it used to be! There is war now i
heaven, Atkins, and we may soon expect to see some
the angels falling!'
"'Julia,' said Amelia, blushing violently, 'do yo
what they say?' adding, in a lower voice, 'what di
are we bringing upon our religious profession
absurd quarrel?'
"A call to *tiffin* prevented any thing, at tha
ing further said on the subject; and, as Mr
herself was present at that meal, all was
peaceable while we continued at table. M
left us as soon as the *tiffin* was conclud
we had gone from the hall, a company
appeared in the *verandah*; on seein
young ladies, together with the teache
front door, leaving me standing
ken my hand to hold me back,
itors was announced.
illas or *sundook*-a
from house
dian ar

however, so strongly bent upon this purpose, she gave way and followed me into the *verandah*.

"And now it is scarcely possible for me to give you an idea of the scene of confusion that presented itself when we approached the door of the hall. There were no less than four of these *sundook-wallas* squatted on the pavement, their boxes being open before them, and their goods spread out upon the floor. The young ladies and the two teachers, together with sundry *dirges*, *bearers*, and *ayahs*, were mingled together in one promiscuous mass around them, all talking together, choosing and refusing, bargaining, scolding, snatching, rejecting, triumphing, condoling, cheating, and being cheated, some speaking in Bengalee, some in Hindoostaunee, some in broken English, some in French, and some in a compound of one or more of these different jargons. A long time elapsed before I could distinguish one voice from another; at length I heard Miss Chatterton say, 'I wonder at you, Atkins! I am amazed! and so you don't think I shall look well in pea-green? Why, my friend, Miss Biddy Jackson, used always to tell me that pea-green was the most becoming colour I could put on.'

"'I wonder, Chatterton,' returned the other, 'that you should think of bringing forward Biddy Jackson's opinion on matters of taste; for of all the dressers I ever saw, in all my life, she is the worst; and to tell you, with your sallow complexion, that pea-green was proper, I am sure she could have been no sincere friend.'

"'Sallow! sallow!' repeated Madame de Roseau; 'for shame, Miss Atkins; Miss Chatterton is not sallow, she is only pale. Where is your politesse?'

"A violent uproar was at that moment excited at the other end of the *verandah*, by the opening of a box of artificial flowers, and, for a moment, I heard nothing but exclamations in favour of this and that flower. At length, as I was standing by Amelia, endeavouring to select a tortoise-shell comb to fasten up my hair, Miss Crawford came up triumphantly towards the place where *we stood, exclaiming*, 'I have carried the day; I *shall wear the rose to-night.*' And, so saying, she *showed us a beautiful* English rose, which she said *she intended to wear in* the evening.

"'Ah, la belle couleur! de beautiful colour!' said M dame de Roseau. 'Miss Crawford is very cruel: s means to be de belle dis afternoon. No one will ha any chance wid Miss Crawford dis evening.'

"While Madame de Roseau was speaking, and Mi Crawford was holding her rose up in triumph, Miss A kins and Miss Chatterton, with several others of th greater girls, came round her, and with voices so lou and shrill as to make the whole *verandah* ring, had playfully and half angrily, charged her with havin forestalled their market; Miss Chatterton actually de claring that she herself had ordered Rammohun (for s the flower merchant was named) to bring that very ros for her.

"On hearing this, all the young people gave up their pretensions but Miss Chatterton, who attempted to snatch the rose from Miss Crawford; when a kind of romping bout ensued between the young lady and her governess, to the great amusement of many present, and which continued till Madame de Roseau, by dint of loud scolding, contrived to restore some little order.

"In the mean time, Amelia was endeavouring to find such a comb as I described; but not being able to succeed, she proposed that we should go up stairs, and had actually taken my hand to lead me out of the *verandah*, when we were forced from each other by the bustle occasioned by the two ladies already spoken of, who, in their contention for the rose, pushed in between us, one of them running away, and the other pursuing.

"In the confusion, I was, as I before said, parted from Amelia, and pushed in among a group of my young companions; and before I well knew what I was about, I found myself standing by Gabrielle. She had not time allowed her to speak to me, before Amelia's eye was again upon us: but, with a quickness at which I was astonished, the young stranger had caught hold of my hand, in which, drawing it behind me, she placed a small paper, containing a few almonds and raisins, at the same time stooping and kissing my hand, pressing it closely as she let it go.

"Almost at the same moment, my other hand was seized by Amelia, who, exerting a gentle force, with

n angel might be supposed to employ in order to pre-
ent some careless sinner from committing an action
iat would offend his God, led me through the hall up
ito her own room, where, shutting the door, she sat
own to work, advising me to look over my lessons for
ie next day.

" On her proposing this, I complained of fatigue.

" 'Then lie down upon your bed, Clara,' she said,
ind learn as you are resting yourself.'

" I so far complied as to lie down, taking the book in
y hand.

" We remained silent for some time, the rest of the
irty still being below: but on a loud sound, as expres-
ve of mirth, reaching us from beneath, I could contain
yself no longer; but making use of a deception not un-
equently in the mouths of those who love sin, and yet
not wish to be thought to do so, I began to express
eat horror at the noise, remarking, that I had never
fore met with such rude girls.

" Amelia made no reply to this remark: on which, I
rtly added, 'Where is Mrs. Patterson all this time?
ut I suppose that she makes a point of shutting her
es and ears when she has a mind to spare herself the
ouble of finding fault.'

" There was a good deal of truth, as I afterwards
und, in this observation, and most people would have
miled to hear it from the lips of so young a person: but
did not observe the least tendency towards a smile on
e placid countenance of Amelia. I thought, however,
at she sighed, as she thus answered me:—'Clara, my
ear, let me beg of you to refrain from these remarks.
ou and I shall have enough to do, and more than we
ossibly can do without the divine help, to conduct our-
lves prudently and blamelessly in this family: and of
iis I am well convinced, that, if we begin to busy our-
lves with other people's affairs, we shall very shortly
rget properly to manage our own.'

" Being thus rebuked, I again looked at my book for a
ioment, and then, yawning, and throwing it down, I
id, with considerable impertinence in my manner, 'Of
the young people I ever saw, I think you are th
st steady, Miss Carrisforth. One would think y

sixty, rather than sixteen. Are you not tired of this little room and that sewing? Do come out, and walk in the *verandah*.'

"Amelia made no answer.

"I yawned again, still louder than before. The idea was running in my head, an idea which had been first suggested by Miss Beaumont, (for I had sense enough to think meanly of the rest of my companions,) that there was somewhat of unnecessary harshness or strictness, or I knew not what, in Amelia; and I, accordingly, resolved to try whether I could not free myself from the restraint under which she held me. On her not appearing to notice me when I yawned the second time, I jumped from the bed, slipped on my shoes, which I had taken off, and walked to the door, which I was in the act of opening, when Amelia said, 'Where are you going, Clara?'

"'To walk in the *verandah*,' I answered, decidedly, or, I should rather say, insolently.

"'Lie down again, my dear,' said Amelia; 'for I cannot go with you now.'

"'I can go by myself,' I answered; 'I don't want you to come with me.'

"On this, she repeated her request previously made, that I would return to my tasks.

"'I choose to play now,' I answered, and was proceeding to open the door, when she calmly got up, and, with a strength superior to mine, drew my hand from the door, which she immediately closed and bolted.

"I then asked her who gave her authority to rule me.

"'Your father,' she replied; 'and if you dispute my authority, I will sit down this minute, and refer the case to him. Understand, Clara, that it is no advantage to me, but, on the contrary, a considerable trouble, to be charged with you as I am. But, as I have undertaken the charge, I will go through it. I will not trifle with your father; I will persevere in what I have engaged to fulfil, the Lord assisting me, not as if I were doing eye-service, to please men, but as to the Lord.'

"On hearing this, and seeing, at the same time, her steadfastness, I threw myself down again upon my bed, and sobbed and wept violently.

"While thus occupied about my imaginary sorrows, a erson came to the door, to inform Amelia that Mrs. Pat-rson wished to speak with her. She immediately arose, nd, charging me not to leave the room during her ab-nce, went to her governess's apartment.

"After Amelia had left me, I remained for awhile alone, rying and sobbing violently, the noise and laughter still oing on in the *verandah* beneath. At length, I thought heard a soft step in the adjoining chamber, which ound was followed by a slight shaking of the *jalousies* ear my bed. A short silence then succeeded, and I ainly saw that some one was peeping through the in-rstices of the wooden blinds. 'Who is there?' I said: nd immediately the *jalousies* were thrown up, and voice answered, 'It is only me, Miss Clara.'

"'And who are you?' I asked.

"'I am Gabrielle, and I am come to offer you a tor-ise-shell comb. You were inquiring for one below, fasten up your hair; and I have now got one for you.'

"'O! that is very kind of you, Gabrielle,' I answered, olding out my hand to take it, 'very kind indeed!'

"'Is Miss Carrisforth in your room, Miss Clara?' hispered Gabrielle, asking a question which she no oubt could have answered as well as myself.

"'No,' I said, 'she is gone down.'

"'Sweet, dear Amelia!' returned Gabrielle, 'how early do I love her! I would give all I have in the orld to be loved by her in return.'

"'But do tell me, Miss Gabrielle,' I said, 'what have ou done to offend her?'

"'I cannot say,' she answered, with a deep sigh; 'but am sure that, if she does not love me, it is my own ult, not hers: for she is the sweetest creature in the orld, and I am not worthy to wipe her shoes.'

"'Yes: but she should not persecute you, Gabrielle,' answered; 'she ought not to hate you. That surely annot be right.'

"'Don't say any thing about me to her, Miss Clara, I eg,' replied Gabrielle. 'I shall always love her: but I ave been *used to* her coldness, and I must submit to y *sad fate*.'

"At that moment we heard somebody at the oute

door of the room, on which Gabrielle instantly slapped down the *jalousies*, while I as quickly took my book in my hand; and thus closed my first conversation with this girl.

"At that instant Amelia entered the room, and I was at the same time aware of the breaking up of the party below, to which a confused noise in the chambers above, and in the *verandah* all around us, immediately succeeded. It was then perhaps three o'clock in the afternoon; and from that time till five, every individual in the house appeared to be engaged in the great business of dressing, with the exception only of Amelia and myself.

"In the chamber on the left of my bed, Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton, and several others of the elder girls, usually slept; and Miss Chatterton's bed was separated from mine only by the *jalousied* door through which Gabrielle had spoken to me. I therefore, as I lay, could hear much of what was said in this next room: and as this was a kind of amusement for which, at that time, I had a high relish, I took care to avail myself of this privilege, as much as possible, without letting Amelia know what I was about.

"In order, therefore, on the evening above mentioned, that I might hear these edifying discourses to the greatest possible advantage, and yet, at the same time, be unnoticed and unsuspected by Amelia, I pretended to be holding my book in my hand for the purpose of learning my lessons, when my ears and my heart were, in fact, on the other side of the door.

"'O that vile Crawford!' said Miss Chatterton. 'Only think, Atkins, of her getting my rose; and I meant this evening to have worn it in my hair with my pink sash and beads. Well, I declare now, is not it provoking?'

"'Why you will be forced to wear pea-green after all,' said Miss Atkins, 'to please Miss Biddy Jackson.'

"'How ill-natured you are, Atkins, now!' returned Miss Chatterton; 'but I won't, to spite you. I shall wear my purple wreath, and you know I always look well in that.'

"Sundry whisperings and titterings then followed, out of which, however, I could make nothing, though I

listened with all possible attention: and these continued for some time, till one of the young ladies, I suppose, pinching the other, a loud scream brought Madame de Roseau into the room, to call the delinquents to order with her broken English, which always greatly amused me; though I afterwards had reason to think, that she was more entitled to respect than many others who were in the house.

"'But, I suppose, my dear friend,' proceeded Miss Clara Lushington, 'that you are already satisfied with the specimens that I have given you of the conversations of Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton. I shall, therefore, in future, introduce no more of them than my narrative may actually require.

"At five o'clock, a bell summoned us down to tea, which was this evening prepared in the school-room: the two halls having been got in readiness for company; and I found, that, on this occasion, those of the elder young ladies who learned to dance were all absent, being engaged with Mrs. Patterson and her company in the inner hall.

"And now, my friend, I am about to mention to you a custom of a most extraordinary nature, at that time prevalent in almost all the schools in and near Calcutta; a custom, which, no doubt, in a few years hence, will be considered as monstrous and incredible. This is the practice of admitting young gentlemen, who are nearly total strangers, and without any formal invitation, to frequent the schools on dancing-nights, in order that they may form acquaintance with the young ladies.

"I had heard of this custom before, and was therefore not at all surprised, on being told that there were as many as six or eight of these gentlemen already arrived, and that it was expected they would all join in country-dances as soon as the younger children had taken their lessons.

"The only two young ladies in the house, who did not learn to dance, were Miss Carrisforth and Miss Beaumont, whose friends were, no doubt, possessed of too much delicacy to allow of their mixing in parties of such nature as that just described. Consequently, they were

the only two elder girls who remained with us in the school-room.

"Immediately after tea, Amelia brought a pleasing little girl, one of the youngest of my schoolfellows, at the same time telling me that she had engaged little Flora to dance with me, and also expressing her desire that I would make a point of choosing no other partner during the evening. So saying, she kissed little Flora, and said, 'You will not deceive me; I think that you never yet have done so.'

"I was then left by Amelia to follow the rest of the young people into the hall, whither the tones of violins were at that time calling us. We found the hall illuminated, the tables removed, and the dancing-master and the musicians assembled. As this was termed a public night, very few of the preliminary lessons were to be given, but we were immediately to enter upon our country-dances. Accordingly, the master had given us the orders to stand up, and I was actually placed opposite to my little partner, whom, by the by, I heartily despised, when Mrs. Patterson, elegantly dressed, entered the hall, advancing with her usual dignity, and followed by her elder pupils, together with several female visitors, and a number of young gentlemen, some of whom were military men belonging to a European regiment lying in Fort-William; others were young gentlemen from Writer's Buildings, besides one or two officers of merchantmen at that time lying in the river.

"These young men selected their partners from among the elder ladies of the family, and I was not a little mortified to find that not the slightest notice was taken of me, although Gabrielle, who was somewhat shorter than myself, met with a partner in a little midshipman about her own size.

"And now, my dear friend, did I not think that I had already given you sufficient specimens of the follies of Palm-Grove, which was the elegant name of this house in the Circular Road whither I was sent to finish my education, I could introduce to your notice a scene of vanity which must shock every reflecting mind; especially when it is considered that similar occurrences are

daily taking place at the Upper Orphan-House, and at other seminaries for young ladies in Calcutta. But I leave you, my friend, to consider what would be the effect in any school in the world, if the young ladies were allowed, once a month, or oftener, to receive as visitors, and companions in a dance, any young men in the neighbourhood who might choose to favour them with their company.

"I did not, however, witness so many of the humours of this evening as I had wished. I heard frequently, indeed, but it was at some distance, the loud titters of Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton; and was not unfrequently amused by the broken English of Madame de Roseau calling one and another to order.

"By the time that I had danced about four dances, Amelia sent a servant to request that I would come to her; which call I complied with, though in an excessive ill-humour. I found her sitting in her own room, reading. She immediately addressed me with much affection, 'Clara, my love, it would be better for you now to go to bed. They will dance till it is late: and if you stay with them, you will not be fit for your lessons tomorrow.'

"I began to plead with her; on which she arose, left the room, and returning in a few minutes, said, 'Mrs. Patterson wishes you to acquiesce in my desires. You will therefore either go to bed, Clara, or read awhile with me. I preferred doing the former, and commenced undressing in a high state of ill-temper; which I evinced, by throwing my clothes on the floor, kicking my shoes about the room, and pulling my strings into knots.

"Amelia very calmly, and as if not noticing the hidden cause of all these disorders, made me immediately correct them; and, taking up her Bible, she read to me, and prayed with me, and then directed me to get into bed. Miss Carrisforth and I had both been in bed and asleep for some time, before the company below broke up; of which I soon received intimation, by the talking in the next room, which was, at first, very loud, but presently subsided into whisperings, some of which I, however, overheard, as the whisperers, to wit, Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton, were close to my door. The

whispers I shall repeat, because they will be found to have reference to the subsequent part of my history.

"'Who is he?' whispered Miss Atkins.

"'Did I not tell you before?' replied the other. 'The first lieutenant of the Ariadne.'

"'A very fine young man!' returned Miss Atkins.

"'I thought you would say so,' whispered Miss Chatterton.

"'And the little stout man, you say, is captain of the Ariadne?'

"'Yes,' returned Miss Chatterton; 'the gentleman who danced with me at first. Captain Besbrook, first cousin to my friend Biddy Jackson.'

"'And where did you meet with this Lieutenant? What do you call him?—for I have not heard his name yet,' asked Miss Atkins.

"'Lieutenant Gordon,' returned the other. 'O, I have seen him often at Mr. Jackson's. He is always there when the Ariadne is in the river.'

"The young ladies then lowered their voices so much, that, notwithstanding I listened with all my might, I could distinguish nothing further; although the whispering continued for a long time.

"I have now given you, my friend, a very minute account of my first two days residence at Palm-Grove: and in endeavouring so to do, with any tolerable degree of accuracy, I have been forced to lay before you no small portion of nonsense. I wish that it were only in places decidedly vain and frivolous, such as this school of which I have been speaking, that scenes of similar description were to be met with; but, alas! I fear that it would be found, were matters closely looked into, that much vain, light and foolish, if not vicious conversation, often takes place in the families of persons making high professions: and that many, many young people in this enlightened country, who would be sorry to be thought unholy, do yet allow themselves in great freedom of discourse among their *chosen* intimates: while, into this error, it cannot be *doubted* that many persons fall, who, nevertheless, desire *to do well*; and who, when they have yielded to this *temptation*, are sorely cut down, and grieved to the heart, *by their* subsequent consciousness of the offence.

"Wherefore, then, do young people, I mean pious young people, so earnestly desire those familiar intimacies with others of their own age, which frequently urge them into this sin of unguarded and injurious communication by words? Why do they so often seek opportunities of being alone with other young people, thus administering occasion of evil both to themselves and to their companions? Why, but because they are not aware of their own weakness in this particular; they are not sensible of the great difficulty of restraining and directing the tongue; they do not recollect, or, if so, they do not understand, that strong assertion of the Apostle, who, speaking in the Spirit of the Lord, says, *If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.* (James iii. 2.)

"But to leave these reflections, and return to what I was about to say. I have given you, my friend, an account of my first two days at school; and, as those days passed, much in the same way were spent several of the ensuing weeks. Of the circumstances that occurred during that time, I recollect only one or two worth mentioning. I was constantly so much with Miss Carrisforth, and so carefully watched by her, that, with the exception of one or two occasions which offered across the *jalousies*, I had no manner of intercourse with Gabrielle, although this unaccountable girl, by her fascinating and expressive glances, darted at me whenever she thought herself unobserved, had taken strong hold of my imagination. I cannot easily convey to you the impression which her extraordinary behaviour had made upon my mind. My feelings towards her were an indescribable mixture of fear and desire of further intercourse, of aversion and of attraction. I use this last term, from my not being able to find another equally expressive of my meaning. And here I would remark, that this peculiar influence of Gabrielle's over my mind, originated in the improper interference of Miss Beaumont; and to this interference I must attribute all the consequences which afterwards followed. Here, then, is one proof, among *thousands which daily occur, of the extreme mischief hat is frequently done by meddling and interfering per-ons; a mischief which usually proves more or less ex*

tensive, in proportion to the influence and respectability, in other respects, of the character thus interfering. And this, at least, is very certain, that, as we advance in self-knowledge, and as we acquire more worldly experience and further insight into the various and complicated difficulties attending on the different situations of individuals in this life, we become more backward in forming decisions upon the conduct of others.

"In the mean time, while Gabrielle was thus silently gaining influence over me, the lovely and excellent Amelia relaxed not a moment in her tender care towards me. Under her, I acquired much knowledge of various kinds, and many orderly and industrious habits. She also did for me all that it was possible for one human creature to do for another with respect to religion. She made me accurately acquainted, as far as head knowledge could go, with its doctrines and precepts. If these doctrines and precepts had no influence over my private thoughts and feelings, it was not her fault: she did what she could; and the failure must be set down to the account only of my own evil heart and my determined depravity.

"The disagreement between Miss Beaumont and Miss Carrisforth was not made up, as I well remember, for several weeks after my arrival at Palm-Grove; and, during this period, I observed that Miss Beaumont looked very unhappy, although she continually refused to meet any advances toward reconciliation that were made to her by Amelia.

"This disagreement between these two young ladies, or, rather, I may say, this ill-humour of Miss Beaumont's, (for it was all on her side,) afforded occasion for high merriment in the family; and many of the young people diverted themselves by carrying tales, and making false representations of Amelia's conduct and remarks to Miss Beaumont, whereby her ill-humour was constantly kept alive.

"The wise man says, *The beginning of strife is when one letteth out water*; (Prov. xvii. 14,) and it was truly the case in this house. Miss Beaumont and Miss Carrisforth, when they were mutually united by the cords of love, had, no doubt, been able to main-

considerable stand against sin; but the influence of both of them was greatly weakened by this culpable division. *If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.* (Mark iii. 24.)

"The votaries of Satan are fully apprized of this circumstance: and, therefore, being wiser in their generation than the children of light, they are ever ready to foment and increase all petty disputes among Christians; and thus have they been enabled, by the means of these unholy discords among the children of light, to obtain innumerable signal triumphs, through every age, and in every period of the Church.

"This system of private backbiting and tittle-tattle had been upheld for a long while, and many calumnies against Amelia had, no doubt, been listened to with much complacency by Miss Beaumont, who perhaps felt that she wanted some excuse for her ill-humour, when, at length, the quarrel broke out more violently on her part, owing to the following circumstance. One night, after retiring to her room, she was provoked to say many things against Miss Carrisforth, and to utter expressions which nothing could justify, and for which passion itself could not plead any excuse. Her teasing companions having drawn from her, on this occasion, all that they desired to hear, next became solicitous to make Amelia, if possible, acquainted with what had passed; and as they were aware that it was no easy matter to get her to listen to reports at all prejudicial to any one, they were obliged to manage the affair with considerable art.

"The only person whom they could employ in this business was Miss Crawford, who, being a teacher in the family, and, as such, entitled to Amelia's apparent respect, at least, was the only one who was thought fit for the work in hand: and, accordingly, when Miss Carrisforth and I were one evening in our little room engaged in work, she came thither to us, and, seating herself at the foot of Amelia's bed, she said, 'I wish, Miss Carrisforth, *you would just* make up this bandeau for my hair. *I know your pretty* talent at things of this kind.' *"As Miss Crawford* was possessed of some authority *the house, Amelia* could find no excuse for desiring

her to leave the room, which she commonly did when any of her school-fellows came in; as it was contrary to the rules of the house for any of us to go into each other's bed-chambers, although this was a rule which, for the most part, like some old acts of parliament, had fallen altogether into disuse.

"Amelia took in her hand the riband which she was requested to make up; and while she was twisting and modelling it according to the directions given, Miss Crawford entered upon the real purport of her visit. 'La, Miss Carrisforth!' she said, 'what a passion Beaumont was in last night! what have you done to make her so angry with you?'

"Amelia made no answer.

"'But I know,' continued Miss Crawford, 'you are too pretty, Amelia, too quiet, too reserved, too delicate, to please. You will never have a female friend.'

"'Miss Crawford,' said Amelia, tossing the riband over her hands as if out of humour with it, 'how can you buy riband of this kind! It is all gum, and no substance. I hope you did not give much for it.'

"Miss Crawford took the alarm at this remark; and a long discussion then followed, about the nature of stiffened ribands, and the tricks of the *box-wallas:* after which, she returned to the point in question. 'I am sure Julia Beaumont is angry with you, Amelia,' said she, 'because you are reckoned incomparably the most genteel girl in the school: to be sure, Miss Beaumont comes next, but it is far behind; and she knows that.'

"'If gentility consists in not loving gossip, Miss Crawford,' replied Amelia, 'and I have often heard my dear mother say that this is a necessary ingredient of real gentility, I think I may venture to allow, that, in that respect at least, I have some pretensions to it: but these are pretensions which every one, if they chose, might possess as well as myself. But Miss Crawford,' she added, 'do tell me, shall I put two bows on your *bandeau*, or only *one*? and would you choose the ends of the riband to be *notched*?'

"Another discussion now followed upon the nature of *bows*, and the fashion of notching ribands.

"I have before remarked, my dear friend, that even

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as Amelia coloured, and her hand trembled: but still controlling her feelings, she asked how her brother's name came to be mentioned.

"'O, I don't know,' returned Miss Crawford; 'I think I mentioned him first. You know I saw him once with you, and I was saying he was, like you, very handsome; and then Miss Beaumont said, it was no credit to be like Charles Carrisforth, and so the story came out.'

"Amelia was silent for several moments. At length, with an effort, which did the highest honour to her Christian profession, she arose, gave the *bandeau* to Miss Crawford, calmly saying, 'I hope it will please you,' and then taking my hand, she added, 'Clara, come with me, you have not practised your music to-day. I will now give you a lesson.' On saying which, she accompanied me to the instrument, which stood in one of the halls.

"While taking my lesson, I perceived that her cheeks were still flushed, and I saw two or three tears running down her sweet face: but these she presently wiped away; and in less than half an hour, her usual composure, the effect of habitual rectitude and humility, recovered its accustomed influence.

"O, lovely Amelia, my sweet instructress, and incomparable friend, the more I meditate upon your charming character, the more am I filled with love and admiration; and overwhelmed with shame and regret, at my own coldness and ingratitude towards you. How wonderfully did the power of grace shine forth in the conduct of this excellent young creature. As the lily among thorns, so was my Amelia among her companions.

"While we were sitting in the hall, at the time that I am speaking of, one little circumstance somewhat touched my hard and unfeeling heart. Little Flora, who was the youngest child in the school, and an orphan, passed through. Amelia called to her. She came with child-like innocence, and jumped upon her lap. Amelia kissed her, and said, 'My little Flora, you do not come to see *me* now as you used to do. You know I always open *my* door when little Flora knocks.'

"'I will tell you,' said the child, whispering, 'Miss Beaumont will not let me.'

"The little girl, I found, was under Miss Beaumont's protection; although she had not found in her protectress that watchful guardian which I had met with in Amelia. The tears again trembled in the eyes of Amelia, as she kissed the child; but she said no more.

"On that very same evening, just after this conversation between Amelia and Miss Crawford, there was a violent dispute, at tea, between Miss Chatterton and Miss Atkins. What was at the bottom of their difference, I could not tell; but I believe that it was some breach of confidence on the part of Miss Atkins. Be it, however, what it might, it seemed to affect several individuals of the family, as much was said about listening, and tale-bearing: and Miss Beaumont involved herself in the affair by uttering a variety of unqualified expressions against persons guilty of such practices. These censures were taken to herself by Miss Crawford, conscious, no doubt, of what she had been about in Amelia's room; and such was the violence on all sides, that Mrs. Patterson was called in, by Madame de Roseau, to still the tumult.

"The appearance of this dignified lady, had much the same effect as that produced by the presence of Neptune, when he comes, according to the poet, to still the tumult excited by the queen of heaven and her devoted servant Eolus, the ruler of the winds:—all was hushed, and apparently calm in a moment. And as Mrs. Patterson staid with us during the rest of the evening, our reading, work, and drawing went on with their usual diligence.

"I think it was only the very day after this, that, as Amelia and myself were taking the air, in the afternoon, on the shady side of the house, we were surprised by Miss Beaumont, who, having been brought to a sense of her error, and that probably by the ill conduct and violence of her companions the night before, came up to Amelia, and, soliciting pardon for her late behaviour, assured her that she would give her credit for all that was right respecting Gabrielle, begging that she would, if possible, restore her to her affection.

"This request, which was not made without many tears, was instantly granted by Amelia, and that without the slightest reference to her friend's breach of confidence respecting her brother.

"This reconciliation having taken place, I had an opportunity of seeing and observing more of Miss Beaumont than I had ever done before. There was, undoubtedly, no one in the house to be compared with her but Amelia. Her person was fine, her countenance animated, and her sentiments were pure. She was entirely above disguise; a proof of which she presently gave, by readily acknowledging in what manner she had been led to abuse Amelia, and betray her confidence, on a late occasion, through the violence of her passion. She lamented the heat of her temper; but still pleaded, in her own behalf, her hatred of what she considered coldness and haughtiness: 'and I did think, Amelia,' she added, 'that you manifested both in your conduct to Gabrielle.'

"Amelia smiled, but it was a sorrowful, not a reproachful smile. 'And so, Julia, you were ready,' said she, 'to renounce a dear friend, on the bare suspicion of her treating with apparent coldness a person for whom you had no regard. You gave me up at once, and exposed me publicly, without even allowing me a trial. O, Julia,' she added, lowering her voice, 'how often might I have given you up, had I weighed in a scale so nice your conduct towards your pretty protegee, that lovely child, the little Flora. Permit me to be sincere with you. You have fallen into the error of all those persons who busy themselves with concerns which are not their own. Man is a finite creature; his comprehension is narrow: in attending to one thing, he forgets another; and, therefore, it usually follows, that he who busies himself about that which does not concern him, becomes proportionably careless and unfaithful in that which does really belong to him.'

"Miss Beaumont acknowledged the justice of Amelia's rebuke; and immediately going in search of Flora, she brought her to kiss Amelia, and added, that she hoped in future to be preserved from all such unguarded and violent expressions of her feelings as might give pain to the friend whom she most loved on earth.

"'Rather,' returned Amelia, 'pray for the subjugation of those feelings: and that they may be rightly controlled and directed by the Holy Spirit of God; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

xii. 34.) The tongue is but the index of the heart, and words are but the expression of the thoughts of the heart. Seek that wisdom, my Julia, which is from above; and which is *first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.*' (James iii. 17, 18.)

"From that time, Miss Beaumont and her little protegee were often with us in our room: but, as Flora was not seven years old, and I nearly fifteen, I always looked upon her as so much my inferior that I never played with her, which haughtiness of mine was probably no disadvantage to the child.

"Miss Beaumont had not the advantage of having a sleeping-apartment to herself. Amelia had therefore requested permission of Mrs. Patterson, for her to come at certain times of the day into our room; a privilege which Miss Beaumont had not availed herself of from the period of my arrival till after the reconciliation. But now she came every day, and passed a good deal of time with us.

"Ladies in India spend, throughout the greater part of the year, many more hours in their bed-rooms than it is customary so to devote in Europe. Persons who are not very strong are obliged to lie down after *tiffin:* and I leave you, therefore, to conceive what scenes of riot and confusion are likely to occur among a number of young people, lying half asleep and half awake on their beds in broad day-light; and what care should be taken, by persons who have the management of such young people, to render these seasons of refreshment times also of propriety and holiness. By pious and careful parents and teachers, Bibles, and other instructive books, are, on these occasions, put into the hands of their young people: talking is forbidden, and all are urged to convert their little resting-places into temples of the Lord. But no caution or care of this kind could be expected in a household such as was that at Palm-Grove. As long as the laughing and chattering in the several apartments at these hours were kept within such bounds as not to disturb Mrs. Patterson, no notice was taken of it

noise; and if ever the uproar exceeded these limits, then one or two of the younger children were brought forward as the delinquents, and made to suffer the punishment due in general to their elder schoolfellows, and not unfrequently to their teachers: for even madame, who was by far the most conscientious of the two aide-camps of Mrs. Patterson, would not unfrequently indulge herself in telling stories, to make her companions laugh; and then, having excited a merriment which she feared might become excessive, would be obliged to exercise her utmost knowledge of English and Bengalee, in order again to restore things to their proper equilibrium.

"Such being the state of the case, Miss Beaumont and little Flora had reason to think themselves highly privileged in being admitted into our quiet little room during the hours of rest; though Miss Beaumont, when her good humour towards Amelia and her own self-complacency were perfectly restored, would sometimes murmur because at these times Amelia insisted upon being left to read in quiet. 'You come here, Julia, to avoid talking,' she would often say, 'and if we are to begin gossiping in this room, what do you gain, and what do I lose? Why, all my comfort, and all my peace of mind. I will not talk, and there is the end of the matter.'

"One day, Miss Beaumont, being in higher spirits than usual, said to Amelia, 'What, I pray you, Amelia Carrisforth, is the use of a friend, if one must not speak to her?'

"'O,' said Amelia, smiling, but still not ceasing to read, 'a friend is a pleasant thing to look at.'

"'That depends,' said Julia, 'on her external appearance; I hope you don't think yourself an agreeable object to contemplate.'

"'Perhaps my friends,' returned Amelia, 'may like me well enough to think so; but do, dear Julia, attend to *the* book you have in your hand.'

"A short silence followed, after which Miss Beaumont said, 'Do, Amelia, dear, put down your book for one moment: I have something of great consequence to say to you.'

"'Indeed,' said Amelia, 'I have no time to listen to you, I have something to do every minute of the day; and if nothing else can be said against talking, one may say this, that it is a great destroyer of time.'

"'I don't see that,' replied Miss Beaumont. 'A great deal is to be learned from talking, Amelia.'

"'Then,' returned Miss Carrisforth, 'we ought to be very clever people in this house.'

"'Very well, Amelia, very well,' said Miss Beaumont, laughing, 'I see that you can say severe things as well as your neighbours; but, jesting apart, I am sure that nothing is more improving than conversation. The cleverest persons are often made so by conversation; much knowledge is acquired by it; I have even heard that more is derived from it than from the best written books.'

"'Yes,' said Amelia, 'but not from such conversations as take place between school girls.'

"'School girls!' reapeated Miss Beaumont.

"'Yes,' returned Amelia, 'such as we are, young girls of seventeen and eighteen. Depend upon it, Julia, that the less we talk at present the better. And now we are on the subject, I must plainly tell you, that I never am happy when I allow myself to talk much, and that, in every instance, I find it exceedingly difficult, when forced to talk, to say what I ought, and to refrain from saying what I ought not. The wise man saith, *In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise.*' (Prov. x. 19.)

"'Well but, Amelia,' said Miss Beaumont, 'you ought to consider that in this house I have no friend but you, no one to whom I can open my heart on any subject, especially on the subject of religion, no one to whom I can tell a single feeling. I have——'

"'No one, in short,' said Amelia, 'to whom you can talk about yourself, without the fear of being betrayed.'

"'Oh, Amelia!' replied Miss Beaumont, 'what a turn is this to give my words! Talk about myself! I don't want to talk about myself.'

"'Then, my dear friend, of what, or of whom, do you want to talk?'

"'*O! of a thousand things!*' returned Julia.

"'*If you wish to tell me any thing about my neigh-*

bours,' replied Amelia, 'I had rather not hear it, unless it is necessary that I should know it.'

"I have nothing particular to tell you about any one, returned Miss Beaumont, 'for you know the people here as well as I do, and I have no doubt that you think much the same of them.'

"'It is desirable,' rejoined Amelia, 'that we should all have such an insight into the characters of those with whom we live, as to know where to place our confidence, and choose our friends. But this may be done in general, Julia, without talking much about them; for, indeed, when I consider the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," I am astonished at the carelessness with which many of us, calling ourselves Christians, incur this guilt, at the very time, perhaps, when we should tremble openly and rashly to run the hazard of breaking any other of the commandments. Cannot we let our neighbours' characters alone? If they do wrong, they must answer for it to God; or, if we think we cannot benefit them, then let us to their own faces tell them of their faults.'

"'Well, but I was not going to speak of any one, Amelia,' returned Julia. 'Why are you so warm? I was speaking of conversation in general, and I was regretting that you would not allow me the common privileges of friendship, that is, the sweet intercourse of mutual confidence and interchange of sentiments.'

"Amelia smiled. 'It is a pity, Julia,' she said, 'that we cannot think of some pretty copy of verses, in which all the tender sympathies which you so sweetly imagine, relative to the interchange of sentiments between bosom friends, are described with all the pathos of poetry. How very treacherous my memory must be, not to present to me one single specimen of the kind, when there is hardly a magazine, a newspaper, or a memorandum-book, in which one might not be found. But, seriously speaking, what are these privileges of friendship, and those sweet interchanges of sentiments, but, in plain English, an agreement made by two young people to impart to each other, without reserve, things that ought not be spoken of. If you have any faults to confess, dear Julia, confess them to your God; if you have an

advice to ask, ask it of your guardians; and if you have any secrets to reveal, get rid of the need of them as fast as you can.'

"'Very laconic,' said Miss Beaumont, laughing, 'and very saucy too! Well now, I declare, Amelia, if it were possible that I could find any thing tolerable in the shape of a friend in this house, I would renounce you, and take another to my heart. But, surely, such a pack of owls, bats, jays, crows, peacocks, parrots, and adjutants, were never met under one roof. In the first place, there's my stately governess, moving about like a peacock with its starry tail spread to its utmost extent, though, by the bye, the eyes are wanting. Madame de Roseau, dressed in twenty colours, squalling like a paroquet, and——'

"'Stop! stop!' said Amelia: 'let me beg you, Julia, to give us no more of this.'

"'No, no, I won't stop,' said Miss Beaumont: 'my fit's upon me; and you shall hear me out. There are Chatterton and Atkins, as vulgar and impudent as the crows in the *verandah;* and Miss Crawford, bridling and stretching her long neck, like one of the adjutants upon the gate of the burying-ground.'

"'Julia,' said Amelia, 'I am ashamed of you. I wish, I heartily wish, that there was more humility in your religion. Surely, surely, if you had a proper view of the depravity of your own nature, it must have some effect in regulating your words.'

"'You are angry, Amelia,' said Miss Beaumont.

"'Yes, I am,' replied the other.

"'I do not care what you are,' returned Miss Beaumont, 'provided you will but be persuaded to talk.'

"'To talk?' said Amelia. 'And so it does not matter what I say, provided I will but talk? Well, then, if this is the case,' she added, getting up, and sitting down on a chair by the table, 'I will avail myself of the opportunity that you now give me, to speak my mind to you on a very important subject, and one on which I have long had serious thoughts. You are a high professor of religion, Julia, and I cannot but think that you often feel its influence. But how is it that your religion does not humble you? I have always understood, that the Ho

egins his work of conversion by convincing the
ul of sin, and by showing him, that, if he is to be
or to be made in any degree to differ from other
hat he is in nowise to attribute any glory to him-
This is what my dear mother has again and again
me, and particularly urged on my attention; declar-
that a real work of grace will discover itself most
kingly by its producing deep humility, and cherish-
an abiding sense of one's own unworthiness. But
w can an habitual sense of sin exist in the individual
ho feels and gives way to a censorious or insolent
spirit? a spirit such as you, Julia, this moment evinced,
and which you would be glad to indulge every hour of
the day, if I would but encourage you?'

"'You are really angry, I see,' said Miss Beaumont.
'I am,' returned Amelia; 'I am angry and vexed: you
have vexed me, my friend.'

Miss Beaumont got up, and went to Amelia. 'I am
sorry,' she said; 'I know I have been foolish. Pray, ex-
cuse me.'

"'O, Julia, Julia!' said Amelia, throwing her arms
round her neck, 'let us either altogether cease to asso-
ciate, or else let our intercourse be such as Christians
should not be ashamed of.'

"Miss Beaumont again acknowledged her fault, w
begged Amelia's pardon: after which, we all returned
our books, and continued engaged with them, till it
time to dress.

"The next evening, if I remember aright, Mrs. F
son called Amelia down stairs before I was quite
ed; for we always changed our dresses, accordin
Indian fashion, about five o'clock; I was, there
alone in our room, the doors being open into th
dah, for the hot season was arrived. The r
young ladies were, I thought, gone down, wh
ly a tapping at the *gill-mills*, near my bed,
attention, and Gabrielle called to me, saying,
I have brought you a few *Aru Bocha*
bought on purpose for you.'

"I hastened to take these through the j
tered into a conversation, wh
e that she had been i

on the preceding, evening and had heard Amelia speak angrily to Miss Beaumont; adding, that she could not hear the occasion of the dispute, and asking if it referred to herself.

"After some solicitation, I was weak enough to repeat to Gabrielle Miss Beaumont's foolish speech about the birds, and I continued talking to her till Amelia's step in the *verandah* obliged us to break off our discourse.

"The next day, there was put upon Miss Crawford's table a note, written in a feigned hand, in which notice was given of the strange liberties which Miss Beaumont, in conversation, had taken with the characters of her governesses, and of others of the inmates of the house.

"This note Miss Crawford produced in the school-room, when all the family were assembled; and reading it aloud, she excited such a tumult as I hardly ever witnessed. Mrs. Patterson looked highly offended, but preserved her composure; Madame de Roseau reddened, and forgetting her English, scolded fluently in her native tongue; and Miss Crawford burst out into a torrent of abuse, in which she was joined by the two young ladies whom Miss Beaumont had very politely compared to crows. The rest of the young ladies tittered and whispered, winking and nodding at each other behind their governesses' backs. Miss Beaumont reddened violently, and looked thoroughly vexed; little Flora started; Gabrielle's countenance was impenetrable; and I trembled violently, conscious of having whispered the secret through the *gill-mill*. 'Do you confess having made use of these expressions, Miss?' said Miss Crawford.

"'I do,' said Miss Beaumont: 'I will not utter an untruth.'

"'Insolente!' said Madame de Roseau.

"'At any rate,' said Mrs. Patterson, with great composure, 'Miss Beaumont has spared none of us: she has been impartial in the treatment of her friends.'

"'I beg your pardon, Madam,' said Miss Beaumont: 'I acknowledge my fault.'

"'This *is what now* alone remains to be done,' said *Mrs. Patterson*, with dignity. 'I freely forgive you, *which is more, I fear*, than you will be able to do to your*self. But to whom* did you use these expressions?

"'To Miss Carrisforth.'

"'And she encouraged you?' said Mrs. Patterson.

"'No, Madam,' returned Miss Beaumont; 'she spoke to me with more severity than she ever used before in her life towards me.'

"'That is like her, like my Amelia,' said Mrs. Patterson, while the tears stood trembling in her eyes. 'Thank God, I have not hitherto been disappointed in my Amelia.' So saying, she took Amelia by the hand and left the room; leaving us all in amazement at a compliment paid to Amelia, at the expense, as we thought, of every one else in the house, but a compliment, however, at the same time, which every heart must have acknowledged to be well deserved.

"After the departure of Mrs. Patterson, a very low and degrading scene took place among those who were left behind. This consisted of mutual upbraidings between Miss Beaumont and those whom she had offended, which ended in her leaving the room, and in the young ladies being set down to their needlework for the remainder of the morning.

"At twelve o'clock, I went to our own room, where I found Amelia. She had been crying, but at that time appeared to be calm, though sorrowful. As soon as she saw me come in, she said, 'I hope, Clara, that it is not you who have betrayed Julia.'

"She spoke so low, that I am convinced it was impossible that she could have been heard by the closest listener without the room. You will not be surprised to learn, my dear friend, that I solemnly denied the charge, declaring that I neither had had opportunity nor inclination to betray Miss Beaumont.

"She seemed to believe me, though she evidently appeared puzzled; and took the occasion to say, that, although she blamed Miss Beaumont for her want of caution in speaking, and for her want of respect to her superiors, yet that she considered the person who had conveyed the intelligence to those aggrieved as being incomparably more to blame than Miss Beaumont: for, as the wise man says, *where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so, where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.* (*Prov.* xxvi. 20.)

"While Amelia was still speaking to me on this subject, Miss Beaumont and Flora came in. The former was in violent agitation; her face being swelled with crying, and her countenance strongly expressive of resentment. Amelia ceased to speak when her friend entered, and an awkward silence followed for some moments, Miss Beaumont having seated herself at the foot of my bed, continuing to cry violently. At length, Amelia said, 'Julia, my dear, do not distress yourself so much. The thing is now done: let us, then, try now to repair it.'

"'But,' said Julia, 'to be so disgraced, so humbled, and that in the eyes of a parcel of people whom one cannot but *heartily despise!*'

"'*Heartily despise!*' repeated Amelia. 'Oh, Julia, Julia! you are incorrigible!'

"'I am not incorrigible,' returned Miss Beaumont, angrily; 'I am no worse than many others: but I am too sincere, too open, too unguarded, for my company.'

"Amelia replied, 'It may often teach us a good lesson, my dear Julia, in early life, for us to be obliged to associate with such persons as compel us to be on our guard. These difficult situations and circumstances teach us self-command; and if we really possess Christian principles, the perplexities in which we become involved by our carelessness induce us to look inwards, and to inquire if all is right there.'

"'Exceedingly wise, indeed!' returned Miss Beaumont, with bitterness.

"'Julia,' said Amelia, 'I don't understand you.'

"'You will then, by and by,' returned Miss Beaumont, 'perhaps as well as I now do you.'

"Amelia looked with amazement, and said, 'Why, Miss Beaumont, what is the matter now?'

"'Mrs. Patterson's own dear Amelia!' said Julia, sneeringly. And, then taking the note out of her bosom, the note which had excited such tumults, 'Whose hand is this, Amelia?' she asked. Though disguised, I see in it many lines which mark it too plainly to be yours.'

"'Mine!' said Amelia, her face flushing high, 'mine, Julia! And *do* you actually suspect me?'

"'*I do,*' *said Miss* Beaumont: 'for who else could *have been?*'

repeated Amelia.
Miss Beaumont, 'I do suspe
too low, I am confident, for any one out
ear me; and there were no persons present
Flora, and Clara. Flora has never left me;
e, is clear; and, if you can answer for Clara,
on must fall upon yourself. At any rate,' she
olently, 'the matter lies between you and your

dia looked perplexed. 'I know my own inno-
ne said, 'and I think I can answer for Clara's. I do
w that she has one single person in this house with
she communicates familiarly. I do not think that
capable of writing the note herself, her hand
, as you well know, wholly unformed; neither have
r left her since the period of the unfortunate conver-
n, excepting for a few minutes when I was called to
s. Patterson, and I have reason to conclude that she
s not out of the room during that interval.'

"'No, indeed I was not,' I said.
"'And you neither saw or spoke to any one?' asked
Amelia.
"'How should I?' I said. 'I have no person in this
house with whom I speak familiarly.'
"Amelia and Julia looked at each other; and Amel
said, 'I think that Clara cannot be concerned in this
fair.'
"'Then, Amelia,' returned Miss Beaumont, 'the
picion again rests upon you.'
"'I am sorry that you suspect me,' said Amelia
ly. 'You are unjust in so doing, Julia: but I
help it.'
"'You cannot help it!' said Miss Beaumont
cold expression! You do not even attempt to c
self.'
"'Because,' returned Amelia, 'when cor
tween friends is once gone, no arguments w
Julia,' she added, 'I have borne long with
have often tried me; but I still believed th
and esteemed me. You have, however, n
contrary; and it would be better for us,
ly as we must meet—as comme

"This speech was succeeded by a pause; during which, Amelia wept, but it was gently. This pause was, however, quickly interrupted by little Flora, who, bursting into an agony of grief, and throwing her arms round Amelia's neck, said, 'O, Miss Carrisforth! and shall I then, too, be parted from you? It was not me, indeed it was not me who told about Miss Beaumont.'

"'Beloved child!' said Amelia, pressing her own lovely face against that of the little girl, 'I hope not; I hope, my sweet Flora, that Miss Beaumont will sometimes let you come to me.' So saying, she again kissed the child, and then left the room.

"When Amelia was gone, we all remained for some time in a state that was any thing but enviable. 'Little Flora cried and lamented herself aloud. 'O my sweet Amelia!' she exclaimed, 'my dear Amelia! O! I wish that Amelia was my mamma: my sweet Miss Carrisforth! my lovely, lovely Amelia!' and then she rung her little hands in an agony of grief, which touched even my hard heart, and filled me with a strong feeling of compunction, yet not sufficiently strong to induce me to confess what I had done.

"Flora continued to cry, till Miss Beaumont, turning angrily to her, said, 'You little simpleton, cease your disturbance. What an uproar you are making! I heartily wish you had the mamma you desire. Say another word, and I will turn you over to Miss Carrisforth, and she shall have the plague of you.'

"'O! will you, will you be so kind?' said the little girl. 'Will you give me up, dear Miss Beaumont? I shall be so happy. Dear, kind Miss Beaumont, will you let me be Amelia's child?'

"It is perhaps impossible to conceive of any circumstance that would at that moment have been more provoking to the inflamed mind of Miss Julia than this request, made by little Flora: and such was its effect upon the young lady, that she instantly arose, and going to Mrs. Patterson with Flora, requested permission to deliver her up to Amelia.'

"'*Is it at Miss* Carrisforth's own desire? inquired *Mrs. Patterson.*

"'It is, I am sure,' answered the little girl, 'because I love her so much.'

"'Do then as you please,' said Mrs. Patterson. And the joyful little Flora flew to tell Amelia that she was to be her child.

"Miss Beaumont did not appear at *tiffin*, but Flora, full of delight, sat on one side of Amelia, while I took my usual seat on the other.

"Nothing very remarkable happened from the time of this second quarrel with Miss Beaumont till the arrival of the holidays. Flora, in the interim, remained under Amelia's care, and seemed truly happy, and desirous of improvement. Miss Beaumont continued alienated from Amelia, though it was plain enough that this separation cost her much, for she was always silent and melancholy. In some respects I improved rapidly; but then it was in matters with which the head was more concerned than the heart.

"As Flora was a child of a disposition peculiarly open and ingenuous, and who would tell Amelia of every thing that she saw, she entirely put a stop to my private interviews with Gabrielle. It would have been, I found, a very dangerous experiment to attempt to corrupt her, as she invariably made a point of showing to Amelia every thing that was given to her; and if, by chance, I was ever left alone with her for a few moments, she would, when Amelia again returned, give her a minute and exact account of what had passed during her absence.

"Thus this little creature, by her extraordinary openness, was by the divine mercy enabled to be as it were a guard to herself; for it was a common saying throughout the school, 'Mind what you do before Flora; for she will tell all to Amelia Carrisforth.'

"When the Midsummer holidays arrived, most of the family were dispersed. Amelia had made interest for little Flora to accompany her to a friend's house at Serampore, where she was to spend the recess, and I went to my aunt's, where I was thought to be much improved.

"About this time I completed my fifteenth year.

"When I had been at home about a fortnight, a certain circumstance, not worth detailing in this place,

d my aunt to take a short journey with her daugh-
nd I was, in consequence, sent back to school.
1 arriving at Palm-Grove, I found no one there but
Crawford and Gabrielle, a circumstance which
1 very unfortunate for me; for, as Miss Crawford
ny thing else but watchful, I was left at entire liber-
do, and say, and learn every thing to which my
iclinations either prompted or disposed me.
was put to sleep alone the first night in my usual
nent; and the first person I saw, when I opened
'es in the morning, was Gabrielle, sitting by my
e, this girl having been from home the evening be-
vhen I arrived.
) Clara Lushington,' she said, 'how glad I was
Miss Crawford told me that you were come, and
ut Amelia Carrisforth to watch you, and cross you,
lague you, as she did. What a torment that girl
have been to you, Clara!'
Vhy, Gabrielle,' I said, 'is that you? I thought you
Amelia above all persons in the world.'
), yes, she is well enough,' she answered. 'But we
iave such fun now. Miss Crawford lets us have
thing all our own way in the holidays. We shall
such fun.'
'un?' I said; 'and of what sort?"
), all sorts. Do you know, that, the day before
day, we had the *putully-nautch* in the *verandah*,
saw it over again in the *bawergee khaunah*, when
Crawford thought I was in bed and fast asleep.
hen Fijou,—you know Fijou, the *kidmutgar*,—he
uch droll tales; and the *ayahs* and the *bearers*,
meet together, at night, in the back *verandah*, and
muse me so! And I have been out twice; I will
ll you where, neither: but Miss Crawford thought
s at Mrs. Sandford's, my papa's friend, in Tank
'e. But I was not there: I was with Atkins and
erton.'
Where?' I said.
), what's that to you? I'll tell you, some time or
; *but not now.*'
ut how could you deceive Miss Crawford?'
ceive her!' said Gabrielle, 'deceive her! Indee

I must be a fool if I could not deceive *her!* Why, could not I write a note in Mrs. Sandford's name, and get it brought here; and then go out in a hired *palanquin*, and go where I pleased? O, you are but a simpleton yet, I see, Lushington,' she added, laughing; 'but you will be wiser by and by. When I have told you all the tricks of Palm-Grove, you won't wonder and stare as you did when the *chit* was found on Miss Crawford's dressing-table; a *chit* which nobody wrote, but which every body read.'

"'O, Gabrielle!' I said, 'I always suspected that you were at the bottom of that trick.'

"'How wonderful that you should have suspected me!' she added, laughing; 'how came you to think that I was so clever?'

"But enough, and too much, of this detestable conversation. Suffice it to say, that by the time that the three remaining weeks of the holidays had elapsed, I was as corrupt as such a companion could make me, and I had fully resolved, either to break Amelia's yoke from my neck, or, if I could not in any way do this effectually, to circumvent her by some other means.

"After the midsummer vacation, when we were all reassembled, I found that our party was but little varied. During the vacation, Miss Beaumont (her irritation having been no longer excited by her spiteful companions) had become convinced of the impropriety of her conduct, and had, therefore, written not only a letter to Amelia, fully expressive of contrition for the unkind suspicions that she had entertained against her, but she had also sent letters of apologies to the other ladies of the family whom she had insulted.

"In consequence of her having forwarded these letters, she was, on her return, received with affection by Amelia, and with politeness by the rest of the party; and as she now appeared humbler and more amiable than she had ever done before, her concurrence and co-operation considerably strengthened the influence of Miss Carrisforth in the family: whereas, formerly, by her want of watchfulness and self-command, she had greatly weakened that influence, as must have appeared on many occasions which I have already related.

"This assistance on the part of Miss Beaumont was certainly very seasonable: for no sooner was Amelia returned, than I plainly told her that I would not be ruled by her as I had been before; that it was well enough for her to keep such a child as Flora under control, but that, as I was in my sixteenth year, I had no notion of submitting to a person who was only eighteen.

"She replied, 'You do not consider, Clara, that when you obey me, it is not to my authority that you submit, but to the delegated authority of your father.'

"'I do not care,' I answered, 'whose delegated authority it is; I will not submit.'

"'That is your determination?' said Amelia, calmly.

"'It is, Miss Carrisforth,' I answered.

"She immediately arose, and brought me a pen, ink, and paper.

"'What's that for?' I said.

"'You will be pleased,' she replied, 'to write down on paper what you have just said: that is, if you are in earnest in saying so.

"'To be sure I am,' I answered.

"'Then write it down,' said Amelia.

"In a spirit of insolence I obeyed, and tossing the paper towards her, exclaimed, 'There it is written: you may read it, and show it to Mrs. Patterson.'

"'No,' said Amelia, taking up the paper, 'I do not intend it for Mrs. Patterson, but for your father. To him I shall send it, and to him, as a proper person, that is, as the person who intrusted you to my care, I shall refer the case.'

"I forgot to say, that, during the holidays, I had heard from my aunt of my father's marriage to a widow lady up the country; and my aunt had, at the same time, availed herself of that occasion to suggest to me, that as my father might now have a second family, it behoved me to act with great circumspection towards him, lest I should lose his regard. And as I, in common with most other young people of my age, was by no means insensible to notions and feelings of self-interest, I was, therefore, a little startled at this proposed reference to my father, and, consequently, thought proper to change my measures on the occasion. I, accordingly, begged Ame

lia's pardon, and promised to behave better in future, though, at the same time, I secretly resolved on doing all that I could to spite and deceive her.

"When I humbled myself, I obtained her immediate forgiveness, and all things then returned to their usual course, or at least appeared to do so: for, although I was now most carefully and closely watched, not only by Amelia, but also by Miss Beaumont, I contrived to correspond with Gabrielle by means of the *jalousies* near my bed, through which she put her notes, and through which I conveyed my answers.

"This correspondence had been carried on for some weeks, when Gabrielle, one night, slipped a *chit* through the door, the purport of which was to ask me if I could not possibly contrive to escape by the door near my bed, after Amelia was asleep; Gabrielle adding, that she would draw all the bolts, and set the door a little ajar, while the family were at tea.

"I wrote a short answer, which I put under the door early in the morning, to announce my concurrence with this plan.

"I observed, during the day, that many significant looks were directed towards me by Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton, from which I understood that they were abettors in this scheme; and, indeed, it could not be carried into effect without their assistance; for, in going out I must needs pass between the beds of these two young ladies.

"With what impatience did I look forward to the approaching night, and how, in my own wicked heart, did I triumph and exult over Amelia.

"At length, the hour for retirement came, and my heart danced with eagerness at the prospect. I made haste to get into bed, having put my dressing-gown over my night dress, in order to be ready for my midnight excursion, whatever it was intended to be. But what was my mortification, just as I had got into bed, to see Amelia's eyes intently directed towards the door! 'Clara,' she said, 'get up, and bolt that door which is by your bed; I see that both of the bolts are drawn. Who can have opened it?' she added; what is the meaning of this? but I will take care that it shall not happen again.' So say

ing, she forced her way into the corner of my bed, fastened both the bolts, and, taking a riband from a drawer, twisted it through the openings of the *jalousies*, and tied it in twenty knots.

"'Why, Miss Carrisforth,' said Miss Chatterton, who was standing on the other side, 'what's the matter now? what are you doing there?'

"'No harm,' said Amelia; 'but I will prevent the *matrannee* from passing through this door again.'

"A violent burst of laughter, in which there was more indignation than merriment, then followed from every individual in the next room; and Miss Chatterton exclaimed, 'Amelia Carrisforth, you need not take such pains to keep us out: we are not so over fond of your company.'

"Amelia made no answer; but, turning to me, 'Clara,' she said, get up, and pull off your dressing-gown: you surely cannot need it this hot night.

"I arose, trembling, and not knowing how far she suspected me.

"'Get up, Clara Lushington,' she said, get up, you unprincipled girl: put on your clothes, and follow me to Mrs. Patterson's room.'

"I instantly left my bed, guilt causing every limb to tremble, and, falling down on my knees before my youthful and lovely monitress, I solemnly assured her that she suspected me wrongfully, if she thought that I knew any thing of the door being open.

"Amelia turned from me with an air of that beautiful severity which we find so admirably described in the Paradise Lost, by Milton, who, when speaking of the rebuke given by the angel to the arch fiend, says,—

> "'So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
> Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
> Invincible.'

"I pleaded long and earnestly in behalf of my innocence, and, at length, so far prevailed, that she bade me get into bed again, saying, 'Clara, I do not know what to think of you: but I believe you to be utterly destitute of principle.'

"I was surprised and abashed. I could not utter an

other word. But Amelia added, 'Remember, Clara Lushington, that if you fall, it is not through temptation, for I have shielded you from that,—but it is because you love sin: you relish it, you delight in it, it is your element, and in sin alone you exist.'

"Hardened as I then was, I was shocked by these strong expressions; and the more so, because the habitual language of Amelia was so decidedly gentle; and, though conscious myself of my own deceitful character, I was not aware that she was acquainted with it. As I before said, I was unable to speak. I made her no reply; but Miss Chatterton, who, on the other side of the door, had been listening to what was passing, would not suffer her to go on unanswered, but, raising the *jalousies* with a motion so violent as to make us both start, she poured forth such a torrent of abusive language as surely is seldom propelled, even by passion itself, from the mouth of any being calling herself a lady.

"Amelia permitted her to proceed, unreproved, till she was compelled to stop for want of breath; and then calmly said, 'Miss Chatterton, do not compel me to conclude that there is more in this affair than I suspected; or, at least, do not induce me to imagine that it is any particular concern of yours: as I have always treated you with politeness and respect, I have a right to require the same from you.'

"'Chatterton, hold your tongue, said another voice behind, which we knew to be Miss Atkins. 'What Miss Carrisforth says is very true; she has always behaved very obligingly to you: and wherefore, then, should you meddle with what can be no concern of yours? Come away from the door.'

"At the same moment, the *jalousies*, which had been forcibly held up, flapped violently down; and we heard Miss Chatterton's voice, though not so near, exclaiming, 'But she is so provoking, so insolent, to come and fasten the door between us, as if our very breath were poison! *I hate* that cool command of temper, too, by which she *carries* all before her. Beaumont is worth a hundred *such*: one may do something with her!

"'*Hold* your tongue, can't you, Chatterton?' said Miss Atkins. 'You are so unaccountably imprudent!

"'Qu'est ce que c'est? what is all dis noise? what is dis uproar, mes Demoiselles my young ladies?' said a voice, at that instant ushering from a distant room, and every moment becoming louder, as its owner, Madame de Roseau, approached from her own chamber. 'Is dat you, Mademoiselle Chattertone? is dat you? Well I never did see such young ladies. And what do you here, Mademoiselle Gabrielle? Did I not see you in your own room two minutes past? For shame! what an uproar is here! I shall tell Madame; I shall call Mrs. Patterson, Miss Chattertone! parquoi, wherefore do you shed tears? are you sick?'

"'No,' said a young lady, who was present; 'she has been quarrelling with Amelia Carrisforth.'

"'Quarrelling!' repeated Miss Chatterton; 'no, I have been grossly insulted by her.'

"'In what way! Comment? how? expliquez,' said Madame. 'How is dis? Miss Carrisforth est toujours, always polie. What is de quarrel?'

"'Nothing at all, Madame,' said Miss Atkins; 'only she heard Amelia, through the door, scolding Clara Lushington, and that offended her.'

"'O! O! Miss Chattertone is become de female Quixote,' added Madame de Roseau, 'since Miss Beaumont has renounced de caractere! Eh bien! very well! very good! But, ladies, you now must please to go to bed; let us enjoy de peace à present, s'il vous plait; let me hear no more of dis noise.'

"All was now hushed, and I endeavoured to sleep; but shame and disappointment kept me long awake.

"The total failure of our scheme, on this occasion, so depressed our spirits, that I did not receive even a single line from Gabrielle for several weeks; at the end of which period one of our monthly public nights arrived and Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton were made very gay by the reappearance of the captain and lieutenant of the Ariadne, before mentioned, both of whom had been for some time absent.

"It happened, that on this dancing-night just spoken of, I overheard a conversation between Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton, which filled my mind with strange thoughts. These young ladies were just without th

door so often mentioned, and I was in my bed; but it was evident that they did not wish that any one should hear their whisperings, as they were unusually low.

"'The Ariadne is in the river, almost opposite my uncle Jackson's door,' said Miss Chatterton.

"'When does she sail?' said Miss Atkins.

"'O, very soon,' said the other; 'her cargo is complete.'

"'It consists of buffalos' horns and skins,' said Miss Atkins, 'does not it?'

"'Yes,' said Miss Chatterton. 'But what of that?'

"'O, nothing,' said Miss Atkins. 'But what day does the captain talk of?'

"'Thursday next,' answered Miss Chatterton: 'you know, that we can pretend to have an invitation from my uncle Jackson.'

"'What, and go from thence?' said Miss Atkins.

"'Pooh, you simpleton!' returned Miss Chatterton: 'don't you know that my uncle Jackson is not to know any thing about it?'

"'Well, but is not Biddy Jackson invited?' said Miss Atkins.

"'To be sure she is,' returned Miss Chatterton; 'but we are all to meet her at Gordon's quarters, which are just by the dock near which the vessel lies.'

"'And Captain Besbrook says we shall have a dance, does not he?' said Miss Atkins.

"'To be sure he does,' said Miss Chatterton. 'Biddy Jackson and I were on board the Ariadne the last time she was in port: we had a supper and a ball, and came home about four in the morning. We had a charming evening!'

"Sundry whisperings followed, which I could not hear. After which, however, I heard Miss Chatterton say, 'Captain Besbrook asked me whether I could not bring two or three more of my school-fellows: but we shall be enough without them. Besides, I don't know *whom* we could trust.'

"'Hush! don't speak so loud,' said Miss Atkins: '*they* say that walls have ears.'

"The young ladies then lowered their voices so much that I could distinguish nothing more; but I had already

learned enough to render me excessively anxious to make one of this charming party.

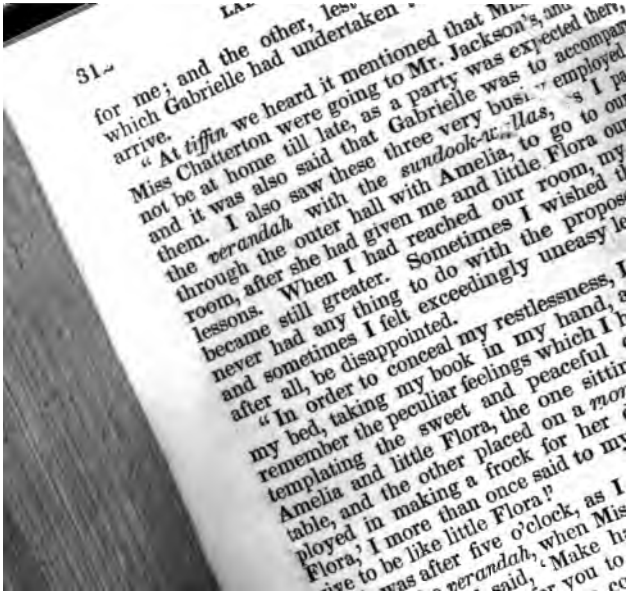
"The next day, while we were in the school-room, Gabrielle contrived, in passing by me, to give me a *chit*, which, when I had an opportunity of reading, I discovered to contain an account of her having found out the Captain of the Ariadne's invitation to Miss Chatterton. She would not tell me how she had effected this discovery, although she plainly declared to me the use that she meant to make of it. 'I am resolved,' said she, 'either to be of the party or to betray them; and, if you please, you also shall accompany us.'

"I watched my opportunity, and, in a short note to Gabrielle, stated, that nothing would give me greater delight than to join this party, if she could in any way obtain my liberty for that day.

"No further communication passed between me and Gabrielle till, on the evening before the appointed day, when I was walking with my usual companions in the garden, Gabrielle again contrived to give me a short note, affirming that all was settled, and that I should have an invitation from my aunt on the following evening.

"On the morning of the Thursday, although I had a prospect of obtaining my wishes, I think that I was more uneasy than I ever was before in my life. I had a kind of horror upon my mind which I could not easily express, and which I thank God I have never since felt, and am assured that I shall never feel again; for he is faithful who has called me, and will not suffer me to fall. No, I trust that he will henceforth uphold me: *for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.* (2 Tim. i. 12.)

"It was an exceedingly hot and oppressive day, and the anxiety of my mind was considerably increased by an evident uneasiness and restlessness which plainly appeared in the countenances of those who were to be my companions in the evening exploit. I had also two other sources of solicitude, independent of that usual *dissatisfaction* which is felt by all guilty persons, however seemingly prosperous they for a time may be: one of which was, lest my aunt should really send or call



without evident agitation. I therefore continued to tremble till my dress was put on and my hair properly arranged, and then, hastening down, I threw myself into the *palanquin*, (which was a hired one, though attended, as I saw, by one or two persons looking like gentlemen's servants,) and, having drawn the blinds, was hurried away I knew not whither; neither did I know whether Gabrielle, or Miss Atkins, or Miss Chatterton were already gone out, or were left behind me at school. The motion of the *palanquin* continued for some time, but which way I went I did not know, as I dared not to look out for fear of meeting with some acquaintance. It was nearly dusk when the *palanquin* stopped, and I found myself at the door of a house, looking rather mean, though evidently a European dwelling, and in a part of Calcutta with which I was but very imperfectly acquainted.

"Being set down, I drew back the blinds, and was handed out by a very young man, who, without speaking, led me through a hall into a back room, where it afforded me some relief to find Miss Atkins, Miss Chatterton, and Gabrielle, with a number of other young people, chiefly men, who were laughing and talking with extreme volubility. All the doors and windows in the back of this room were wide open, and beyond I could distinctly discern the Hoogley, from which there was blowing into the room a fresh and cool breeze, not altogether unmixed with the unsavoury odours of pitch and tar. 'O, Miss Chatterton,' I said, without regarding the rest of the company, 'how glad I am to see you here!'

"'Why, you little fool,' was her uncourteous answer, 'I'll be bound you thought yourself lost.'

"We waited in this room as long as ten minutes, the whole party continuing to talk and laugh without any regard to prudence, (for indeed it must be allowed, that prudence, amidst such circumstances, would have been altogether out of her place,) till some one coming in gave notice that the boat was ready, upon which the party, *taking the way* at the back of the house, descended *certain stairs leading* to the river, each lady being attended *by one or more* gentlemen, till, on having reached the

boat, we went on board, and were rowed towards the Ariadne, which, as she was lying low in the water, owing to her having received her cargo, admitted of our being hoisted on board with little difficulty. And now what a scene of vanity followed! my heart sickens even at its recollection.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night, clear and serene; the ample surface of the Hoogley being smooth as a mirror, and sparkling with the reflected moonbeams. The town of Calcutta, on one side, presented only a confused and indistinct mass of buildings, heaped, apparently, one upon another. Beyond us, towards the mouth of the river, innumerable vessels raised their towering masts, and, like a forest, darkened the whole southern horizon; while the banks of Alipoor, on the west, displayed a beautiful scene of still moonlight repose; dark groves here and there obtruding themselves on the eye, with now and then the picturesque aspect of some building, reflecting, from its white porticos and majestic roof, the soft and soothing brightness.

"The deck of the Ariadne, on board of which we were now arrived, was entirely covered with an awning, raised sufficiently high above the sides of the vessel to admit the air from every quarter. A variety of lamps were placed in different directions, so as to cast a strong light upon the deck; and in the *cuddy*, or dining-room of the vessel, a handsome collation was laid out. The state cabins, also, were opened and illuminated, and in them we found several young ladies, who were taking tea and other refreshments. Among these we met with Miss Biddy Jackson, of whom you will form no very good opinion when I tell you, that she was in the Ariadne without her father's knowledge. I was much struck with the gay and novel scene which presented itself when first I got on board, but was, at the same time, aware of a strong and oppressive odour, which, however, I attributed to the smell of sea-water, *the* exhalation from which I had heard was sometimes *very* disagreeable, and particularly offensive to some *persons*; I had never before been on board a large vessel, and it was therefore not to be wondered at that I was altogether ignorant that this smell was very

ferent from that which was emitted by the sea-water. The gay and busy scene, however, before me, soon diverted my thoughts from this subject. I accompanied my companions into the state-cabin, where much gay conversation (to use no worse an expression) took place between the young ladies and the gentlemen; and foolish and light as I had previously considered my school-fellows to be, I found that what I had already seen of them was nothing, in comparison of that which I was now to witness. Instead, however, of being disgusted at this display of folly, I thought that I could do no better than to show off in the same way. I therefore chattered, laughed, whispered, and gave pert and flippant answers to every one that spoke to me, in a style of which I now cannot think but with horror; and though the men who were at that time about me were, assuredly, none of the most delicate, yet I shudder to think what an impression my distinguished folly must have left upon them.

After we had regaled ourselves with tea, and other refreshments, a band of music on deck having struck up, the gentlemen chose their partners and led us out to dance, and for two hours or more we continued this exercise with much spirit: at the end of which time I began to feel a sensation for which I could not account, but which I could not help attributing to the unpleasant smell before mentioned. I tried to dance and laugh off this distressing feeling; but I danced and tittered in vain: it gradually stole more and more upon me. From one hour to another I became increasingly uneasy, neither can I well describe the nature of the feeling that oppressed me: it was attended, at first, with a slight sickness of the stomach, and with a headach, which was also slight; and these sensations were accompanied with a peculiar horror, which all the gaiety around me had no power to dispel. This horror at length became such, that every thing that I attentively looked at for a few minutes seemed to assume some dubious or portentous form. At length, being wholly unable to appear cheerful any longer, I sat down, complaining of fatigue, and endeavouring *to amuse myself* with looking at the dancers.

"*It was after* twelve before we were called to supper. *I was in hopes* that a little wine, and perhaps a lit

food, might make me more easy; I therefore roused myself, endeavoured to eat and drink, and to appear merry; and was, consequently, enabled to carry on the deception in the eyes of my companions till we rose from supper: for I thought that it would be matter of triumph to Miss Chatterton and Miss Atkins to know that I was uncomfortable, as I had volunteered my company. But, after supper, I grew so much worse, that my partner perceiving it, and supposing that I had not been used to sit up so late, and that the present deviation from my usual course was the cause of my illness, proposed to me that I should lie down on the sofa in the *cuddy* till the party broke up.

"I was never in my life more thankful for any offer than for this, of which immediately availing myself, I found an instant though a short relief in laying my aching head on the pillow.

"And now, as I lay in this situation, in the cabin of the Ariadne, many reflections, of a nature very different from any which I had ever before experienced, occupied my mind. My first consideration was about the circumstances amidst which I was then placed, in a ship upon the river, without a friend, for I had sense enough to see that neither Gabrielle, Miss Atkins, nor Miss Chatterton could be called friends, among men to whom I was a total stranger, and in a situation of the greatest indecorum. 'What would my aunt, what would my father, what would Amelia think if they could see me now?' I said to myself. 'O, that I were in my little room, in my little bed again, under the care of Amelia! O, how happy should I be! O, that I had never known Gabrielle.' Then I blamed Miss Beaumont: 'It was Miss Beaumont's rashness that first awakened my attention towards Gabrielle. Oh, miserable creature that I am! ruined, ruined, lost by my own folly!' These were some of my dismal thoughts.

"In proportion as I continued my reflections, my head became more and more confused, till, at length, I fell into a state of insensibility, in which I know not how long I lay; on recovering my senses, however, I still heard the sound of the music and dancing on deck, but was aware of the approach of morning, by a gleam of light shining

through the cabin window, while the air at the same time was blowing in more fresh from off the river. I sat up on the couch and looked wildly round me, hardly knowing where I was, and feeling such an increase of indisposition, as made me press both my hands against my burning forehead. At the same moment, a young gentleman came into the cabin, saying, 'Are you ready, Ma'am? The ladies are going.'

"I looked up, and perceived that this was the same young stranger who had handed me from my *palanquin;* and I then recollected that I had not seen him from the moment of his doing so to the present. The modesty and gentility of his manner seemed to strike shame to my heart. 'If he is a gentleman,' I thought, 'as he seems to be, he will despise me; he cannot do otherwise.'

"Being filled therefore with shame, I gave him my hand, and he led me silently to the side of the chair in which I was to be hoisted into the boat. As he relinquished my hand, he bowed respectfully, and withdrew.

"It was still so dark, and I was so faint, that, when I got into the boat, I could not see who was with me, but I distinguished the voices both of gentleman and ladies; and I heard Miss Chatterton say, 'Well, I don't know that I was ever taken so in my life: my head swims so, I hardly know where I am.'

"'It is the motion of the boat,' somebody remarked.

"'No,' she answered, 'I was the same way before I got into the boat. Are persons ever seasick when the ships are in harbour?'

"A loud laugh followed this remark, and the discourse took another turn: but I heard Miss Atkins whisper to Miss Chatterton, 'What can it be? for I feel half dead.'

"You may be assured that these complaints of my school-fellows tended not a little to increase my alarms; and, feeling as I then did, I fancied that we had all inhaled some dreadful infection, which would prove a horrible punishment for our offence.

"We soon reached the shore. We then got out of the *boat at the same stairs* by which we had descended into *it, and my school-fellows* and myself were led back into

the same room in which we had assembled before we went on board.

"This room was lighted by only one shade, standing on the table in the centre of the room; and, of all the ladies and gentleman who had accompanied us from the Ariadne, there were none with me excepting my three school-fellows and Mr. Gordon, the first mate. This officer, after having offered any thing that his house would afford, wished us good morning, saying, that he would leave us to take what rest might be possible on two sofas which were in the room, till the arrival of the hour when we could return home, which would be at sunrise, a time when all the inhabitants of Calcutta are in motion.

"As soon as the young gentleman had closed the door after him, Miss Atkins and Miss Chatterton threw themselves upon the sofas, exclaiming, with vehemence, 'Lord be praised this evening is over!'

"'Never in my life,' said Miss Chatterton, 'did I suffer more than I have done during these last two hours.'

"'I am sure,' said Miss Atkins, 'suffer what you will, you cannot have been worse than I have been: and Clara Lushington looks no better than we are. What, in the name of Heaven,' she added, with an expression of countenance and vehemence of manner which terrified me beyond measure, 'what can have been the occasion of this? Surely, Chatterton, surely they have not poisoned us!' 'Then, turning to me, 'Clara,' she said, 'you are very ill, I see: when did you feel the beginning of your illness? was it before or after supper? Had you tasted of any thing before you felt yourself uncomfortable?'

"'Atkins, for Heaven's sake, hold your tongue,' said Miss Chatterton: 'you terrify me to death! What do you suspect? do you think we are poisoned? I shall die with the very idea.' So saying, she rose up, and walked towards one of the windows, gasping for breath.

"The subject then of the extraordinary smell which I had noticed, and which had been perceived by the rest of the party also, was introduced; and Gabrielle, who was the least affected among us, remarked, that she had heard that the vessel was laden with hides and horns; 'and perhaps,' said she, 'these are not properly tanned.

"'Don't mention it,' said Miss Chatterton, gasping again. 'I have heard of dreadfully infectious fevers being occasioned by less matters than these.'

"'But the ship-officers appear quite well,' I answered.

"'O, they are used to many things which we can't bear,' said Miss Atkins.

"'At any rate,' I said, laying my burning head against the back of the sofa near which I sat, 'I heartily wish I had never joined this party.'

"'Well, it was at your own desire; you have nobody but yourself to blame,' returned Miss Atkins.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'yes, I have several to blame. I may, in the first place, blame Miss Beaumont; and, secondly, you, Gabrielle. But for you, I had now been happy in the tender love and confidence of my sweet Amelia. O, Amelia, Amelia!' I added in extreme agony, 'had I chosen no other friend than you, I had indeed been blessed.'

"A deep groan from Miss Chatterton at this moment arrested our attention. We all sprang up, and ran to her. She had fainted, and was falling from the sofa. We hastened to loosen her dress; and Gabrielle, running out, soon procured some water, with which we wet her lips and bathed her forehead.

"After a short time, she revived and spoke. 'Take me home,' she said: 'I must go home immediately. Let me die, at least, on my own bed.'

"'La! my dear,' said Miss Atkins, 'don't talk of dying; we shall be better presently. And we can't go home till daylight, it will make such a talk, if it is known where we have been; and if we come in at such strange hours, it will surely lead to inquiry.'

"'Inquiry!' repeated Miss Chatterton, 'who cares? what do I care? Put me to bed; I pray you, put me to bed. Let me die, I say, on my bed.'

"A second fainting, more severe and lasting than the former, now took place; during which the sun arose, and Mr. Gordon sent us word that the *palanquins* were waiting.

"As Miss Chatterton could not immediately be moved, and *as it was not to* appear at Palm-Grove that I had *been in company* with the rest, it was agreed that I *should be sent first.* I was, therefore, put into the sa

palanquin in which I had come, and sent forward. I drew my curtains close round me, and lay backwards, never once looking out from the time I got in till I had reached home. But I can give you no idea of what I suffered during this interval. The morning was one of those which are not unfrequently experienced in the torrid zone; not a breath of air was stirring, and the *bearers* were throwing up the dust every step they took; besides which, the motion of the *palanquin* considerably increased my disorder.

"When I arrived at Palm-Grove, the servants alone were up; the sweeper being engaged in the *verandah*, and the *bearers* just rousing themselves from sleep. The door was opened to me, and I walked up to my room; but was, at the same time, so extremely disordered, that I stood still twice upon the stairs, to rest myself, and gain strength to proceed.

"When near our chamber, I was seized with an extreme giddiness, insomuch, that for a moment I was obliged to support myself against the frame of an open window. Being, at length, however, a little recovered, I advanced to the door of our room. It was fastened within, though all the *jalousies* were open, to admit the air. I looked through them, and saw Amelia asleep in her bed, and Flora in a little cot by her side. I heard their gentle breathings, and the sweet and peaceful expression of Amelia's face struck me in a degree which it had never done before. The room was neat and orderly, being the abode of modesty and innocence; and on the dressing-table, which was covered with a white napkin, lay an open Bible, and, by it, little Flora's doll. I slipped my trembling hand through the *jalousies*, and endeavoured to undraw the bolt: at the noise of which Amelia awoke, and exclaimed, 'Who is there?'

"'It is I,' I said; 'Clara Lushington.'

"'You are very early,' replied Amelia, springing up to open the door.

"'No,' I answered, with as much unconcern as I *could* affect, 'no; my aunt has been up some time, and *is now* out on the course. But do, Amelia, help me to *bed, for I* do not feel well: I was up late last night, and *I now* want a little rest.'

"Amelia immediately assisted me to undress: but while she was helping me into bed, 'Clara,' she said, 'what is the matter?—you look excessively ill. How you tremble! You are overfatigued. Make haste to lie down.'

"For a few minutes after being undressed, and when lying down, I felt relieved; but this ease did not continue long. The giddiness returned; the room for an instant seemed to dance round, and a thick vapour, filled with specks of black, arose before my eyes; a violent cold sweat then broke out upon me, and I fainted.

"When I recovered my recollection, I saw several persons standing about me, but had not time to distinguish who they were, before I was taken with a most dreadful vomiting, which exhausted me so much, that, after it, I lay back on my bed without the power of motion, and felt myself too weak to utter a word.

"While in this state, I heard the persons in my room (namely, Mrs. Patterson, Madame de Roseau, and Amelia) speaking to each other. 'You have sent for Dr. H——?' inquired Mrs. Patterson.

"'He will be here soon,' said Madame de Roseau.

"'She is overfatigued,' said Mrs. Patterson; 'perhaps kept up too late. If she is no better soon, we must send for her aunt.'

"On hearing this, I became violently agitated. 'No, no, no, I said; 'no, not my aunt.'

"'Why, my dear?' said Mrs. Patterson.

"'Pray do not,' I added, using an exertion which instantly brought on the vomiting again.

"'This is extraordinary,' said Mrs. Patterson, in a low voice, 'but she must not be agitated now; she must be indulged.' Then turning to me, 'Make yourself easy, Clara,' she added; your aunt shall not be sent for; she shall not be alarmed.'

"I now lay quiet again for some time, this second fit of sickness having left me, and Mrs. Patterson and Madame de Roseau went out of the room, leaving Amelia and Miss Beaumont with me. Miss Beaumont placed herself at a little distance, and, as I remember, was quite silent; but Amelia sat by me in order to fan me, for the morning was excessively hot. In this situation, being

comparatively easy and much fatigued I fell asleep; but in my sleep the horrible realities of the past night again presented themselves, in indistinct visions, and I suddenly awoke saying something about the Ariadne, of which I should not, however, have been aware, if Amelia had not repeated what I said, at the same time asking me, 'What, my dear, are you thinking of? what reminds you of the Ariadne just now?'

"I then recollected myself, and answered, 'I was only dreaming.'

"A short silence again followed, which was interrupted by little Fl[illegible]ging the breakfasts of the young ladi[illegible]lora,' I said, forgetting myself again, [illegible]e, and Miss Atkins and Miss Chatter[illegible] Gabrielle?'

"On my a[illegible] saw that Amelia gave a sudden and[illegible]k at Miss Beaumont; whereupon th[illegible]t know what you mean, Amelia.'

"Amelia made no answe[illegible]ffered me a dish of tea, as I had complained of ext[illegible]hirst. I swallowed the tea eagerly, though it had a flat and almost nauseous taste, and the consequence was a third fit of sickness, more violent than either of the former. I had scarcely recovered from this last paroxysm, and was lying in a state of great exhaustion, being hardly kept from fainting by hartshorn, when a noise in the neighbouring room caught my attention, and I heard Miss Chatterton saying, 'For Heaven's sake get me to bed! get me to bed! let me at least die in bed!'

"Madame de Roseau's broken English at the same time reached my ears, which were thus filled with repeated expressions of amazement and horror. I heard also Miss Atkins's voice in accents of complaint, though these were considerably more chastised and under control than the lamentations of Miss Chatterton. I then heard my own name mentioned by Mrs. Patterson, and this remark added, 'I cannot understand [illegible] There is more in this than I now see. W[illegible] really been?'

"'With Miss Jackson,' returned the v[illegible]

"'Really and truly?' said Mrs. Patterson.

"'Yes, indeed, Madam,' said Gabrielle.

"'Amelia,' said Miss Beaumont, who could not but hear all that was passing in the next room, 'what is all this? Miss Chatterton ill too?'

"I saw Amelia put her hand upon Miss Beaumont's arm, as a sign for her to be silent.

"'Surely,' said Miss Beaumont, 'they cannot possibly have been together?'

"'Julia, dear, be silent,' said Amelia: 'do not let us forget what we suffered before the holidays.'

"Miss Beaumont said no more: and a moment afterwards, word was brought that Dr. H—— was below.

"While we were waiting for the doctor, Madame de Roseau came and threw open the door so often spoken of during the course of the narrative, saying, 'Amelia, Dr. H—— says we must give them all the air we possibly can.'

"The door being opened to its utmost extent, I then plainly saw all that was passing in the next room. I had a full view of Miss Chatterton's bed, and beheld, with inconceivable horror, the dreadful change which had taken place in that miserable young woman since I had seen her the night before. She was stretched upon the bed, having her head supported by pillows, and lying apparently without the power of voluntary motion, at the same time gasping as if under the influence of dreadful spasms; her face changing every moment from deep red to excessive paleness, while drops of perspiration stood on her brow. On the opposite bed sat Miss Atkins, supporting her head against the bed-post, and vainly endeavouring to appear in a state of tolerable ease.

"At the foot of Miss Chatterton's bed, and leaning against it, stood Gabrielle. Never shall I forget the impression which her appearance at that moment made upon me. The hair and complexion of this girl were exceedingly dark, and her eyes large and bright, but possessing a most singular expression, which I could more easily define by saying what were not, than what were its qualities. It was not ferocity, it was not cunning, *nor was it fear; but* there appeared an indescribable mixture of all these, united with a habitual air of impudence and defiance. At the sight of me, her features assume

a bitter and scornful smile, which was instantly succeeded by a fixed and determined gravity; for I was neither able nor willing to return her smile, and thus to acknowledge that I was still of her party, or that I still had one feeling in unison with hers.

"To complete the picture that I have just given you of this girl, I must say, that her dark hair, which had not been touched since the preceding evening, was in extreme disorder, her dress discomposed, and that she still wore the ornaments with which she had decked herself for the miserable adventures of the night. The moment that my eyes met those of Gabrielle, I covered my face with both my hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, wretched girl! would to God I had never, never seen her face!'

"The entrance of Dr. H——, who entered Miss Chatterton's room by an opposite door, now attracted our notice. He was accompanied by Mrs. Patterson, and was first led to Miss Chatterton's bed. After having observed her with much attention, he looked at Miss Atkins and then at me. He ordered Miss Atkins immediately to go to bed; and, turning to Mrs. Patterson, said, 'How do you account for this, Madam? You say that they were all perfectly well yesterday, and that they all went out, and did not return till this morning? Where were they last night? Have you any reason to think that they partook of any unwholesome aliment, or underwent any excessive fatigue?'

"'They were not together,' said Mrs. Patterson.

"'Not together?' said the doctor: 'it is surprising: the symptoms in all are the same, though more violent in one instance. You are sure they were not together? *However this may be*,' he added, 'no time must be lost.'

"So saying, he removed into another room, leaving Mrs. Patterson, who, after committing Miss Chatterton to the care of a young lady who was in the room, and directing Miss Atkins immediately to get into bed, called Gabrielle to follow her, and walked away.

"'Oh, Amelia, Amelia!' I exclaimed, as soon as I saw this, 'it will now be found out; I am sure it will.'

"'What?' said Amelia, 'what will be found out? But, Clara, my dear, if you have any thing to confess, lose no time; tell me all. Think me your friend, as I have ev

been; and be assured that all I can do for you I assuredly will, hoping that your future holy life will pay me tenfold for all my care.'

"Encouraged thus fully by Amelia, I summoned all my strength, and made a free confession of every thing that had happened during the preceding night.

"Amelia was visibly shocked: but, exerting strong self-command, she congratulated me on my confession, and, leaving me in Miss Beaumont's care, said, 'I am going, Clara, to plead your cause with Mrs. Patterson; and, if it be possible, this miserable story shall never be divulged either to your aunt or your father.'

"'Dear, blessed Amelia! lovely, lovely angel!' I said, 'may the Almighty bless you!' and I clasped my hands, and found instant relief in a violent flood of tears.

"Notwithstanding the sweet example of Amelia, and the dangerous state of my health at that moment, Miss Beaumont had not sufficient self-command to restrain her virtuous indignation at the tale that she had heard; but she broke out, with violence, against me and my unfortunate companions, exclaiming, that she could not have conceived it possible that art and want of decency could have carried any young woman so far: and she was proceeding in this strain, when I said, 'O, Miss Beaumont! Miss Beaumont! much as I am to blame, you ought to remember, that you laid the foundation of this dreadful sin of which I have been guilty, by taking Gabrielle's part as you did, when first I came to school. It was this that encouraged Gabrielle to come about me, and that led me to think of her and seek her acquaintance, thus enabling her to acquire that influence over me which has brought me to this state. I know, I feel, that I have been very very wicked; but you also did very wrong in supporting that girl, and rendering her of so much consequence in my eyes.'

"I was astonished at the effect which this remark produced on Miss Beaumont. She was instantly silenced by it, and, turning from me, sobbed and wept bitterly; when, as I was endeavouring to say something which might, in some degree, tend to soften my harsh yet well deserved censure, another attack of the spasms and vomiting coming on, I was so totally overcome, that

lost all recollection, and was quite insensible when Dr. H——, Amelia, and Mrs. Patterson returned; neither did I recover myself till I had been copiously bled.

"I know not what medicines were given me when I was brought to myself, but probably they were exceedingly powerful opiates; for, after taking them, I soon fell into a state of stupefaction. I did not wake from this state till about noon, when, on opening my eyes, I saw Miss Beaumont sitting by me. She had evidently been weeping bitterly, and I thought that I never before had seen her look more humble and kind. I asked for something to drink. She gave me some medicine, and then some toast-and-water: after which, being refreshed, I turned towards the other room, and saw several persons standing by Miss Chatterton's bed. I heard her call for Amelia, and I heard also Amelia's soft voice, in answer, saying, 'Here, my dear, here I am; what can I do for you?'

"I endeavored to raise myself a little to look at what was passing. I saw that Miss Atkins was lying quietly on her bed, but Miss Chatterton looked the very picture of death. Here eyes were sunk, and her colour was livid; and she was seized, every minute, with violent retchings, spasms, or fainting-fits. I saw several persons lift her out of bed, and put her into a hot bath, and I beheld her again laid upon her bed.

"In the mean time, I was again overpowered by sleep, and remained in that state till about six o'clock. This was the time when the family usually met for tea, and it was precisely the hour at which, on the evening before, I had received the spurious letter from my aunt, and had begun to prepare for my ill-advised expedition. 'Oh,' thought I, 'what an awful twenty-four hours have I spent! And this is what the world calls pleasure! But oh, how has this pleasure partaken of the nature of pain! inexpressible and dreadful pain!'

"While indulging in these reflections, I looked to see who was with me, and found that little Flora was sitting by my pillow; and, as soon as I moved, she inquired whether she should fetch me any thing.

"While the little girl was holding a cup to my mouth and trying to raise my head, in order that I might dr

the more easily, I lifted up my eyes to her face, and asked after Miss Chatterton.

"'Shall I call Miss Amelia?' said the little girl, who had been told not to talk to me.

"I made no reply, but turned on my side, (for I was very weak,) to look into the next room, where all was perfectly still; and where I presently distinguished the figures of Amelia and Miss Beaumont, the one sitting by the bed of Miss Chatterton, and the other by that of Miss Atkins, each of them holding a *punkah*, with which, at intervals, they fanned their patients. Their fine countenances were thoughtful. But where are all the bosom friends and intimates of these unhappy young women? Had they all forsaken them, and left them, in their extremity, with those whom they considered as their rivals and enemies? Is this worldly friendship! Such were the reflections which suggested themselves to my mind.

"I looked for a while: all was silent, and I hoped that my unhappy companions might be better. At length, Miss Chatterton spoke: her voice was feeble and hollow, and her accents were peculiarly melancholy. She said several words, but I could distinguish only one: it was *death*. In reply to which, I heard Amelia remark, 'Dear Miss Chatterton, it is never too late to apply to the Redeemer; He is ever ready to answer such as sincerely call upon Him: and though the hour may be late, he surely will not reject those to whom he has given the desire to seek Him.'

"I heard no more; for the powerful medicine which I had taken again overcame me, and I fell asleep.

"When I next awoke, it was quite dusk. Miss Beaumont was by me, and, without speaking, gave me some medicine. The gloom of evening added to my melancholy feelings, and I could not refrain from weeping. My attention was, at length, arrested by voices in the next room, and I heard Miss Chatterton speak. '*The Ariadne!*' she said, 'yes, *the Ariadne!*—she is sailing in an *ocean of blood!* Her masts rise higher than the *clouds! Her sails* are wider than the earth! There is no *shore to that sea!*'

"*In reply to these delirious ramblings, I heard*

voice of Amelia, saying, 'Dear Miss Chatterton, think no more of the Ariadne; that affair is past. You will see the Ariadne no more; you are now sorry that you ever saw her: let us think of better things. There is a Saviour, who extends his arms to you, who calls upon you, who bids you repent of your sins and come to him: think of this dear Saviour. Think of what he has done for you; place your trust in him; and you will assuredly be happy.'

"Miss Chatterton groaned deeply; and, seeming not to have comprehended what Amelia had said, she again alluded, in some confused and horrible manner, to certain events of the past night, and then said, 'Did you see the gates of the burying-ground? They were opened wide last night. I saw them; neither could they be closed.'

"'O, Chatterton! dear Chatterton!' said Miss Atkins, her voice issuing from the other bed, 'for Heaven's sake, do not talk in this way; I cannot bear it:' and, even at the distance where I was, I heard her sob distinctly.

"Miss Chatterton took no notice of the address of her former friend; for, being seized afresh with spasms and retchings, Amelia was obliged to call for more help: and, in a few minutes, lights were brought; and Mrs. Patterson, Madame de Roseau, and, shortly afterwards, Dr. H——, came into the room.

"Immediately on the arrival of Dr. H——, he ordered the doors to be closed between me and the other sick persons; and, as I had taken several very powerful opiates, I soon sunk into a deep sleep, which, with little intermission, continued till the next day.

"In the morning, I was still very weak, but the danger was past; orders, however, were given that I should be kept exceedingly quiet, and as easy as possible. I was surprised, however, to see little either of Amelia or of Miss Beaumont during the whole of the day, and to find, moreover, that the door between my room and that of the other sick persons was fastened; neither could I well hear what was said in the next apartment, as Dr. H—— had ordered my bed to be taken up, and removed to that end of the room that was most distant from the chamber of poor Miss Chatterton.

"As I thus could neither see nor hear any thing that might have been going forward, I was compelled to be content with the society of little Flora, who sat by me all day. But Flora had been told not to satisfy my curiosity; accordingly, to whatever questions I asked, she only said, 'Shall I call Miss Carrisforth?' Being, however, under the influence of laudanum, I lay with more composure amidst my ignorance than I should otherwise have done: and thus the whole day wore away.

"At her usual hour Amelia came to bed. She looked fatigued, having been up the whole of the preceding night, and it was evident that she had also been crying very bitterly. Miss Beaumont came in with her, as they intended to spend the night together. 'Amelia,' I said, on their entering, 'how are poor Miss Chatterton and Miss Atkins?'

"'I hope they are easy,' she answered. 'But you must not talk, Clara: go to sleep, my dear.'

"I closed my eyes, and tried to sleep; but the influence of the opium being spent, I was particularly wakeful, and amused myself as invalids often do, in watching the motions of the persons in my room. We had a light burning, which was to be continued all night; and, before the young ladies got into bed, they both went through the door between the two apartments, and staid a considerable time. Amelia came back first, and Miss Beaumont followed. Amelia called to Miss Beaumont to fasten the door, but I perceived, after they had been in bed a little while, that this had not been done, and that it had been left a little open.

"The young ladies being, no doubt, worn with fatigue, were soon asleep, and the whole house lay in solemn silence. I thought on the loud laughs and screams of merriment which had so lately resounded through the bed-rooms at this hour of the night, and was struck with the remarkable contrast; for now not even a whisper stirred in the galleries. I lay during a great part of the night awake; but, about two o'clock, Amelia got up, and gave me something to drink; and, seeing me restless, she lay down by me, and laid my head upon her bosom, talking to me awhile in the tenderest and sweet

manner, and pointing out the blessings of religion, and the perfect peace attending it, assuring me, that, if I would now endeavour to do well, all that I had done amiss would be forgiven by Mrs. Patterson, and probably be never known to my father. And thus she soothed me: and having composed me to sleep, she withdrew; and I enjoyed a refreshing slumber till breakfast-time the next morning.

"When I then awoke, I found myself alone; little Flora, who had been left with me for awhile, having gone down to fetch our breakfast. I had quite recovered from the effects of the opium, and felt myself considerably better; for in hot climates recovery from illness is often as speedy as the progress of disease is rapid. I therefore sat up in my bed, and put on my dressing-gown; and it then occurred to me, that, as the door between the two rooms was open, it could not do any harm for me just to go through, and ask Miss Chatterton how she did: for the season was so hot, that there could be no fear of my catching cold; and, if I know myself, I had no intention, at that time, of doing this slily, as I resolved to mention the circumstance to Amelia when she next came up.

"I, accordingly, proceeded softly into the next room, but was a little startled at finding a standing screen behind the door; by which, however, I soon made my way, and advanced between the beds. The room was perfectly silent. I turned to Miss Chatterton's bed: it was not only empty, but the very beddings and curtains were removed. Astonished beyond measure, I turned to Miss Atkins's bed; when, oh! conceive my horror, on beholding that miserable young woman extended upon it, a livid and putrefying corpse; for she had died during the night, and the work of decomposition was already commenced. I looked for a moment, thinking I might be deceived: the features, however, were not so altered, but that I easily recognised the vain, light, and unhappy creature who, but two days before, had been *the* companion of my folly. I uttered a shriek of horror; and, running back to my bed, was, shortly afterwards, found laying upon it, totally insensible.

"*On* having recovered from my fainting, I found my

sweet Amelia sitting by me, and administering to me all that my situation required. 'O, Clara, my dear,' she said, 'what have you been doing? where have you been?'

"'Amelia, dear, dear Amelia!' I replied, 'I have done wrong; I acted without your advice, and I went into that dreadful room.' I know not what more I said, but I cried violently, and begged to be told what had become of Miss Chatterton.

"Amelia answered, that she had died about midnight on the night subsequent to that on which she had been on board the Ariadne; and that Miss Atkins had lingered for twenty-four hours longer, hopes at times having been entertained of her life. She added, too, this further information, that Miss Jackson was also dead, as well as two other young people who had been with us in the ship; and that several of the ship's officers had been so seriously ill that their lives were despaired of. She informed me that the sudden deaths of so many young persons, had occasioned much talk in Calcutta; and that the medical men in vain endeavoured to account for the circumstance, some supposing it to be owing to the animal effluvia from the skins with which the ship was laden, some attributing it to fatigue, and others to some unwholesome food accidentally administered to the guests. She also informed me, that my name had, providentially, not been brought forward in the affair, and earnestly expressed the hope that I might consider this as an encouragement to act better for the future; 'for,' added she, 'such a report against a young person might ruin her reputation for ever.'

"Poor Miss Atkins was buried about eight o'clock that morning, and I was fully aware of the awful moment in which she was carried away, from hearing the heavy steps of those who bore the coffin; when I exclaimed, in agony, 'Oh, my God, keep me! Henceforward leave me not to my own counsels, but guide me by thy hand, lest I fall again, and fall for ever!'

"Amelia wept very bitterly; little Flora and Miss Beaumont united their tears with ours; and we all continued in a state of the deepest dejection during the whole course of the day.

"As the physician had ordered that the room in wh

the unhappy young ladies had lain, together with those adjoining it, should be fumigated, it was necessary that I should be removed. Immediately after the funeral, I was accordingly taken down stairs, and placed upon a sofa in the inner hall.

"Never shall I forget the melancholy appearance which the house bore throughout the whole of that day; no one spoke excepting in an under tone, many were weeping, and all sound of mirth had ceased. Gabrielle was absent, but no one inquired after her; neither could I ever learn what was become of her, excepting that she was still living. I remembered the many peals of riotous mirth, and the bursts of laughter, which used to resound through the halls and along the high galleries of Palm-Grove House: but these had all ceased; and the words of the wise man became too truly verified in this place —*For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of fools.* (Eccles. vii. 6.)

"I have reason to think," continued Miss Clara Lushington, "that the banishment of Gabrielle, and the dreadful end of poor Miss Chatterton, and her companion Miss Atkins, together with the excellent example of Amelia, had a good effect on the whole society at Palm-Grove.

"From the period of these dreadful events, Mrs. Patterson became evidently more attentive; and though she was not, at that time, a pious woman, yet her very presence was a considerable restraint upon the worst characters. Much confidence also was now placed, and deservedly placed, in Amelia: and I was here first brought to see the wonderful effect produced by good examples in the elder pupils of a seminary; an effect perhaps even more, certainly not less, powerful than that resulting from such examples in the teachers themselves. Miss Beaumont also proved herself a great assistance to Amelia; the unguarded feelings of that young lady having, through the divine blessing, become effectually tempered by what she had suffered in her estrangement from Amelia, her imprudence, and subsequent disgrace, and, finally, by the awful adventure of the Ariadne, and the part which she had had in the affair. She was now become all that was lovely and excelle

"With respect to myself, I can say but little: for though there was certainly a great change in my feelings after the deaths of my two unhappy school-fellows, yet am I well convinced, that, had I at that time been removed from under the influence of Amelia, I should doubtless have fallen again, and any second fall would probably have been worse than the first. But, after reflecting on the whole course of my life, from infancy to the present moment, I am enabled clearly to see, that amidst innumerable snares and temptations, I have been led forward by a divine hand, and by a strength and wisdom as far above the power of man as the heavens are higher than the earth; and that He who proposed my salvation, ere yet I had entered into existence, has caused every circumstance of my life to work together towards the promotion of everlasting good.

"How many, many times has my sweet Amelia laboured to make me comprehend the mighty plan of man's salvation, as begun, carried on, and perfected, by the blessed Trinity in Unity! How often has she endeavoured to excite my cold affections, by a description of the Father's love for perishing sinners, and by leading me to meditation on that which the Son has done and suffered for us! Of the agency of God the Spirit she also spoke often to me, and urged me to a close examination of my heart, and a strict scrutiny of my most private thoughts and actions.

"On the subject of governing the tongue, this sweet young lady, as you must already have observed, was particularly explicit. I well remember how she used to tell me, that the love of idle talking was a peculiar propensity of our sex, a propensity of which even religion seldom cures us, though it may perhaps give another direction to our discourse. I have often heard her speak, not only to me, but also to her friend Miss Beaumont, to this effect:—'What is it,' she would say, 'that makes women in general more ignorant and more frivolous than the other sex, but that habit which they have of getting together and *discussing* every unimportant concern of their neighbours? If men meet together,' she would say, 'they talk at least of something rational, or something impo

of books: but women, even pious women, can talk of nothing but their neighbours' affairs; and school girls, my dear Julia and Clara, lose half their opportunities of improvement by this foolish habit.'

"In this manner she would often silence us, whenever we attempted to introduce any common topic of tittle-tattle; and when we attended to her advice on this head, it was remarkable what peace we instantly found.

"From the Christmas holidays which next followed after the deaths of poor Miss Chatterton and Miss Atkins, I spent two happy years at Palm-Grove, during the last of which a very decided change had taken place in the family. Mrs. Patterson having been persuaded to attend the ministry of the Rev. Mr. B——, had received such benefit from his discourses, the Lord being pleased to make him an instrument of good to her soul, that she effected, in consequence, a thorough reform in her family, having put a stop to many improper customs, introduced family worship, and determined no longer to allow either of public or private balls. She never suffered her young people to go out, unless their friends came in person to fetch them; and she increasingly devoted her time to the improvement both of their understandings and their hearts. The Almighty so greatly blessed her labours, that I was told by a person who visited the house some years after I had left it, that the little society there was become as lovely and holy as it had once been disgusting and profane.

"Having now, my dear friend, recounted to you the most important particulars of my life, I shall conclude my narrative in a few words. I left Palm-Grove when I had just entered my nineteenth year; being in a feeble state of health. I was brought to England by my father and step-mother, both of whom behaved to me with the greatest kindness.

"I will not enter into any account of my grief at parting with Amelia, Julia, and little Flora, nor of the anguish that I felt in bidding adieu to my native shores: these things are more easily conceived than described. Suffice it to say, that the memory of Amelia is blended in my heart with all that is lovely, excellent, and admirable on earth; inasmuch as it pleased the Almigh

to make her the most illustrious instance that I ever beheld of the power of religion, and of the regenerating and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit. I heard that she left Palm-Grove soon after me, and was married to a gentleman of high rank up the country; where, no doubt, she diffuses peace and joy over all around her. She has several children of her own: little Flora, however, lives with her, and still retains a most tender place in her regards. Miss Beaumont is also married, and conducts herself, I hear, as a Christian female ought to do. Mrs. Patterson still resides at Palm-Grove, and, as I before said, is a new creature. Miss Crawford has long left her; but of her circumstances, or of those of Gabrielle, I know nothing. Madame de Roseau still lives with Mrs. Patterson, and conducts herself with propriety: but whether she had yet learned to speak plain English I have not heard.

"And now, my dear friend, I conclude my history, humbly commending myself to the divine mercy through my dear Saviour, in whom I have learned to place my sole and entire confidence; being assured, that any sinful creature destitute of this hope, can look forward, in death, to nothing but grief, and pain, and long despair."

When the lady of the manor had concluded the history of Clara Lushington, one of the young ladies remarked, that she thought Amelia was, in her sphere, fully equal to Frederick Falconer.

"Perhaps," remarked the kind instructress, "the example of Amelia may be more useful to you even than that of Frederick; inasmuch as there are few situations in life, wherein a proper management of the gift of speech may not be exercised with advantage. There is also another reason why you may feel an additional interest in the history that I have just read, which is, that it presents a correct view of a variety of scenes peculiar to a very remote country; and many of these scenes are such as it would be difficult for any one to describe who has not witnessed something like them. Many of our places of education, even in this country are, no doubt, far from pure; but I fear that the horrib

faint sketch of what was the state of schools, some years ago, in our settlements in India. Things, however, are, we trust, now improving; and yet, perhaps, but little can be expected in societies of which more than one half of the members pass into them from the hands of heathen nurses, if not of heathen mothers."

The lady of the manor then called her young people to prayer.

Prayer for Grace to use our Speech aright.

"O ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, who givest wisdom and discretion to thy people, and hast promised to guide them, by thy counsels, through this present evil world; give us grace so to control and exercise that most excellent gift of speech, that it may be without offence to others, and not without profit to ourselves. Make us, O blessed Lord God, fully sensible of this important truth, that in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; and give us grace, as much as in us lies, to avoid all needless occasions for much talking; whereby time may be lost, and our responsibility increased; and wherein we may be tempted to injure the characters of our neighbours, to carry tales from house to house, or to misrepresent or falsify facts. Help us habitually to cherish that distrust of ourselves which may induce us to fly, rather than to seek, temptations of this kind; and, finally, when we may really be required to speak, give us grace to utter the words of wisdom, and to refrain from all communications which may tend to familiarize the ears of our auditors with sinful and corrupt ideas.

"O, Father, constrain us, by thy love, to give thee the glory whenever praise is due; and, as we would desire to have our own ears closed against the words of flattery, grant that no vain or earthly motive may induce us to pour them into the ears of our brethren. When we would speak of those who have injured us, put thy bridle on our tongues; and when we would speak lightly or unadvisedly, do thou restrain our lips. Keep us back from all unadvised intimacies, and from all interchange of unholy confidences, by which young persons too often

irritate each other against their parents and elders, and mutually encourage and strengthen their own evil passions. Give us courage, also, O blessed Lord, to reprove that which is amiss in others, whenever it may fall under our observation; but grant, at the same time, that we may have grace to rebuke with gentleness, and in a manner becoming our sex and age; knowing, that the silent censure of an upright and holy example, ever falls with more weight than that which proceeds from the lips.

"We desire, O incomprehensible and all-glorious Trinity in Unity, to place ourselves in thy hands; and, as thou, O Father, didst prepare our salvation ere yet we had learned to lisp thy name; as thou, O blessed Son, hast provided the means of our ransom, and hast already paid the price; so we desire, through life, to be guided and directed by thee, O Holy Spirit; whose admonitions we would constantly regard, whose regenerating and sanctifying power we desire to experience, and to whom we look for that glorification which is promised to all who are enabled to cast away all self-confidence, and to seek salvation only in the promised Saviour.

"And now, all glory be to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore. Amen."

END OF VOLUME IV.

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